

SELECT SPECIMENS
OF THE
THEATRE OF THE HINDUS,
TRANSLATED
From the Original Sanscrit.

56.661

VOL. I.

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Preface.

Dramatic System of the Hindus.

Mrichchakati.

BY

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HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY,

GEORGE THE IVTH,

AS

The Patron of Oriental Literature,

THIS ATTEMPT

TO FAMILIARISE HIS BRITISH SUBJECTS,

WITH

THE MANNERS AND FEELINGS

OF THEIR FELLOW SUBJECTS IN THE EAST,

IS

MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY

THE TRANSLATOR.

CALCUTTA.

16th May, 1827.

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PREFACE.

Many years have elapsed since the translation of *Sakuntalá* by Sir William Jones, announced to the literary public of the western world, that the Hindus had a national drama, the merits of which it was inferred from those of the specimen published, might render it worthy of further investigation.

Notwithstanding the expectation thus excited, the subject has received little subsequent illustration. The translation of the *Prabodha Chandrodaya*, or 'Rise of the Moon of Intellect' by the late Dr. Taylor of Bombay, throws more light upon the Metaphysics, than the Drama of the Hindus, and the account given of the *Málati Mádhava*, in the Asiatic Researches, by Mr. Colebrooke, was subordinate to the object of his Essay on Sanscrit and *Prákrit* Prosody, and was unlikely to fall in the way of general readers. These two contributions, therefore, to the elucidation of Hindu Dramatic Literature, have added but little to the notice secured for it, by the publication of *Sakuntalá*.

The objects for which an ancient dialect may be studied, are its philology and its literature, or the arts and sciences, the notions and manners, the history and belief of the peo-

ple by whom it was spoken. Particular branches of composition may be preferably cultivated for the due understanding of each of these subjects, but there is no one species which will be found to embrace so many purposes as the dramatic. The dialogue varies from simple to elaborate, from the conversation of ordinary life to the highest refinements of poetical taste. The illustrations are drawn from every known product of art, as well as every observable phænomenon of nature. The manners and feelings of the people are delineated living and breathing before us, and history and religion furnish the most important and interesting topics to the Bard. Wherever, therefore, there exists a dramatic literature, it must be pre-eminently entitled to the attention of the Philosopher as well as the philologist, of the man of general literary taste as well as the Professional scholar.

Independent, however, of the claims to notice, which the Hindu Theatre possesses, upon principles that equally apply to the dramatic literature of every nation, it may advance pretensions to consideration on its own account, connected both with its peculiar merits, and with the history of the stage.

Neither of the dramas hitherto published, *Sakuntalá* or the *Prabodha Chandrodaja*, can be considered to convey an accurate notion of the Hindu Theatre. Each is but the species of its own genus. The latter belongs to the metaphysical, the former to the mythopastoral class of Sanscrit plays, but these two varieties are far from representing every class and order. Their wide dissimilarity might lead us to anti-

cipate the extensive range of the theatre to which they belong, and to infer that where such striking distinctions were to be found, others less decidedly marked must prevail. The inference would be justified by the fact, and the Hindu Theatre affords examples of the drama of domestic, as well as of heroic life, of original invention as well as of legendary tradition.

At the same time there are many peculiarities belonging to the Hindu Theatre, which it is necessary that we should know, before we can safely delineate the history, or propose the theory of the drama. Hitherto the views of all writers upon the subject have been circumscribed by the practice which alone was open to their observation, and their speculations have been grounded upon the narrow basis, which the dramatic literature of classical antiquity supplied. To this must now be superadded the conclusions that are to be derived from the dramatic compositions of the Hindus.

The theatrical representations of modern Europe, however diversified by national features, are the legitimate offspring of the Classical Drama. Widely as the mysteries and moralities differed from the plays of *Æschylus* or *Aristophanes*, they emanated from the only schools where those writers were read, and the cultivation of the cloister unembued with the animation of social life, produced no worthier harvest than those crude and absurd compositions. Such as they were, however, they formed the connecting link between the ancient and the modern theatre, and allied the compositions of Shakespeare, Lope de Vega and Racine, with the Songs of Bacchus and the Monologues of Thespis.

Whatever may be the merits or defects of the Hindu Drama, it may be safely asserted that they do not spring from the same parent, but are unmixedly its own. The science of the Hindus may be indebted to modern discoveries in other regions, and their mythology may have derived legends from Paganism or Christianity, but it is impossible, that they should have borrowed their Dramatic compositions from the people either of ancient or modern times. The nations of Europe possessed no Dramatic literature before the 14th or 15th century, at which period the Hindu Drama had passed into its decline. Mohammedan literature has ever been a stranger to Theatrical writings, and the Musselman conquerors of India could not have communicated what they never possessed. There is no record that theatrical entertainments were ever naturalised amongst the ancient Persians, Arabs, or Egyptians, and the Hindus, if they learned the art from others, can have been obliged alone to the Greeks, or to the Chinese. A perusal of the Hindu plays, will show how little likely it is that they are indebted to either, as with the exception of a few features in common, which could not fail to occur, they present characteristic varieties of conduct and construction, which strongly evidence both original design and national developement.

The Hindu theatre belongs to that division of Dramatic composition, which modern critics have agreed to term *Romantic* in opposition to what some schools have been pleased to call *Classical*. This has not escaped the observation of one of the first dramatic critics of any age, and *Schlegel* obser-

ves, " the Drama of *Sakontala* presents through its oriental brilliancy of colouring, so striking a resemblance upon the whole to our Romantic Drama, that it might be suspected the love of Shakespear had influenced the Translator, if other orientalist had not borne testimony to the fidelity of his Translation." The present collection will afford ample evidence to the same effect.

Hindu dramatists have little regard for the unities of time and place, and if by unity of action be meant singleness of incident, they exhibit an equal disdain for such a restriction. At the same time as we shall subsequently see, they are not destitute of systematic and sensible rules, and they are as unfamiliar with the extravagance of the Chinese Dramas, as with the severe simplicity of Grecian Tragedy.

There is one peculiarity in the Hindu Theatre, which remarkably distinguishes it from that of every other people. Although there is little reason to doubt that the Sanscrit language was once a spoken tongue in some parts of India, yet it does not seem probable, that it was ever the vernacular language of the whole country, and it certainly ceased to be a living dialect, at a period of which we have no knowledge.

The greater part of every play is written in Sanscrit. None of the dramatic compositions at present known, can boast perhaps of a very high antiquity, and several of them are comparatively modern. They must therefore have been unintelligible to a considerable portion of their audiences, and never could have been so directly addressed to the bulk

of the population, as to have exercised much influence upon their passions or their tastes.

This circumstance however, is perfectly in harmony with the constitution of Hindu Society, by which the highest branches of literature, as well as the highest offices in the state, were reserved for the privileged tribes of *Kshetriyas* and Brahmins. Even amongst them, however, a small portion could have followed the expressions of the actors so as to have felt their full force, and the plays of the Hindus must therefore have been exceedingly deficient in theatrical effect. In some measure this deficiency was compensated by peculiar impressions, and the popularity of most of the stories, and the sanctity of the representation, as well as of the Sanscrit Language, substituted an adventitious interest for ordinary excitement. Still the appeal to popular feeling must have been immeasurably weakened, and the affectation or reality of scholarship, as at the Latin plays of *Aristo*, or the scholastic exhibitions of Westminster, must have been a sorry substitute for universal, instantaneous, and irrepressible delight.

Besides being an entertainment appropriated to the leading or learned Members of Society, the dramatic entertainments of the Hindus essentially differed from those of modern Europe, in the unfrequency of their representation. They seem to have been acted only on solemn or public occasions. In this respect they resembled the dramatic performances of the Athenians which took place at distant intervals, and especially at the spring and autumnal festivals of Bacchus, the last being usually preferred, as the city was

then filled with strangers, its tributaries and allies—According to Hindu authorities, the occasions suitable for dramatic representations, are the lunar holidays, a royal coronation, assemblages of people at fairs and religious festivals, marriages, the meeting of friends, taking first possession of a house or a town, and the birth of a Son. The most ordinary occasion, however, of a performance was, as will be seen, the season peculiarly sacred to some divinity.

Amongst the Athenians also a piece was never performed a second time, at least under the same form, and it is clear that the Hindu plays are written with a view to but one specific representation. At other times, and in other places probably, successful dramas were repeated both in Greece and India, but this was a distant, and accidental, and not as with us, an immediate and anticipated consequence of success.

As the plays of the Hindus were only occasionally enacted, we can readily comprehend, why they should be so much longer than our dramatic writings, and why they should be so few. The Hindu plays do not, like the Chinese, it is true, afford employment for ten days, but they sometimes extend, as we shall see, to ten acts, and those none of the shortest, and they must have occupied at least five or six hours in representation. With respect to their number, Sir William Jones was undoubtedly misinformed, when he was led to suppose, that the Indian Theatre would fill as many volumes as that of any nation in ancient or modern Europe: many pieces no doubt are lost, and others are scarce, but it may be doubted whether all the plays that are to be found, and those of which mention is made by writers on the drama,

amount to many more than sixty. We may form a tolerably accurate estimate of the extent of the Hindu Theatre, by the fact, that no more than three plays are attributed to each of the great Masters of the art, *Bhavabhūti* and *Kālidās*; a most beggarly account, when contrasted with the three hundred and sixty five comedies of Antiphanes or the two thousand of Lope de Vega.

Although, however, the Plays of the Hindus must have been less numerous than those of any of the nations of highest repute in theatrical literature, yet they must have existed in some number, to have offered the multiplied classes into which they have been divided by their Critics, and which exhibit at least no want of variety. It may also be observed, that the Dramatic pieces which have come down to us, are those of the highest order, defended by their intrinsic purity from the corrosion of time. Those of an inferior description, and which existed sometimes apparently in the vernacular dialects, may have been more numerous, and popular, and were more strictly speaking national. Traces of these are still are observable in the dramatised stories of the *Bhairs*, or professional buffoons, in the *Jātras* of the Bengalis, and the *Rāsas* of the western provinces. The first is the representation of some ludicrous adventure by two or three performers, carried on in extempore dialogue, usually of a very coarse kind, and enlivened by practical jokes, not always very decent. The *Jātra* is generally the exhibition of some of the incidents in the youthful life of *Krishna*, maintained also in extempore dialogue, but interspersed with popular songs. The mistress of *Krishna*, *Rádhá*, his father, mother and The

Gopis are the ordinary dramatic personæ, and *Nārcida* acts as buffo. The *Rāsa* partakes more of the ballet, but it is accompanied also with songs, whilst the adventures of *Krishna* or *Rāma*, are represented in appropriate costume, by measured gesticulations. The Hindus have a strong reish for these diversions, but the domination under which they so long pined, and which was ever so singularly hostile to public enjoyments of a refined character, rendered theatrical representations infrequent, and induced a neglect of dramatic literature. Plays, however, continued to be written, and performed, to the latest periods, especially in the West and South of India, where Hindu principalities still subsisted. Performances also seem to have been exhibited at Benares in recent times, and we have one piece, which was written, and possibly represented in Bengal, but a very few years ago. All the modern compositions, however, are of a mythological and sectarial character, and are intended to celebrate the power of *Krishna* or *Siva*. They are also discriminated from older writings, by the predominance of narrative, and by wire drawn common place descriptions of the periods of the day, or the season of the year, of the rising and setting of the sun or moon, of the scorching heats of the summer or the reviving influence of spring. There is no attempt at incident beyond the original story, and many of the subjects for action, which the legend affords, are thrown into dull and tiresome dialogue. The defects are indeed to be found occasionally in several of the earlier pieces, but to a limited extent, whilst they form the substance of all later compositions.

When the art of Theatrical composition had passed its zenith, and begun to exhibit symptoms of decay, the same fate befell it in India which it encountered in other countries, and criticism usurped the authority of creation. Plays gave way to theories, and System mongers took the place of Dramatists and Poets. Indian Criticism, however, has been always in its infancy. It never learned to contemplate causes and effects: it never looked to the influence exercised by imagination or passion in poetry: it never, in short, became either poetical or philosophical. Technicalities were the only objects within its comprehension, and it delighted to elicit dogmatical precepts from the practice of established authors. The question of the 'Unities,' is quite within the sphere of the Indian critic, had the Poets ever descended to their observance. Some approach, as observed above, has been made to this important theme, but a text was wanted for its due appreciation. In the absence of this, and of loftier discussion, the critics of the Hindu school set themselves to classify Plays, persons and passions, untill they wove a complicated web out of very spider like materials. The distinctions thus multiplied are curious in themselves, and of some value for the record they afford of the compositions whence they are derived, and it has been thought advisable therefore to annex a view of the system, assigning to it a distinct section, as it can have little to attract or entertain general readers.

Before closing these introductory remarks, it may be expected that something should be said of the Translation. On this head, however, I shall be as brief as possible. My ambition has been to secure to the Hindu theatre, a place in English

literature, and I have not thought it necessary therefore to be servilely literal. At the same time, I believe, few translations of the same class can pretend to greater fidelity, as nothing has been added, little omitted, and the expressions have been adhered to as closely as the genius of the two languages, and the abilities of the Translator, would permit. That there has been no wilful nor wanton deviation from the text, I can safely assert, but it has been occasionally necessary to expand passages so as to render them intelligible, or do justice to the thoughts they expressed, and it has been sometimes necessary to compress what to European taste would have seemed tedious and tautologous. The task has also been prosecuted through a long interval, frequently suspended by the pressure of public duty, and not uneldom interrupted by the unpropitious influence of the climate. It is impossible, therefore, that mistakes should not have been sometimes committed, or that the purport of the text should always have been correctly appreciated, especially when the inherent difficulty of the language is considered, and the degree in which that difficulty is enhanced by the mistakes from which no Manuscript is exempt, is taken into account. The interrupted progress of the work will also explain, if it does not excuse, some carelessness of composition, and some repetitions which were not noticed in time to be corrected. I do not wish, however, to deprecate criticism by a confession of imperfections, as if I had not thought the faults outweighed by the merits of my work, I should not have offered it to the world.



ON THE DRAMATIC SYSTEM OF THE HINDUS.

1.—*The authorities of the Hindu Dramatic System.*

The invention of Dramatic Entertainments is usually ascribed by Hindu writers to a *Muni* or inspired Sage, named *Bharata*, but according to some authorities, they had a still more elevated origin, and the art having been gathered from the *Vedas* by the God *Brahmá*, was by him communicated to the *Muni*. The dramatic representations first invented, consisted of three kinds, *Nátya*, *Nritya*, and *Nrítta*, and these were exhibited before the Gods, by the *Gandherbas*, and *Apsarasas*, the Spirits and Nymphs of *Indra's* heaven, who were trained by *Bharata* to the exhibition. *Siva* added to these two other styles of performance, the *Tándava* and *Lásya*.

Of these different modes of representation, only one, the *Nátya* is properly the dramatic, being defined to be Gesticulation with Language. The *Nritya* is gesticulation without language, or Pantomime, and the *Nrítta* is simple dancing. The *Tándava* and *Lásya*, which appear to be grafts upon the original system, are merely styles of dancing; the former so named from *Tandu*, one of *Siva's* attendants, whom the God instructed in it, whilst the *Lásya*, it is said, was taught by *Párvatí* to the Princess *Ushá*, who instructed the

Gopis of *Dwáraká*, the residence of her husband, in the art; by them it was communicated to the women of *Suráshtra*, and from them it passed to the females of various regions.

In these legends as well as in the radical purport of the three original terms, we observe the intimate connexion between the idea of dancing and dramatic representation, which no doubt subsisted in the Classical Drama. The dances of the Chorus were no less important than their Songs, and the arrangement of the Ballet was as much the task of the author, as the invention of the plot.

The attribution of dramatic performances to *Bharata* is no doubt founded upon his having been one of the earliest writers, by whom the Art was reduced to a System. His *Sútras* or Aphorisms are constantly cited by Commentators on different plays, and suggest the doctrines which are taught by later authors, but, as far as has been ascertained, the work of *Bharata* has no existence in an entire shape, and it may be sometimes doubted, whether the Rules, attributed to him, are not fabricated for the occasion. This is not of much importance, as there are scarcely any debateable points in the technicalities of the Drama, and the Aphorisms, whether genuine or not, conform to the principles generally recognised in the standard authorities, a short notice of the principal of which, will not perhaps be thought misplaced in this stage of the enquiry.

One of the best and earliest existing Treatises on Dramatic Literature, is the *Dasa Rúpaka*, or Description of the ten kinds of theatrical composition, of which the term *Rúpaka*,

that which has a form, is the most appropriate designation. This work is exclusively devoted to dramatic criticism. It consists of a *Text*, and a *Gloss* with examples; the *Text* is the composition of *Dhananjaya*, the son of *Vishnu*, who styles *Munja* his patron, and who consequently wrote in the 11th century, by which time therefore the Dramatic Art of the Hindus was complete, or rather was in its decline. The *Gloss* might be thought to be by the same hand as the text, the author being *Dhanika*, the son of *Vishnu*, agreeing in the patronymic, and differing little in the name. Amongst his illustrations, however, a number of passages are cited from the *Retnávalí*, a play written in the beginning of the 12th century, which is rather incompatible with the author of the *Dasu Rúpaka's* having written in the 11th. There is also another difficulty in the title of the Commentator, who calls himself an officer of a different prince, *Maharája Srimad Utpala Rája Mahásádhyapála*, the chief Usher or Minister of the illustrious *Utpala Rája*. Whether *Utpala* be the name of a Prince or a country, is uncertain, but in neither case can it apply to *Munja* or *Bhoja*. The date of the *Gloss* must therefore remain undetermined, although as the work is but rarely met with, it is no doubt of some antiquity. *Ranga náth*, a commentator on the *Vikrama* and *Uvasí*, cites a comment on the *Dasu Rúpaka*, by a writer named *Páni*. (*Páni virachita Dasu Rúpaka tikáyám*,) which if found, may tend to throw some light upon the history of this work.

The *Saraswatí Kanthábharaṇa*, is a work ascribed to *Bhoja Rája*. It treats generally of Poetical or Rhetorical

composition ; in five books, the last of which comprehends many of the details peculiar to dramatic writing. The examples quoted are from a variety of poems and plays, and they offer the same difficulty, as to the accuracy of the attribution, as the *Dra Rūpikā*, by including illustrations from the *Ret-āvalī*. We might expect the plays of *Kālidās* and *Bhāṣṭhā* to be quoted, and we have no grounds for suspecting any anachronism in the examples derived from the *Mudra Rakshasā*, and *Venī Saubhāra*, but *Bhūja* must have reigned some years later, or *Hersha* some years earlier, than has been hitherto believed on scarcely disputable grounds, for a composition of the one to be cited by the other. There is a commentary on this work by *Retneswara Mahopadhyāya*, but he takes no notice of the author.

The *Kāvya Prakāsa*, is also a work on Rhetorical Composition in general, and is an authority of great repute, as well as the preceding. It is divided into ten sections, in different portions of which are scattered such details relating to dramatic writings as are common to them and other poems, illustrated as in the preceding by extracts from the most celebrated poems, which however are never named, either in this or in many other works of the same class. It is necessary therefore to be able to identify the passages from previous reading, to derive from these treatises that information respecting Sanscrit Literary History, which they are capable of affording. The author of the *Kāvya Prakāsa* is *Mammatta Bhatta*, a *Cashmirian*, and the work is prior to that next described, although subsequent to the *Retnāvalī*, and may be about five centuries old.

The *Sikhyā Derpana*, is also a work of great merit and celebrity, on Poetical Writing, in ten Sections, of which, the Sixth is mostly appropriated to theatrical delicacies. The quotations from the different plays are specified, and all the principal pieces in the present collection are named, besides several, of which copies are not procurable. The date of the work is not known, but it is comparatively modern, and subsequent to the *Kavya Prakāśa*. One Manuscript of it exists, which was copied according to the date, in *Saka*, 1426 or A. D. 1504. It is the work of a Bengali Pundit, of the medical caste, *Viśwanātha Kaviśāja*, the son of *Chandra Sekhara*, and is especially current as an authority in Bengal. According to universally received tradition, the author lived beyond the Brahmputra, in the district of Dacca.

The *Saṅgīta Retnākara*, as the name implies, treats more especially of singing and dancing, than of dramatic literature. It furnishes, however, some curious notices of theatrical representation and gesture. It is the work of *Saṅgī Deva*, the son of *Sorhala*, the son of *Bhāskara*, a Cashmirian Pundit, who sought his fortunes in the South. His grandson is patronised by a Prince named *Sikhana Deva*, but of what time or place, he does not inform us. It is clear, however, that he wrote between the 12th and 15th centuries, as he names *Bhoja* amongst his predecessors in the science, and a comment on his own work was written by *Kallinātha*, by desire of *Proraha*, or *Pratāpa Deva*, king of *Vijayanagar*, from A. D. 1456 to 1477.

Amongst the works which treat generally de Arte Poetica, and which are exceedingly numerous, some of the principal

are. the *Kāvyaśersa*, by *Dandī*, the author of the *Dasa Kumāra*, and supposed to be cotemporary with *Bhoja*; the *Kāryālakāra Frittī*, by *Vāmana Acharya*; the *Kuvalāyananī*, an enlargement of the *Chandrāloka* of *Jayadeva*, by *Ayyaya Dikshita*, who was patronised by *Krishna Raya*, Sovereign of *Vijayanagar* about 1520; the *Alankāra Serraswa* of *Bhāma*; the *Rasa Gangādharā* of *Jagannāth Paulī* *Raj.* and the *Alankāra Kaustubha*, by *Kavī Kernapūcaka*, a *Vaishnavā Gosain*, who illustrates all his rules by verses of his own, relating to the loves of *Krishna* and *Rādhā*, and the pastimes of the deity with the *Gopis* of *Vrindāvan*.

Besides the general systems, there are several treatises on the passions and emotions which Poetry is intended to depict or excite, as the *Sringāra Tilaka* of *Rūdra Bhatta*; and the *Rasa Manjarī*, and the *Rasa Taringinī* of *Bhānu Datta*: the latter comprises a number of rules, which are quoted as those of *Bharata*.

In addition to the information derivable from these sources, as to the system or history of the Hindu Drama, the commentaries by which several of the Plays are accompanied, furnish important accessions to our knowledge of both—With respect also to the latter, we have in the *Bhoja Prabandha* and *Sārngdhara Paddhati*, two satisfactory guides for the verification of the writers prior to their respective dates. Of the *Bhoja Prabandha*, I have given an account elsewhere, and have since seen no reason to alter the opinion there expressed. The *Sārngdhara Paddhati* is a similar catalogue

of earlier writers, written by *Sárngdhara*, the grandson of *Rághava Deva*, the spiritual guide of *Hammira*, prince of *Sákambharí* in the beginning of the 14th century. This work is consequently not later than the end of the 14th, or the beginning of the 15th century, and determines within that limit, the existence of the writers it names, several of whom are included amongst the Dramatic Authors, as we shall have hereafter occasion to notice.

These different authorities it might be thought, would afford a tolerably distinct and accurate view of the Dramatic Literature of the Hindus, and will no doubt convey quite sufficient for our purpose. The brevity and obscurity however of the technical definitions, the inconceivable inaccuracy of the Manuscripts, and the little knowledge of the subject which the Pundits generally possess, have rendered the taste of interpreting them, laborious and painful, to an extent, of which readers accustomed to typographic facilities can form no adequate conception.

2.—Different kinds of Dramatic Entertainments.

The general term for all Dramatic Compositions is *Rúpaka*, from *Rúpa* form: it being their chief object to embody characters and feelings, and to exhibit the natural indications of passion. A play is also defined, a Poem that is to be seen, or a Poem that is to be seen and heard.

Dramatic Writings are arranged in two classes, the *Rúpakas* properly so termed, and the *Uparúpakas*, the minor or

inferior *Rūpakas*, “*le theatre du second ordre*,” although not precisely in the same sense. There are ten species of the former, and eighteen of the latter class.

RUPAKAS.

1. The *Nātaka*, or the Play, *par excellence*, comprises all the elements of a dramatic composition, and its construction therefore is fully explained in the original systems, before any notice is taken of the inferior varieties. This method is perhaps the most logical, and obviates the necessity of some repetition; but in an enquiry of the present description, the first point to determine appears to be, what the dramatic amusements of the Hindus really were, before we examine their constituent parts.

Specimens of the *Nātaka* are not wanting to illustrate its technical description, and we can therefore follow the original authorities with entire confidence. It is declared to be the most perfect kind of dramatic composition. The subject should always be celebrated and important. According to the *Sāhitya Darpana*, the story should be selected from mythological or historical record alone, but the *Dasa Rūpaka* asserts, that it may be also fictitious or mixed, or partly resting on tradition, and partly the creation of the author. The practice of the early writers seems to have sanctioned the latter rule, and although they adopted their plots from Sacred Poems or *Parānas*, they considered themselves at liberty to vary the incidents as they pleased. Modern bards

have been more scrupulous. The restriction imposed upon the selection of the subject, is the same as that to which the French theatre so long submitted, from whose Tragic code all newly invented topics were excluded, in supposed imitation of the Greek theatre, in which however the *Flower of Athens*, founded altogether upon fiction, was an early and popular production.

Like the Greek Tragedy, however, the *Nátaka* is to represent worthy or exalted personages only, and the hero must be a monarch, as *Dushyanta*, a demigod as *Ráma*, or a divinity as *Krishna*. The action, or more properly the passion, should be but one, as Love, or Heroism. The plot should be simple, the incidents consistent, the business should spring direct from the story as a plant from its seed, and should be free from episodic and prolix interruptions. The time should not be protracted, and the duration of an act, according to the elder authority, should not exceed one day, but the *Sahitya Darpana* extends it to a few days, or even to one year. When the action cannot be comprised within these limits, the less important events may be thrown into narrative, or may be supposed to pass between the Acts, or they may be communicated to the audience by one of the actors, who holds the character of an interpreter, and explains to the persons of the assembly, whatever they may require to know, or what is not conveyed to them by the representation; a rather awkward contrivance to supply the deficiencies of the piece, but one that would sometimes be useful to insinuate the plot into the audiences of more po-

lished communities. The diction of a *Nátaka* should be perspicuous and polished. The piece should consist of not fewer than Five Acts, and not more than ten.

In many of these characteristics, the *Nátaka* presents an obvious analogy to the Tragedy of the Greeks, which was, “the imitation of a solemn and perfect action, of adequate importance, told in pleasing language, exhibiting the several elements of dramatic composition in its different parts, represented through the instrumentality of agents, not by narration, and purifying the affections of human nature by the influence of pity and terror.” In the expansion of this definition in the ‘Poetics,’ there are many points of affinity, and particularly in the selection of persons and subjects, but there are also differences, some of which merit to be noticed.

With regard to the Unities, we have that of action fully recognised, and a simplicity of business is enjoined quite in the spirit of the Greek Drama. The unity of place is not noticed, as might have been expected from the probable absence of all scenic embellishment. It was impossible to transport the substantial decorations of the Grecian stage from place to place, and therefore the Scene was the same throughout, but where every thing was left to the imagination, one site was as easily conceivable as another, and the scene might be fancied, one while a garden, and another while a palace, as well as it could be imagined to be either. The unity of time is curiously modified, conformably to a principle which may satisfy the most fastidious, and “the time required for the fable elapses invariably between the

Acts." In practice there is generally less latitude than the rule indicates, and the duration of an act is very commonly that of the representation, or at most 'one course of the Sun;' The night elapsing in the interval. In one piece, the *Uttara Rāma Charitra*, indeed, we have a more extensive period, and twelve years are supposed to pass between the First and Second Acts. This was the unavoidable consequence of the subject of the play, and affords an analogy to the licence of the Romantic Drama.

Another important difference from the Classical Drama, and from that of most countries, is the total absence of the distinction between Tragedy and Comedy. The Hindu plays confine themselves neither to the "crimes nor to the absurdities of mankind," neither "to the momentous changes, nor lighter vicissitudes of life," neither "to the terrors of distress, nor the gaieties of prosperity." In this respect they may be classed with much of the Spanish and English Drama, to which, as *Schlegel* observes, "the terms Tragedy and Comedy are wholly inapplicable in the sense in which they were employed by the Ancients." They are invariably of a mingled web, and blend, "seriousness and sorrow, with levity and laughter." They never offer however, a calamitous conclusion, which, as *Johnson* remarks, was enough to constitute a Tragedy in *Shakespear's* days, and although they propose to excite all the emotions of the human breast, Terror and pity included, they never affect this object by leaving a painful impression upon the mind of the Spectator. The Hindus in fact have no Tragedy, a defect that subverts the theory that Tragedy necessarily preceded Comedy, be-

cause in the infancy of Society, the stronger passions predominated, and it was not till social intercourse was complicated and refined, that the follies and frivolities of mankind afforded material for satire. The theory is evidently more ingenious than just, for a considerable advance in refinement must have been made, before Plays were written at all, and the days of *Æschylus* were not those of the fierce and fiery emotions he delineates. In truth, however, the individual and social organisation of the native of India, is unfavourable to the development of towering passion, and whatever poets or philosophers may have insinuated to the contrary, there is no doubt, that the regions of physical equability, have ever been, and still are, those of moral extremes.

The absence of tragic catastrophe in the Hindu Dramas is not merely an unconscious omission. Such catastrophe is prohibited by a positive rule, and the death of either the hero or the heroine is never to be announced. With that regard indeed for decorum, which even *Voltaire* thought might be sometimes dispensed with, it is not allowed in any manner, '*ensanglanter la scene,*' and death must invariably be inflicted out of the view of the Spectators. Attention to bienséance is carried even to a further extent, and a number of interdictions are peculiar to the system of the Hindus. The excepted topics of a serious nature, are, hostile defiance, solemn imprecations, exile, degradation, and national calamity, whilst those of a less grave, or comic character, are biting, scratching, kissing, eating, sleeping, the bath, ununction, and the marriage ceremony. Dramatic writers, especially those of a modern date, have sometimes violated these

precepts, but in general, the conduct of what may be termed the Classical Drama of the Hindus, is exemplary and dignified. Nor is its moral purport neglected, and one of their writers declares, in an illustration familiar to ancient and modern poetry, that the chief end of the Theatre is to disguise by the insidious sweet, the unpalatable, but salutary bitter, of the cup.

The extent of the Hindu plays is another peculiarity in which they differ from the dramatic writings of other nation, and even the Robbers or Don Carlos, will suffer in the comparison of length. The *Mrichchakati* would make at least three of the plays of *Æschylus*. In actual representation, however, a Hindu play constituted a less unreasonable demand upon the patience of an audience, than an Athenian Performance, consisting at one sitting of three Tragedies and a Farce. If the Hindu stage exhibited a long play it exhibited that alone.

The compositions of the first class, or *Nátakas*, are comparatively frequent, and some of them are amongst the best specimens of the art. *Sakuntalá*, the *Mudrá Rákshasa*, the *Jeni Sanhára*, *Anergha Rághava* and several others, belong to this order. The first is well known by the version of Sir William Jones; a translation of the second, and some accounts of the rest will be found in the present collection.

2. The second species of *Rúpaka* is the *Prakarana* which agrees in all respects with the *Nátuka* except that it takes a rather less elevated range. The fable is to be a pure fiction drawn from real life, in a reputable class of society,

and the most appropriate subject is Love. The hero may be of ministerial rank, or a Brahman, or a Merchant of respectability. The heroine may be a maid of family, or a Courtesan: in the former case, the *Prakarana* is termed *Suddha*, or pure, in the latter *Sankrta*, or mixed. By the *Vesya*, or Courtesan, however, we are not to understand a female who has disregarded the obligations of law, or the lessons of virtue, but a character reared by a state of manners unfriendly to the admission of wedded females into society, and opening it only at the expence of reputation to women, who were trained for association with men, by personal and mental acquirements to which the Matron was a stranger. The *Vesya* of the Hindus was the *Hetera* of the Greeks. Without the talents of *Aspasia*, or profligacy of *Lais*, the *Vasantisera* of the first piece, in the following collection, is a gentle affectionate being, who with the conventions of society in her favour, unites, as the *Hetera* often did, “accomplishments calculated to dazzle, with qualities of the heart which raise her above the contempt, that in spite of all precaution falls upon her situation.” The *Mrichchakuti*, and *Málalá* and *Mádhava*, belong to the class of *Prakaranas*.

3. The *Bhána*, according to the technical definition, is a Monologue in One Act, in which the Performer narrates dramatically, a variety of occurrences, as happening either to himself or others. Love, War, Fraud, Intrigue, and Imposition, are appropriate topics, and the narrator may enliven his recitation by a suppositious dialogue with an imaginary interlocutor. The language must be polished, and music and singing should precede and close the Per-

formance. The example quoted is the *Lilámadhukara*, but the only specimen met with, is the *Sáveda Tilaka*, of which some account is given in the following pages. It is not impossible that *Ventriloquism* assisted to give effect to the imaginary dialogue, as the art is not unknown in India.

4. The *Vyáyoga*, is a dramatic representation of some military transaction, in which no part of the interest is derived from female participation. The sentiment of love is consequently excluded from it, and it admits of no Comic intermixture. It is restricted to one Act, one action, and a duration of one day, and the hero should be a warrior or demigod. The *Sakitya Derpana* names the *Saugandhikáharanam*, as an example, the *Dasa Rápaka* specifies the *Jámadagnya Jaya*, the latter alluding either to the defeat of *Kátaviryárjuna*, or to the subjugation of the military tribe by the Brahmanical hero *Parasu Ráma*, the son of *Jamadagni*. The subject of the former would seem to be the Rape of a Princess named *Saugandhika*, only that the interest springing from such an event would contravene the rule that relates to female exclusion, and it may refer to the conflict, between *Vasishtha* and *Viswamitra* for the all bestowing Cow. The *Dhananjaya Vijaya* belongs to this class.

5.—The *Samavakáa*, is the dramatic representation of some Mythological fable in three Acts, the business of the first is to occupy about nine hours, the second three and a half, and the third, an hour and a half. The story of the piece

relates to gods and demons, although mortals may be introduced : there is no individual hero, or the heroes may be as many as twelve, as *Krishna* and other divinities—the Metre is that most usually employed in the *Vedas* or the verses termed *Ushnih* and *Gáyatri*. Although Love may be touched upon, *Heroism* should be the predominant passion and the Acts of enmity may be exhibited both covert and avowed, such as ironical commendation, and open defiance. Tempests, combats, and the storming of towns, may be represented, and all the pride and pomp of war, as horses, elephants and cars may be introduced. The example quoted, but which no longer exists in its dramatised form, is the *Samudra Mathanam*, the Churning of the Ocean—a splendid subject for spectacle if well managed. We may doubt the success of the Hindu mechanics in representing the Mountain and the Snake, the Churning staff and rope, or the agitations of the mighty main, from which sprang the personifications of Health and Beauty, and the Beverage of immortality. This was in all probability clumsily contrived, but the gods and demons were well dressed and better acted, and with the patronage of a Raja, the conflicts between the hosts of heaven and hell, for the goddess of Beauty, and the Cup of Ambrosia, were no doubt got up with no want of numbers or of splendor. This entertainment must have been popular, as it was addressed more to the eye than the ear. As a mere spectacle it still exists, and in the Western Provinces, the history of *Ráma* is represented in the dramatic form, at the *Dasahara* on a vast, if not a magnificent scale. The followers of the contending chiefs, *Ráma* and *Rávana*,

amount sometimes to several hundreds, the battlements of *Lanká*, though of less durable materials, are of vast extent, and the encounters that take place, are more like the mimic evolutions of real armies than a dramatic exhibition. It is scarcely necessary to add, that it occurs in the open air, usually in a spacious plain, and with a want of order that ruins its dramatic effect. The most pleasing, as the best conducted parts of the business are the processions: the entry of *Ráma* and *Sitá* into Benares, in the year 1820, formed a richly picturesque and interesting scene.

6.—The *Dima* is a Drama of a similar but more gloomy character than the last, and is limited to the representation of terrific events, as portents, incantations, sieges and battles. It comprehends Four Acts. The Hero should be a Demon, Demigod, or Deity. The example named is the *Tripuradaha*, the destruction of the Demon *Tripura*, by *Siva*, and conflagration of the three cities, over which he ruled, and whence he derived his appellation.

7.—The *Ihámriga* is a piece of intrigue in Four Acts, in which the hero is a God or illustrious mortal, and the heroine a Goddess. Love and Mirth are the prevailing sentiments. The heroine may be the subject of war or stratagem, and the devices of the hero may end in disappointment, but not in death. The example named is the *Kusumusekhara Vijayá*.

8.—*Auka*. This is considered by some to be a piece in One Act, but by others to be a supplementary Act, serving

as an introduction to a Drama, or more fully winding up of the story, the pathetic style should predominate, the hero may be a mortal; the subject should be well known. The example named is the *Sermishthá Yayáti*: a piece termed *Yayáti Cheritra*, occurs amongst those noticed hereafter, but that is a *Nátaka*, and cannot therefore be here intended.

9.—The *Vithi* is something similar to the *Bhána*, it is in One Act, and may be performed by one actor, though the *Dasa Rúpaka* admits of two. In either case, it is a Love story, carried on in comic dialogue, consisting of equivoque, evasion, enigma, quibble, jest, repartee, wilful misconstruction and misapplication, ironical praise, extravagant endearment, and jocose abuse. It is not very different perhaps in character from the *Fabula Atellanæ* of the Tuscans.

10.—The *Prahasana* is a farcical or comic satire, and might be thought to have originated like the old Comedy from the Phallic Hymn—unlike the Aristophanic Comedy, however, it is not levelled at the many headed mob, but in general at the sanctified and privileged orders of the community as Ascetics, Brahmans, Men of rank and wealth, and Princes: the vices satyrised in the two latter, are those which emanate from an abuse of riches, rather than of power, and are those of low luxury, not tyrannic despotism: the objects of satire in the former are sensuality and hypocrisy. It is in their extreme indelicacy that they resemble, although perhaps they scarcely equal the Greek Comedy, but they have not its redeeming properties, exuberant gaiety and brilliant

imagination; they have some causticity and humour, but they are deficient in the high merits of poetry and wit. The *Hásyárna*, *Kautuka Servasva*, and *Dhúrta Nartaka*, are existing specimens of this class of dramatic representation. According to the technical definitions of our authorities, the *Prahasana* is a Drama in One Act, intended to excite laughter. The story should be fictitious, and the hero may be an Ascetic, a Brahman, a King, or a Rogue. The Dramatis Personæ is to be composed of courtiers, menials, mendicants, knaves and harlots: the inferior persons are to speak low Prakrit, or a local dialect.

This terminates the First Class of Dramas. The second order is more numerous. It will be necessary to repeat the list, but it will not be essential to offer any detailed enumeration, as they tend to confirm what the foregoing remarks will have already suggested, that the Hindu writers multiply species very gratuitously, and make distinctions where no difference is discernible. In general also the descriptions will not admit of any illustration, as except in the two first instances, the pieces cited as examples are not known to exist.

UPARUPAKAS.

1.—The *Náíká* is of two kinds, bearing an affinity in subject and personages, severally, to the *Nátaka* and *Prakarána*, in the latter case, it is also termed *Prakaraníká*. The

only difference from these forms is the length; the *Nátikā* being restricted to Four Acts. The *Retnūcali*, of which a translation is given, is a *Nátika*.

2.—The *Trotaka* may consist of Five, Seven, Eight or Nine Acts, the business is partly human, partly celestial, as in the *Vikrama* and *Urvasí*.

3.—The *Goshthi* is a piece in One Act, with a Dramatis Personæ, of nine or ten, male, and five or six female characters. The subject is Love. The example named is the *Raivata-madaniká*.

4.—The *Sattaka* is a marvellous story in any number of Acts, but the language is to be wholly *Prákrít*. The *Karpūra Manjarí* is an example of the class.

5.—The *Nátyasáraka* consists chiefly of dancing and singing, and the subjects are love and mirth. It is in One Act. The *Nermavati* and *Vilásavati* are cited as specimens.

6.—The *Prasthána* is on the same subjects as the last, but the characters are of the lowest description, the hero and the heroine are slaves, and their associates outcastes. Song, music and dancing are its chief ingredients: it is in Two Acts. The *Sringára Tilaka* is an example. The appropriation of a specific Drama to a particular class of people is highly characteristic of the social system of the Hindus.

7.—The *Uttahya* is in One Act; the subject mythological—the sentiments are Love, Mirth and Pathos—the dialogue is interspersed with Songs. The example named is, the *Devi*

Mahakavyam—this presents some Analogy to the Satyric Drama of the Greeks, which was taken from Mythology or Heroic Poetry, and differed chiefly from the Tragedies, which it followed, in a more lively strain and greater brevity, as well as in the introduction of songs and dances, by Silenus and the Satyrs.

8.—The *Kavya* is a love story in One Act, interspersed with poetical stanzas and musical airs. The *Yalavodaya* is an example.

9.—The *Prenkhona* is in One Act, treating of war and dissension—the hero is of inferior rank, as in the *Bale Badha*.

10.—The *Hāsaka* is a comic entertainment in One Act, with five characters. The hero and heroine are of elevated rank, the latter is of suitable merit, the former a fool. The *Anekamúrttan* is a specimen.

11.—The *Sanlāpaka* is a Drama in One, Three, or Four Acts—the hero of which is a heretic—the subjects are controversy, deceit, violence and war. The *Māyukapālīka*, is cited as an example, and possibly the *Prabodha Chandrikā*, the metaphysical Drama, translated by the late Dr. Taylor, comes under this species.

12.—*Srīgaditam* is an entertainment in One Act, in which the goddess *Srī*, the goddess of prosperity or fortune is introduced, or is imitated by the heroine—it is partly recited, and partly sung—an example of it is named the *Krīrārasātālā*.

13.—The *Silpaka* is in Four Acts—the Scene is laid in a place where dead bodies are burnt—the hero is a Brahman, and the confidant or *Pratinayaka* an outcaste: marvels and magic constitute the leading business of the piece. The *Kanakarati Mádha* is an example cited, and to borrow an illustration from the Dramatic literature of Europe, we might perhaps class the *Freyschütz* under this head.

14.—The *Vilasiká* or *Lásiká*, is an entertainment in One Act, of which love is the subject, and the general strain is comic or farcical: no example is cited.

15.—The *Durnalíká* is a comic intrigue in Four Acts, in each of which the friends of the hero and himself successively lead the business. The specimen named is the *Vindumatí*.

16.—The *Prakaraniká* is here considered as a distinct class, but as observed under the first head, this is usually considered only a variety of the *Nalíká*.

17.—The *Hallísá* is an entertainment of singing and dancing, chiefly in One Act, represented by one male, and eight or ten female performers. The example named is the *Kelirávatuka*; and the operatic ballets of Europe may afford some notion of the class.

18.—The *Bhaniká* is a comic piece in One Act: it is not very clearly defined, but it seems to be something like the piece which after undergoing various migrations from *Le Dèpit Amoureux* of *Molière*, ended in the farce of *Lover's Quarrels*—a representation of unfounded jealousies and mutual reproaches. The *Kámadattá* is the specimen named.

All these varieties are clearly reducible to but two, differing according to the loftier or lowlier tone of the composition, the more serious or comic tenor of the subject, and the regularity or irregularity of the construction.—We might also conveniently transfer to them the definitions of the European stage, and class them under the heads of Tragedy, Comedy, Opera, Ballet, Burletta, Melo-drama, and Farce. Their technical distribution is however very unimportant, and the enumeration of the distinctions as originally recognised is a matter of little interest, except as it conveys a satisfactory proof of the extent to which Dramatic Literature was once cultivated by the Hindus.

From this general sketch of the varieties of the Hindu Theatre, we shall now proceed to examine what in their notions constituted a play; under the heads of its Dramatic Arrangement, the conduct of the Plot, the characters of the Drama, the objects of Dramatic representation, and the means by which they were effected, or the Diction and Scenic apparatus.

3.—*Dramatic Arrangement.*

In the Hindu Drama, every piece opens with a Prelude or Induction, in which the audience are made acquainted with the author, his work, the actors, and such part of the prior events as it is necessary for the spectators to know. In its propitiation of the audience, and reference to past

occurrences, it is analogous to the Prologue of ancient and modern times, and as far as spoken in character, accords with what have been termed the Prologues of Euripides, and those of Plautus. Being in Dialogue, however, it is more correctly the *Induction* of the old Comedy, which although considered, "out of date," by Beaumont and Fletcher, was not unfrequent amongst their cotemporaries, as in *Cynthia's Revels*, *The Returne from Parnassus*, and especially *The Malcontent of Marston*, in which the Interlocutors are the Actors. *The Faust of Goethe* affords a specimen of an Induction in the present day. In the Hindu Theatre, however, the Actors of the Prelude were never more than two, the Manager and one of his company, either an Actor or Actress, and it differs from the similar preliminary performances of other people, by leading immediately into the business of the Drama.

The first part of this introduction is termed the *Púrva Ranga*, and agreeably to Hindu prejudices, and the religious complexion of the occasions, on which performances were represented, opens with a prayer, invoking in a benedictory formula, the protection of some deity in favour of the audience. This is termed the *Nándí*, or that which is the cause of gratification to Men and Gods. This Benediction may consist of one, two or three Stanzas. The elder writers rarely exceed two, but those of later date extend the *Nándí* to three or four, and in one instance, the *Vení Sanhára*, we have as many as six. Occasionally a short prayer is added to the Benediction, or even substituted for it.

It does not very distinctly appear by whom the *Nándí*

was spoken, for the general stage direction, *Nándyanté Sutradhára*, “at the end of the *Nándi* the *Sutradhára*,” implies, that it was not recited by this individual, the Manager or Conductor, the person who holds the thread or regulation of the business, but an aphorism of *Bharata* is cited, which says, “Let the *Sutradhára* recite the *Nándi* in a tone, neither high nor low.” If, however, he does not enter until it is recited, he must perform the recitation behind the Scenes. Another text is cited from *Bharata*, which says, “Having read the *Nándi*, let the *Sutradhára* go off, and the *Sthápaka* enter”—but the former is in universal practice, the chief personage of the induction, and the latter, the ‘Establisher or conductor,’ is generally used as a synonyme of the former. It seems not unlikely, that it was the intention of the original writers, although the commentators may not have understood it, to discriminate between the real and assumed personage of the *Sutradhára*, who spoke the Benediction in his own character, or as a Brahman, which he must have been, and then carried on the dialogue of the Prelude as the Manager of the Theatrical Corps. The *Sutradhára* was expected to be a man of no inferior qualifications, and according to the technical description of him, “he was to be well versed in light literature, as narrative, plays and poetry—he should be familiar with various dialects—acquainted with the customs of different classes, and the manners of various people, experienced in dramatic details, and conversant with different mechanical arts.”

The Prayer is usually often followed by some account of

the author of the piece, which is always in a strain of panegyric, very different from the self-dispraising tone adopted by European Dramatists, although no doubt more sincere. The Induction must in most cases have been the work of the author of the Play, but it may sometimes have been the composition of another hand. The introduction of the *Mrichchakatí*, notices the death of the individual, to whom the play is ascribed. In some places, the mention of the author is little more than the particularisation of his name.

The notice of the author is in general followed by a complimentary appeal to the favour of the audience, in a style, with which we are perfectly familiar, and the Manager occasionally gives a Dramatic representation of himself and his concerns, as in the *Mrichchakatí*, and *Mudra Rákshasa*, in a dialogue between him and one of his company, either an Actor or an Actress, who is termed the *Páripársika*, or associate. The dialogue sometimes adverts to occurrences, prior to the story of the piece, as in the *Uttara Ráma Chavitra*, where the Manager and Actor are supposed to be inhabitants of *Ayodhyá*, and describe the departure of *Rama's* guests, as if they had just witnessed it. In the *Vení Sanhára* too, it should appear, that they are inmates of the *Pándava* Camp, and in the *Mudra Rákshasa*, the Manager appears as an inhabitant of *Pátaliputra*. In other preludes the connexion is less immediate. In that of *Sakuntala*, the Actress sings a Song descriptive of the hot season, for the amusement of the audience, and in *Málatí* and *Mádhava*, the Manager and his companion declare the characters they are to play. In every case, however, the conclusion of the

prelude termed the *Prastávana*, prepares the audience for the entrance of one of the Dramatic personages, who appears, either by simply naming him, as in *Sakuntala*, where the Manager abruptly exclaims "Here comes the king *Dushyanta*," or by uttering something, he is supposed to overhear, and to which he advances to reply, as in the *Mrichchakatí* and *Mudrá Rákshasa*.

The piece being thus opened, is carried on in the manner with which the Theatres of Europe are familiar, or the division of Scenes and Acts.

The Scene may be considered to be marked as in the French Drama, by the entrance of one character, and the exit of another, for in general the Stage is never left empty in the course of the Act, nor does total change of place often occur. The rule, however, in this respect, is not very rigidly observed, and contrivances have been resorted to, to fill up the seeming chasm which such an interruption as a total change of scene requires, and to avoid that solecism which the entrance of a character, whose approach is unannounced is considered.

Of these, two are personages—the Interpreter and introducer—the *Vishkambhaka* and *Pravésaka*. These are members of the Theatrical Company, apparent'y, who may be supposed to sit by, and upon any interruption in the regular course of the piece, explain to the audience its cause and object—the *Vishkambha*, it is said, may appear at the beginning, in the middle, or at the end of an Act. The *Pravesaka*, it is said, only between the Acts, but this is

contradicted by the constant practice, for in every place the *Pravésaka* indicates a change of scene. The duty of the *Pravésaka* was probably of a very simple nature, and he merely announced the change of Scene, and approach of a certain character—the *Vishkambha* had a more diversified duty, and besides filling up all blanks in the story, he was expected to divert the audience by his wit and repartee, like the Arloquino Intromezzo, or the Clowns of the Elizabethan period of our stage. The clumsiness of these supplementary performers, seems not to have escaped the notice of the Hindu Dramatists, and they are sometimes interwoven with the piece, as in the *Vení Sanhára*, where a scene between two Goblins, who are seeking their banquet upon the field of battle, is considered to be chiefly intended to connect the business of the Drama, and prepare the audience for the death of *Drona*, which they behold and describe, and the description of the combat between *Lava* and *Chandraketu*, in the *Uttara Ráma Cheritra*, by the two Spirits of air, is a similar and still happier substitute for an interpreter: The employment of the *Vishkambha* and *Pravésaka*, is indicated by simply naming them, and what either is to do or say, is left to the person who fills the character.

The *Act* or *Anka* is said to be marked by the exit of all the personages, a definition which is equally applicable to the practice of the French Theatre—Of the duration of the Act, we have already spoken, and it will have been seen in the enumeration of the different species of theatrical compositions, that the number of Acts varies from one to ten—the *Hanúman Nátaka*, indeed has fourteen, but it will be seen

by the abstract account of that Drama, that it is a poem, rather than a play, or at most a piece of patch work, in which the fragments of an old play have been eked out by poetic narrative, and connected by the interposition of extraneous and undramatic matters—The precise division of Hindu plays into Acts is a feature which serves to discriminate them from the Greek compositions, in which the division into Acts was unknown, the only distinctions recognised, being those of Prologue, Episode and Exode, regulated by the intervening Songs of the Chorus, to which we find nothing parallel in the regular plays of the Hindus. The division into Acts, appears to have been an arrangement invented by the Romans, from whom we can scarcely suspect the Hindus to have derived it.

The First Act, or the *Ankamukha* corresponds to the Exposition, Prologue or *Protasis* of the Ancient Theatre, and furnishes a clue to the subject of the whole Story: this is in general ably done, as for instance in the *Mudrá Rakshasa*, the whole business of the last Acts of which is the development of contrivances intimated in the First. The First Act of *Máluti* and *Mádhava*, is entirely devoted to this object, with a minuteness of detail, that is rather tedious, and reminds us of Puff's apology in the *Critic*, for the language of the First Scene of his play, "I was obliged to be plain and intelligible in the First Scene, because there was so much matter of fact it it."

The ensuing Acts carry on the business of the Story, to its final developement in the last, and in general, the Hindu writers are successful in maintaining the character of their

exode—the business being rarely completed before the concluding Act—the piece closes as it began with a characteristic benediction or prayer, which is always repeated by the principal personage, and expresses his wishes for general plenty and happiness.

4.—*Conduct of the Plot.*

The business of every piece is termed its *Vastu*, its substance, or thing: the *Pragma* or *Res*.

It is of two kinds, principal and secondary, or essential, and episodical.

Every business involves five elements, the *Vija*, *Vindu*, *Patáká*, *Prákáí* and *Káiyam*.

The *Vija* or the seed is the circumstance from which the business arises—the policy of the prime minister in the *Retnávali*, is the seed or remote cause of the Raja's obtaining the Princess.

The *Vindu* which literally means a drop, is the unintentional developement of some secondary incident, which furnishes a clue to the event—as when *Retnávúli* learns accidentally, that she has beheld the person of the Raja *Vatsa*, she recollects she was designed by her father to be his bride, which after a due course of interruption she becomes.

Patáká, a banner, perhaps intended to signify embellishment, an episode.

Prákári, an episodic incident, or an event of limited duration, and subordinate importance, in which the principal characters bear no part.

Kárya is the end, or object, which being effected, the whole is effected, as the marriage of *Vatsa* and *Ratnávati*.

The end or object of the business admits of five conditions: Beginning, Promotion, Hope of Success, Removal of obstacles, Completion.

The series or combinations of incidents, the *Sandhis*, by which an object is ultimately attained, are also five.

The *Mukham* is the opening or preparatory course of incidents, by which the train of events to be afterwards developed is first sprung—thus in *Maláti* and *Mádhava*, the hero and heroine have been thrown in each other's way by seeming accident, but in fact by the devices of their friends: and this lays the foundation of their love, and the occurrences of the play.

The *Pratimukham* is the *Metabasis*, or secondary event, calculated to obstruct or promote the catastrophe, as the suspicion entertained by the queen *Vásavadattá*, of her husband's love for *Ságariká*.

The *Gerbha* is the covert prosecution of purpose, giving way in appearance to impediments, but in reality adhering to the original intention.

Vimersha is the *Peripeteia*, in which an effect is produced contrary to its intended cause, or change in the course of

the story by which expectation is baffled, and an unforeseen reverse ensues. *Sakuntalá*, by her marriage with *Dushyanta*, has attained the summit of her desires, when she incurs the displeasure of *Durvása*, and is in consequence separated from the recollection of her lord.

The *Upasahríti* or *Nirvahaná*, is the Catastrophe, or that to which all tends, and in which all terminates.

This course assigned for the fable, will be perhaps more intelligible if we apply the divisions to a Drama of our own. In *Romeo and Juliet*, the ball at the house of *Capulet* may be considered the *Mukham*—the *Pratimukham* is the interview with *Juliet* in the Garden. The *Gerbha* is *Juliet's* apparent assent to the marriage with *Paris*. The *Vimersha* is the despair of *Romeo*, consequent on a contrivance intended to preserve *Juliet's* faith. The Catastrophe needs no elucidation.

Each of these divisions in the Hindu System, comprehends a number of subdivisions, *Angas* or members, to follow the description of which would be to exhaust any patience except Hindu. It will be therefore sufficient to observe, that they comprehend a variety of Dramatic Incidents, which the Theatre of every nation abundantly presents, and which in fact have no limits, but imagination and dramatic effect. The Hindus enumerate sixty-four, or twelve *Mukhángas*, twelve *Pratímukhángas*, thirteen *Gerbhángas*, thirteen *Vimershángas*, and fourteen *Nirvahanángas*. We may cite one of each as an example.

Yukti is a *Mukhángá*, it means the connexion of purpose,

and result. *Yogandharáyana* has introduced *Ságariká* to the Queen, merely to put her in the way of the Raja, that he may see and love her. The business of the piece is founded on the result. We might say that the wager of *Iachimo* and *Posthumus*, and the visit of the former to the court of *Cymbeline*, was an illustration of this element.

Pariserpu, a *Pratimukhángu*, implies the progressive narration of events. The Chamberlain relates in the *Vení Sanhára*, the death of *Bhíshma*, and destruction of the *Kauravas* by *Krishna*, as consequent upon the death of the son of the latter, *Aniruddha*. The description of the successive encounters of *Macbeth* and *Banquo*, with the king of Norway and rebellious Thanes, by the bleeding soldier, is an instance of this variety.

Of the *Gerbhángas*, *Abhutákarana*, may be understood to signify misprision of loss or evil. Thus when in the *Vení Sanhára*, the messenger proclaims that *Aswatthámá* has been slain by *Krishna*, it is supposed that the Prince has fallen, but it turns out, that the death of an Elephant so named is intended. Thus *Juliet* first interprets, the Nurse's grief for *Tyball's* death, as occasioned by the death of *Romeo*.

One of the *Vimershángas*, is *Dyúti*. Provoking to combat, as in the Scene between *Arjuna* and *Bhíma*, in the *Vení Sanhára*. Examples of this are common enough in every Drama—the Scene between *Dorax* and *Sebastian*, in *Don Sebastian*, and that between *Stukely* and *Lewson* in the *Gamster*, are amongst the most powerful in the English language.

One of the members of the Catastrophe is *Grakana*, referring to a purpose held in view throughout. Thus *Bhima*, reminds *Draupadi*, that she had been forbidden by him to tie up her dishevelled hair, as he had vowed to do it for her, when he had slain those who had subjected her to the indignity of untying the fillet which had bound it—the avowal made by *Zanga* in the concluding Scene of the Revenge, of the feeling by which he has been animated to destroy *Alonzo*, may be held to be illustrative of this variety.

We shall not pursue these technicalities any further: it is clear from what has been stated, that considerable artifice must have been employed by the Hindu dramatists in the construction of their fable, to authorise such a complicated subdivision of its details.

5.—*Characters of the Drama.*

Every description of composition has its appropriate hero and heroine, and in the ample range of the Hindu Drama, every class of society contributes its members to support these personages. The hero may be a God or Demigod, or a mortal, in the higher kinds of composition: he is drawn in the latter case from mythology, history or fable, or is the creation of the author. As Love enters largely into the business of the Hindu theatre, the attributes of the hero are defined with reference to his fitness for feeling and inspiring passion, and he is to be represented, young, handsome, graceful, liberal, valiant, amiable, accomplished,

and well born. The chief technical classification of the *Náyaka*, or hero is into *Lalita*, gay, thoughtless and good humoured—*Sánta*, gentle and virtuous—*Dhírodátta*, high-spirited, but temperate and firm—*Ukáta*, ardent and ambitious—these are again subdivided, so as to make forty-eight species, and by considering them as diversified, by mortal, semi-divine, or celestial origin, are multiplied to a hundred and forty four kinds. It must be rather difficult for a writer to observe, amidst such a multiplicity, the rule laid down for his delineation of the manners of his hero, for whatever individual he adopts, he must take care to make him consistent with himself, and not to give him qualities incompatible with his organisation, thus it is said, that it is incongruous to ascribe liberality to the demon *Rávana*, to unite piety and pride in the son of *Jamadagni*, and to accuse the highminded *Ráma* of compassing the death of *Bali* by fraud—these blemishes when they occur in the original legend, should be kept out of view by the dramatist. Some allowance however is made for “*Lover’s perjuries*,” and a prince and hero may compromise his credit for dignity, and veracity, in concealing from a jealous bride his egarremens de cœur.

Equal minuteness has been displayed in specifying the classes of *Náyikás* or heroines—and the extent to which females are partakers of scenic incident, affords an interesting picture of the relations of that sex in Hindu Society. In the *Náta*kas and *Nátika*s, we have the Nymphs of heaven, the brides of demigods, the wives of saints, and female saints themselves, and the deified woods and rivers—in the plays of pure fiction, we have Princesses and Courtesans—

and in the pieces of intrigue, the different inmates of the haram. The first class of females is the legitimate creation of poetry and mythology, the others are portraits from social life—the introduction of the unmarried female of high birth into the lighter scenes of common life is an accession to which ancient comedy was a stranger—the unmarried girl of family is never introduced in person in the scenes of *Plautus* and *Terence*. In *Málatí* and *Mádhava*, we have *Málatí* and her friend *Madayantiká*, and in the *Retnávalí*, *Sagariká* and the other damsels of the interior of the palace. It may be suspected, however, that the former piece presents a purer specimen of Hindu manners than the latter. It seems probable that the princes of India learnt the practice of the rigid exclusion of women in their harems from the Mohammedans, and that previously, although they were subject to many restrictions, they were allowed to go freely into public on public occasions, they were present at dramatic performances, they formed the chief part of bridal processions, they were permitted to visit the temples of the Gods, and to perform their ablutions with little or no privacy in sacred streams, which last named privileges, they still retain, and to which Mohomedan women have no similar right. Even in later times, the presence of men, other than a husband or a son, was far from prohibited in the inner apartments, and the minister of *Valsa*, with his chamberlain, and the envoy from Ceylon, are admitted to the audience of the Raja, in the presence of the Queen, and her attending damsels. In what may be considered heroic times, Queens and Princesses seem to have travelled about, where and how they pleased, and in

the *Uttara Ráma Cheritra*, *Sita* is sent to live by herself in the forests, and the mother of *Ráma* comes with little or no parade to the hermitage of *Válmiki*.

Although, however, the social restraints, to which females were subjected under the ancient Hindu system, were of a very different nature from those which Mohammedanism imposes, and were in all probability even less severe than those which prevailed in many of the Grecian states, they did no doubt operate to such an extent as to preclude women from taking any part in general society: This was more particularly the case with unmarried women, and we learn from several of the Dramas, that it was a part of virtuous breeding for a virgin to decline conversation with a man, even with a lover--thus *Ságariká* in the *Retnávali* and *Málati*, in *Málati* and *Mádhava*, can with difficulty be prevailed upon to address the objects of their affection! they answer to every question, by proxy, and do not even trust their voices to their female companion above a whisper, when those they adore are present. Unmarried women, therefore, we may infer, might be in company with men, and might hear their addresses, but would have violated decorum if they had ventured to reply. No restraint of the nature was imposed upon married women. *Sakuntala* appears in the public court of *Dushyanta*, and pleads her own cause, and *Vásavadattá* in the *Retnávali*, enters unreservedly into communication with her father's envoy—the married ladies of the lighter pieces indeed exercise their wit, upon their husband's particular confidant and friend, the *Vídúshaka*, and the queen of *Agnimitra* and her foster sister

Me'halá, indulge themselves in practical jokes at *Cháráyana's* expence.

The want of opportunity thus afforded to Hindu youth to appreciate the characters and dispositions of those, to whom they were affianced, might be supposed to have subjected them to subsequent disgust and disappointment at home, and consequently compelled them to seek the gratification derived from female society, elsewhere. Such has been the reason assigned for a similar practice amongst the Greeks. It may be doubted, however, whether this want of previous acquaintance was in any way the cause of the effect ascribed to it, for the practice was very universal, and disappointment could not have universally occurred—in all probability it occurred less often than it does in European society, in which so much pains are taken to embellish talent, and in which conventional good breeding conceals defects. The practice rather originated in what was considered to be the perfection of female virtue. “She was the best of women of whom little could be said, either in the way of good or harm, she was educated to see as little, to hear as little, and enquire as little as possible, and the chief purposes of her married life were to perpetuate her race and regulate the economy of the household,” her maximum of merit, consisted in the assiduity with which she nursed her children, and controuled her servants, and whilst thus devoted, “to suckle fools, and chronicle small beer”, she might be a very useful, but certainly could not be a very entertaining companion.

The defective education of the virtuous portion of the sex, and their consequent uninteresting character, held out an

inducement to the unprincipled members both of Greek and Hindu Society, to rear a class of females, who should supply those wants which rendered home cheerless, and should give to men, hetera or female friends, and associates in intellectual as well as in animal enjoyment. A courtesan of this class inspired no abhorrence. She was brought up from her infancy to the life she professed, which she graced by her accomplishments, and not unfrequently dignified by her virtues,—her disregard of social restraint was not the voluntary breach of moral, social, or religious precepts, it was the business of her education to minister to pleasure, and in the imperfect system of the Greeks, she committed little or no trespass against the institutes of the national creed, or the manners of society. The Hindu principles were more rigid, and not only was want of chastity in a female, a capital breach of social and religious obligations, but the association of men, with professed wantons, was an equal violation of decorum, and involving a departure from the purity of caste, was considered a virtual degradation from rank in society—in practice, however, greater latitude seems to have been observed, and in the *Mrichhakati*, a Brahman, a man of family and repute, incurs apparently no discredit from his love for a Courtesan. A still more curious feature is that his passion for such an object, seems to excite no sensation in his family, nor uneasiness in his wife, and the nurse presents his child to his mistress, as to its mother, and his wife, besides interchanging civilities, a little coldly perhaps, but not compulsively, finishes by calling her, sister, and acquiescing

therefore in her legal union with her lord. It must be acknowledged, that the Poet has managed his story with great dexterity, and the interest with which he has invested his heroine, prevents manners so revolting to our notions from being obtrusively offensive. No art was necessary in the estimation of a Hindu writer, to provide his hero with a wife or two, more or less, and the acquisition of an additional bride is the ordinary catastrophe of the lighter Dramas.

Women are distinguished as being *Swakíya*, *Parakíya*, and *Sámányá*—or the wife of an individual himself, the wife or daughter of another person, and one who is independant. Each of these is distinguished as *Mugdhá*, *Prawhá*, and *Pragalbhá*, or youthful, adolescent, and mature, and of each of these again, there are many varieties, which it is needless to specify. We may observe, however, to the honour of the Hindu Drama, that the *Parakíya*, or she who is the wife of another person, is never to be made the object of a dramatic intrigue: a prohibition that would have sadly cooled the imagination, and curbed the wit of Dryden and Congreve.

The incidental characters or conditions of a *Náyiká*, are declared to be eight.

- 1.—The *Swádhínapatiká* is devoted to her husband.
- 2.—The *Vásakasajjá* is a damsel, full dressed in expectation of her lover.
- 3.—The *Virahokanthitá*, mourns the absence of her lord.
- 4.—The *Khanditá* is mortified, by detecting a lover's infidelity.

5.—The *Kalahántarítá* is overcome with grief or anger, at real or fancied neglect.

6.—The *Vipralabdhá* is disappointed by her lover's failing his appointment.

7.—The *Proshūtabhartriká* is a female, whose husband or lover is in a foreign country.

8.—The *Abhisáriká* is a female, who goes to meet her lover, or sends to seek him.

The *Álankáras*, the ornaments or graces of women, and with which the *Náyiká* should be delineated by the dramatic or poetic writer, are said to be twenty. Many of these are palpable enough, such as *Sobhá* brilliancy, or beauty, and youth, *Mádhúryam* sweetness of disposition, *Dhairyam*, steady attachment, &c. but there are some which as characteristic of the Hindu system, may perhaps merit specification. *Bháva* is a slight personal indication of natural emotion. *Háva* is its stronger expression as change of colour, and *Héla* is the decided manifestation of feeling. *Líla* is mimicry of a lover's manner, language, dress, &c. for his diversion, or that of female companions. *Vilása* is the expression of desire evinced in look, act, or speech. *Vichitti* is neglect of dress and ornaments through mental agitation. *Vibhrama* is the wrong application of personal embellishments occasioned by hurry and anxiety. *Kilakinchitam* is mixed sensation, as the conflict between joy and grief, tenderness and resentment. *Mottáyatam* is the silent expression of returned affection. *Kuttamitam* is the affected repulse of a lover's endearments. *Vikrita* is the suppression of the sen-

timents of the heart through bashfulness, and *Lolitam* is the conviction of triumphant charms, and the sentiment of gratified love, as expressed by elegance of attire and complacency of deportment.

The *Dramatis Personæ*, with the exception of the hero and heroine, form the *Auga* or the body of the characters—of these the following are distinguished.

The *Pitamerdha* is the friend and confidant of the hero, and sometimes the hero of a secondary action, interwoven with the principal, such is the case in *Málati* and *Mádhava*, in which the love of *Makaranda* for *Madayantiká* proceeds parallel, with that of *Mádhava* for *Málati*.

Another personage of primary rank is the *Pratináyuka*, the counterpart and antagonist of the hero. Such is *Rávana* as opposed to *Ráma*, and *Duryodhana* to *Yudhishthira*.

Each of these may have his courtiers, ministers, officers, companions and defendants, but there are two individuals termed specifically the *Vita* and the *Vidúshaka*, that are peculiar in some degree to the theatre of the Hindus.

The character of the *Vitá* is not very easily understood. It is necessary that he should be accomplished in the lighter arts, particularly poetry, music and singing, and he appears indiscriminately as the companion of a man or woman, although in the latter case, the female is the courtesan: he is generally represented on familiar and easy, and yet dependant terms with his associate, and evinces something of the character of the Parasite of the Greek Comedy, but that he is never rendered contemptible. It does not appear that he professes

to teach the arts he practices, although it is not impossible that such was his employment, and that he was retained about the person of the wealthy and dissipated, as a kind of private instructor as well as entertaining companion. In lexicons, the person indicated by the term *Vita* is a despicable being, of whose character no vestiges occur in the theatrical picture.

As *Schlegel* observes, every theatre has its buffoon, and the *Vidúshaka* plays that part in the theatre of the Hindus. He is the humble companion, not the servant of a Prince or man of rank, and it is a curious peculiarity, that he is always a Brahman. He bears more affinity to *Sancho Panza* perhaps, than any other character in eastern fiction, imitating him in his combination of shrewdness and simplicity, his fondness of good living, and his love of ease. In the Dramas of intrigue, he exhibits some of the talents of Mercury, but with less activity and ingenuity, and occasionally suffers by his interference. In the *Mrichchakati*, he is further distinguished by his morality, and his devotion to his friend. This character is always lively, and sometimes almost witty, although in general his facetiousness does not take a very lofty flight. According to the technical definition of his attributes, he is to excite mirth by being ridiculous in person, age and attire.

The *Náyiká* or heroine, has always her companion and confidante, and the most appropriate personage to fill this capacity is a foster sister—where queens are the heroines, a favourite damsel discharges this duty—female devotees play a leading part in several Dramas, as well as novels, and in that case are usually described as of the *Bauddhu* sect. In

the *Vrihat Kathá*, these pious ladies are usually painted in very unfavourable colours, but in *Málatí* and *Mádhava*, the old Priestess, or rather Ascetic, is represented as a woman of profound learning and sound morals, the instructress and friend of men who hold the highest offices in the state, and the instrument selected by them to secure the happiness of their children.

The subordinate characters of both sexes are derived from every class of Society, and even the *Chándálas* find a place in the comedies of fiction. A strange enumeration is given of the male characters admissible as tenants of the interior of palaces, or Eunuchs, Mutes, Dwarfs, Foresters, and Barbarians; the attendance of females on the persons of kings is another national peculiarity, especially as it appears from the *Mudrá Rákshasa*, that this practice was not confined to the inner apartments, for *Chandragupta*, although he does not appear in public so attended, goes thus accompanied from one palace to another.

6.—*Objects of Dramatic Representation.*

The purposes that are to be aimed at in Dramatic Composition, are described as the same with those of poetic fiction in general: they are, to convey instruction through the means of amusement; and with this view, they must affect the minds of the spectators with the sentiments which they express: these sentiments are termed by the Hindus, *Rasas*, Tastes or flavours, and they imply both the quality as inhe-

rent in the composition, and the perception of it as recognised by the reader or spectator—The *Rasas* however are considered usually as effects, not causes, and they are said to come from the *Bhavas*, conditions of the mind or body, which are followed by a corresponding expression in those who feel, or are supposed to feel them, and a corresponding impression on those who behold them—When these conditions are of a permanent or perdurable description, and produce a lasting and general impression, which is not disturbed by the influence of collateral or contrary excitements, they are in fact the same with the impressions: as desire or love, as the main object of the action, is both the condition of the chief character, and the sentiment with which the spectator is filled—When the conditions are incidental and transitory, they contribute to the general impression, but are not confounded with it: they may indeed be contrary to it in their essence, without weakening or counteracting it, as a hero may for public reasons abandon his mistress without foregoing his love, and may perform acts of horror, even in furtherance of his passion.

The *Bhavas* are therefore divided into *Stháyi* or lasting, and *Vyabichári* transitory or incidental: there are also other divisions which we shall proceed to notice.

The *Stháyi Bhavas*, or permanent conditions, are according to some authorities, eight—according to others nine.

1.—*Rati* is desire for any object arising from seeing or hearing it, or having it present to the recollection.

2.—*Hása* is laughter or mirth distinct from the laughter of scorn.

3.—*Soka* is sorrow at separation from a beloved object.

4.—*Krodha* is the resentment of injurious treatment.

5.—*Utsáha* is high mindedness, or that feeling which prompts valour, munificence, or mercy.

6.—*Bhaya* is the fear of reproach.

7.—*Jugupsá* is aversion or disgust, the emotion, which attends seeing, touching, or hearing of any thing offensive.

8.—*Vismaya* is the emotion produced by seeing, touching, or hearing of any thing surprising.

9.—*Sánta* is not always included in this enumeration: it implies that state of mind, which contemplates all human events as transitory and insignificant.

Before adverting to the *Vyabhichári Bhávas*, we must notice the other divisions, as they are essential accompaniments of both them, and the *Stháyi Bhávas*. The *Bhávas* are distinguished as *Vibhávas*, *Anubhávas*, and *Sátwika Bhávas*.

The *Vibhávas* are the preliminary and accompanying conditions, which lead to any particular state of mind, or body, and the *Anubhávas* are the external signs which indicate its existence.

The *Sátwika Bhávas* are the involuntary expressions of emotion, natural to a living being—or *Stambha* paralysis, *Sweda* perspiration, *Romancha* erection of the hair of the body, *Swaravikára* change of voice, *Vepathu* trembling, *Vernavikára* change of colour, *Ansu* tears, and *Pralaya*,

immobility or helplessness. These, as the results of emotion, are the same with the *Anubhāvas*.

The *Vyabhichāri Bhāvas* are the most numerous, and in order to give a more accurate notion of them, as well as of this part of the system, we shall implicitly follow the guidance of the native authorities.

1.—*Nirveda*, Self disparagement. *Vibhāvas*, Dissatisfaction with the world and desire to acquire holy knowledge. *Anubhāvas*, Tears, sighs, and appearance of mental dejection.

EXAMPLE—“Wandering round the world only wearies the wise, the abundance of learning engenders controversy, the notice of the great yields but humiliation, and the looks that gaze upon the lotus face lead only to the pangs of parting. *Nādyana* was not propitiated at *Prayāga* by me, of little wisdom” *Rasa Taranginī*.

2.—*Glāni*, Debility, inability to endure. *Vibhāvas*, Long sorrow, excess in exercise or pleasure, hunger and thirst. *Anubhāvas*, Inactivity, change of colour, and trembling of the limbs.

EXAMPLE—Long and bitter sorrow withering her heart, like the tender bud of the lotus cut from its stem, has shrunk up her delicate frame, as the soft leaf of the *Ketaki* is shrivelled by autumnal heat. *Sarasvatīkanthābharana*, from the *Uttara Rāma Cheritra*.

3.—*Sanká*, Apprehension of encountering what is not desired, or doubt of obtaining what is wished. *Vibhavas*, Another person's aversion or individual misconduct. *Anubhavas*, Trembling, anxious looks and manner, concealment.

EXAMPLE—She shrinks from every gaze, suspecting that her secret is discovered. If she observe two of her companions in conversation, she thinks they are talking of her, and if they laugh, she thinks herself the object of their mirth. *Dasa Rúpaka*, from the *Retnáválí*.

4.—*Asúyá*, Intolerance of another's superiority, and attempt to humiliate him. *Vibhavas*. Irascibility, baseness. *Anubhavas*. Angry expression, recapitulation of defects.

EXAMPLE—The praise of the enemy of *Madhu*, pronounced in the assembly by the Son of *Páandu*, was insupportable to the *Cheli* monarch, for the mind of the arrogant cannot brook another's praise. *Sáhitya Derpana*, from *Mágha*.

Some writers consider *Irshyá* as synonymous with *Asúyá*, but one authority distinguishes it as a variety, and restricts the former to jealousy or intolerance of attention or respect shewn to a rival, as, “Go, shameless wretch, to her to whom you have transferred your homage, the crimson tincture of whose feet you wear as the embellishment of your forehead. —*Sarasvatíkanthábhara*na.

5.—*Mada*, Intoxication, extravagant joy and forgetfulness or sorrow. *Vibhavas*, Drinking, &c. *Anubhavas*, Unsteadiness in movement, indistinctness of utterance, drowsiness, laughing, weeping.

EXAMPLE—The tongue tastes the liquor, and our existence is wholly unprofitable, all the faculties are overwhelmed by the unreality of a shadow. *Rasa Taringiní.*

6.—*Srama*, Weariness. *Vibhavas*, Bodily exertion or excessive indulgence. *Anubhavas*, Perspiration, languor, &c.

EXAMPLE—There you reclined your form in repose upon my bosom, for vainly had my endearments sought to give relief to those tender limbs, beautiful in rest, and delicate as the soft fibres of the lotus stem, when wearied by the lengthened way. *Dasa Rúpaka*, from the *Uttara Ráma Cheritra*.

7.—*Alasya*, Indolence, aversion to activity. *Vibhavas*, Weariness, luxuriousness, pregnancy, meditation. *Anubhavas*, Tardy and reluctant motion, stooping, yawning, becoming of a darker complexion.

EXAMPLE—The daughter of the mountain, when heavy with her pleasing burthen, was unable to prevent *Hara* from carrying off her necklace with her hands, and languidly raised her eye in smiles upon his theft. *Rasa Taringini*, from the *Kumára Sambhava*.

8.—*Dainya*. The depression of indigence and pain. *Vibhavas*, Desertion, neglect, contempt. *Anubhavas*, Hunger, thirst, ragged apparel, wretchedness of appearance.

EXAMPLE—The husband, old and blind, reclines upon the platform; the dwelling is in ruins, and the rainy season is at hand—there are no good tidings of the son, and as the

matron anxiously preserves the last drop of oil in the fragment of a broken jar, she looks at her pregnant daughter in law, and weeps. *Dasa Rúpaka*.

9.—*Chintá*, Painful reflexion, the absorption of the mind in unpleasant recollection. *Vibhávás*, The loss or absence of a desired object. *Anubháva*, Tears, sighs, change of colour, feverish heat.

EXAMPLE—Whom do you think of, gentle and lovely maiden, as you lean your cheek upon your hand, around whose wrist the lotus fibre twines its cooling bracelet—from those long lashes, drop a stream of pearly tears, to weave a lengthening necklace, far more bright than *Hara's* radiant smile. *Dasa Rúpaka*.

10.—*Moha*, Perplexity, distraction, not knowing what is to be done or left undone. *Vibhávás*, Terror, impetuosity, painful recollection. *Anubhávás*, Giddiness, falling on the ground, insensibility.

EXAMPLE—I know not whether this be pain or pleasure that I feel, whether I wake or sleep, whether wine or venom spread through my frame; thy touch has confounded all my faculties, and now I shake with cold, and now I burn with inward heat. *Dasa Rúpaka*, from the *Uttara Ráma Charitra*.

11.—*Smriti*. Recollection. *Vibhávás*, The effort to remember, association of ideas. *Anubhávás*, Contracting or drawing up the eyebrows, &c.

EXAMPLE—Is this *Maináka* that stops my way through the air—whence is this audacity—has he forgotten how he

shrank from the thunderbolt of *Indra*. Is it *Tárkshya* that thus presumes, who ought to know me, *Ravana*, the equal of his lord—No. It is *Jatáyu*—oppressed by years, he comes to court his death. *Dasa Rúpaka* from the *Hannamá Nátaka*.

12.—*Dhírá*, Concentration or repose of the mind, fortitude or content. *Vibhavas*, Knowledge, power. *Anubhavas*, Calm enjoyment, patient suffering.

EXAMPLE—We are contented here with the bark of trees, you are happy in affluence : our satisfaction is equal, there is no difference in our conditions—He alone is poor, whose desires are insatiable, but when the mind is satisfied, who can be called poor, who can be termed rich. *Dasa Rúpaka*, from the *Satakas* of *Bhartrihari*.

13.—*Írívá*, Shame shrinking from praise or censure. *Vibhavas*, Conscious impropriety, disgrace, defeat. *Anubhavas*, Casting down the eyes, hanging down the head, covering the face, blushing.

EXAMPLE—The eyes of *Arjuna* suffused with starting tears, are fixed in sad dejection upon his bow ; inflamed with rage, he mourns the death of *Abhimanyu*, slain by no unworthy enemy, but burns still more with shame to think it yet unrevenged. Alas, alas my son, are words, that are swelling in his throat, but not suffered to find their way. *Saraswatikanthábhavana* from the *Veni Sanhára*.

14.—*Chápalatá*, Unsteadiness, haste, repeatedly changing from one thing to another. *Vibhavas*, Envy, hatred, passion,

joy. *Anubhāvas*, Angry looks, abuse, blows, following ones own inclination.

EXAMPLE—When he heard that *Rāma* had taken up his bow, and announced with delight his expectation of the coming contest, after he had thrown a bridge over the sea, and advanced to *Lankā*—the many hands of *Rāvana* dropt their shafts, as might be inferred from the rattling of the bracelets, which had been almost burst with exultation at the commencement of the war. *Rasa Tarangini*, from the *Hanumān Nātaka*.

15.—*Hersha*, Joy, mental exultation. *Vibhāvas*, Meeting with a lover, or friend, the birth of a Son, &c. *Anubhāvas*, Horripilation, perspiration, tears, sobbing, change of voice.

EXAMPLE—The matron to whose arms her lord returns in safety from the dangers of a journey over desert lands, wipes from her eyes the starting tear of joy, as she thinks of the perils of the way. She brushes with her mantle from the faithful camel's loaded hair, the heavy sand, and fills his mouth with handfulls of his favourite fodder. *Dasa Rūpaka*.

16.—*Avega*, Agitation or flurry, arising from unexpected or unpleasant events. *Vibhāvas*, The approach of a friend, or enemy, the occurrence of natural phenomena, and the proximity of imminent danger. *Anubhāvas*, Slipping, falling, trembling, haste, inability to move, &c.

EXAMPLE—Haste, haste, my arms—Quick—Caparison my steed. Where is my sword. Bring me my dagger. Where is my bow, and where my mail—Such were the cries that echoed

through the mountain caves, when startled from their slumbers by the dream, that thou hadst shown them, the enemy awoke in alarm. *Dasa Rúpaka*, (from a play or poem of the author's own, which he has not named.)

17.—*Jaratú*, Loss of faculty or activity, incapacity for every kind of business. *Vibhavas*, Seeing, hearing or encountering any thing agreeable or disagreeable in excess. *Anubhavas*, Silence, fixed look, apathetic indifference.

EXAMPLE—1st *Rakshasa*. By whom have those mighty Demons been slain, by *Trisira*, *Khara*, and *Dushanu* commanded.

2nd *Rakshasa*. By the ferocious warrior *Rána*.

1st *Rakshasa*. By him alone.

2nd *Rakshasa*. Who could believe it that did not see it. Amidst the din of battle, the numbers of our host were strewn headless corpses on the plain, and plunging heroes burrowed in the hollow of each severed neck.

1st *Rakshasa*. If he be such as you describe, what can such as I attempt—*Dasa Rúpaka* from the *Ujátti Rághava*.

EXAMPLE—When the monkey chiefs heard from *Hanumán* upon his return, that they would be unable to cross the expanded bed of the ocean, they laughed at his report, but when they reached the shore, and first beheld the vast and ever tossing main, they stood to gaze upon it like figures in a picture. *Rasa Taringini*, from the *Hanumán Nátaka*.

18.—*Gerva*, Arrogance, holding oneself superior to all men. *Vibhavas*, Opinion of family, beauty, rank and strength.

Anubhāvās, Disrespect, frowns, freedoms, laughter, acts of prowess.

EXAMPLE—Whilst I bear arms, what need of others swords: that which cannot be accomplished by my falchion, must be impossible for all. *Saraswatīkanthābharana*, from the *Mahābhārata*.

19.—*Vishāda*, Despair of success, anticipation of misfortune. *Vibhāvas*, Failure in acquiring wealth fame or offspring, and their loss. *Anubhāvas*, Sighing, palpitation, abstraction, anxious search for friends or patrons, &c.

EXAMPLE—*Tārakā*, what is this. Gourds sink in the stream, and stones are buoyant. The glory of the mighty monarch of the *Rākshasas* is effaced, and the child of a mortal triumphs. I have lived to see my kinsmen slain; the feebleness of age forbids the discharge of my functions: what now is to be done. *Dasa Rūpaka*, from the *Vīra Cheritra*.

20.—*Autukya*, Impatience, *Vibhāva*, Expectation of a lover. *Anubhāvas*, Uneasiness, lassitude, sighs,

EXAMPLE—The first watch is spent in agreeable diversions—The second, in weaving a wreath of lotus flowers, *Champakas*, *Ketakas* and *Jasmines*,—The third in adjusting the golden bracelet, and chain, and earrings, and zone; but how, pretty damsel, is the last watch of the day to be passed. *Rasa Taringini*.

21.—*Nidrā*. Drowsiness, contraction of the mental faculties, or recession of their properties from the organs of sense. *Vibhāvas* Fatigue of body or mind. *Anubhāvas*,

Relaxation of the muscles, twinkling of the eyes, yawning, dosing.

EXAMPLE—Still echo in my heart, those gentle love inspiring words, my fawn eyed maid breathed to-day, half indistinct, and half articulate, when her eyes twinkled with drowsiness. *Dasa Rúpaka*.

22.—*Apasmáva*. Possession, demoniac or planetary influence. *Vibhavas*, Impurity, solitude, excessive fear or grief, &c. *Anubhavas*, Trembling, sighing, foaming, lolling out the tongue, falling on the ground in convulsions.

EXAMPLE—When he beheld the Lord of Waters, furious and foaming, clinging to the earth, and tossing high his mighty waves like arms, he thought him one possessed. *Dasa Rúpaka*, from *Múgha*.

23.—*Supta*, Sleep. *Vibháva*, Sleepiness. *Anubhavas*, Closing of the eyes, immobility, and hard breathing.

EXAMPLE—As the eyes of the foe of *Mura* close, and the breath plays upon his quivering lip, in the bowers on the *Yamuna's* bank, one smiling damsel steals away his robe, another the gem from his ear, and a third, the golden bracelets from his arms. *Rasa Taringini*.

24.—*Vibodha*. The unfolding of the faculties, waking. *Vibháva*, Dissipation of drowsiness. *Anubhavas*, Rubbing the eyes, snapping the fingers, shaking the limbs.

EXAMPLE—May the glances of *Hari* preserve you, when he extends his dripping limbs, designing to quit his discus

pillow and serpent couch amidst the ocean, and averts his half opening eyes, red with long slumber, from the blaze of the lamps, set with gems. *Saraswati kanthábharaṇa* from the *Mudrá Rákshasa*.

25.—*Amersha*, Impatience of opposition or rivalry. *Vibhavas*, Discomfiture, disgrace. *Anubhavas*, Perspiration, redness of the eyes, shaking of the head, abusive language, blows.

EXAMPLE—Shall the Sons of *Dhritaráshthra* go unpunished, and I survive—They have set fire to our dwelling, offered us poison for food, assumed our state, seized upon our wealth, and sought our lives, and have laid violent hands upon the robe and tresses of our common bride. *Saraswatí kanthábharaṇa*, from the *Veni Sanhára*.

26.—*Avahitta*, Disguise, attempted concealment of sentiments by personal acts. *Vibhavas*, Modesty, turpitude, importance. *Anubhavas*, Acting, looking and speaking in a manner foreign to the real object.

EXAMPLE—Whilst thus the divine Sage spoke, the beautiful *Párvatí*, standing by his side, held down her head with shame, and pretended to count the leaves of the Lotus in her hand. *Dasa Rúpaka*, from the *Kumára Sambhava*.

27.—*Ugratá*, Sternness, cruelty. *Vibhavas*, Promulgation of fault or crime, theft, evil disposition. *Anubhavas*, Reviling, abusing, beating.

EXAMPLE—Is not my unrelenting spirit known to all the world. One and twenty times did I destroy the martial race

and hewed to pieces, the very infants in the womb—Nor desisted till I had allayed the fires of a father's wrath, by ablution in the reservoir of blood, which I had promised to his ghost. *Dasa Rúpaka*, from the *Víra Cheritra*.

28.—*Mati*. Apprehension, mental conclusion. *Vibháva*, Study of the *Sástras*. *Anubhávas*, Shaking the head, drawing up the brows, giving instruction or advice.

EXAMPLE—Assuredly she is fit to be a *Kshetriya's* wife, for my mind feels her worthy of my love: the dictates of the soul are in all doubtful points the authority of the virtuous. *Sarasvatikanthabharana*, from *Sakuntalá*.

29.—*Vyááhi*, Sickness. *Vibhávas*, Vitiating of the humors, effect of heat or cold, influence of the passions. *Anubhávas*, Appropriate bodily symptoms.

EXAMPLE—Her kindred are in tears, her parents in sorrowful abstraction, her friends are overcome with melancholy, her associates with affliction: the hope to her that to-day or tomorrow her sufferings will cease is despair to others, but she participates not in the pain of separation from the world. *Dasa Rúpaka*.

30.—*Unnáda*, Absence of reflexion or restraint. *Vibhávas*, Loss of a beloved or desired object, reverse of fortune, morbid action or possession. *Anubhávas*, Talking incoherently, laughing, weeping or singing without cause.

EXAMPLE—Vile *Rákshasa*, forbear, whither wouldst thou bear my beloved—alas, it is no demon, but a cloud. It is the bow of *Indra*, not the weapon of a distant foe, the

rain drops beat upon me, not hostile shafts, and that gleam of golden radiance is the Lightning, not my Love. *Dasa Rúpaka*, from *Vikrama* and *Urvasí*.

31.—*Marana*, Death. *Vibhavas*, Expiration, wounds, injuries. *Anubhavas*, Falling on the ground, immobility.

EXAMPLE—The female fiend pierced through the heart by the resistless shafts of the blooming *Ráma*, poured through the nostrils a torrent of blood, and sought the dwelling of the Lord of life. *Sákitya Derpana*, from the *Raghu Vansa*.

32.—*Trása*, Fear without cause. *Vibhavas*, Hearing frightful sounds, seeing alarming objects. *Anubhavas*, Immobility, trembling, perspiration, relaxed muscles.

EXAMPLE—As the fish played about their knees, the nymphs of heaven, their glances wild with terror, and striking their hands together, looked upon each other fearfully. *Saraswati Kanthábhavana*, from the *Kiráta*.

33.—*Viterka*, Consideration, discussion. *Vibháva*, The perception of doubtful circumstances. *Anubhavas*, Shaking the head, raising the eyebrows, &c.

EXAMPLE—Has this been contrived by *Bharata*, misled by ambition, or has the second queen effected it through female levity. Both these notions must be incorrect. The prince is the hero's youngest brother, the queen, his parent and his father's wife. It is clear, therefore, that this unhappy event is the work of destiny. *Dasa Rúpaka*.

This concludes the list of *Vyabhichāri Bhāvas*, or incidental conditions, according to the best treatises on this subject, and as they assert, to the elementary rule of *Bharata*, in which they are enumerated: they are in many cases subtilized, and subdivided in a manner which it is unnecessary here to notice: their judicious delineation gives to poetic and dramatic composition, its flavour or taste.

The *Rasas*, it is expressly stated, are so termed, from the analogy between mental and physical impressions. The conception of love, or hatred, as derived from a Drama, is fitly compared to the notion which such substances as may be sweet or saline, convey of saltness or sweetness. The idea is not peculiar to Hindu literature, and the most polished nations of Europe agree in the employment of a term of similar literal and metaphorical import, or *Taste, gusto, gout, geschmacke*. A similar application of terms is traceable in Latin and Greek, and as Addison observes, “this metaphor would have not been so general, had there not been a conformity between the mental taste, and that sensitive taste which gives us a relish of every savour.”

The *Rasas* reside in the composition, but are made sensible by their action on the reader or spectator: in the first case they may be identified with the permanent conditions or *Bhāvas*. It is more usual, however, to regard them as distinct—as the effects of the *Bhāvas* and not of one nature with them. Their due appreciation depends upon the sensitiveness of the critic, but a spectator, who deserves the name, is defined by *Bharata* to be, “one who is happy when the course of the Drama is cheerful, melancholy when it is sorrowful,

who rages when it is furious, and trembles when it is fearful," or in a word who sympathises with what he sees.

The *Rasas* are eight, according to *Bharata*: according to some authorities there are nine. They are *Sringára*, Love, *Hásya*, Mirth, *Karuná*, Tenderness, *Raudra*, Fury, *Víra*, Heroism, *Bhayanaka*, Terror, *Vibhatsa*, Disgust, and *Adbhuta*, Wonder—the ninth is *Sánta* or Tranquillity. The serious part of this list is much more comprehensive than the Greek Tragic *Rasas* of Terror and Pity, but as anticipated by the Hindu critics, the whole might be easily extended. In reply to this, however, they say, that all other impressions may be classed under some of these, as paternal fondness comes under the head of tenderness, and avarice is an object of mirth, and the same argument may be urged in favour of the limitation of Aristotle: the fewer the classes, however, the more subtle is the ingenuity required to squeeze all the species into them, and so far the Hindu theory has an advantage over the Greek.

Sringára, or Love, is a very leading principle in the Drama of the Hindus: it is not however an indispensable ingredient, and many plays are wholly exempt from any trace of it. The Love of the Hindus is less sensual than that of the Greek and Latin Comedy, and less metaphysical than that of French and English Tragedy. The loose gallantry of modern comedy is unknown to the Hindus, and they are equally strangers to the professed adoration of chivalric poetry, but their passion is neither tame, nor undignified: it is sufficiently sensual to be exempt from frigidity, and it is too tender to degrade the object of the passion, whilst at the same time the place

that woman holds in society is too rationally defined for her to assume an influence foreign to her nature, and the estimation in which human life is held, is too humble, for a writer to elevate any mortal to the honours of a divinity. The condition of lovers is described as threefold, they may be in possession of each others affections, and personally united—their passion may not have been mutually communicated, and their union not have taken place; and they may have been united and subsequently separated from each other. The first is called *Sambhoga*, the second *Ayoga*, and the third *Viprayoga*, or these kinds are reduced to two, and *Sambhoga* expresses successful, and *Vipralambha* unsuccessful love. The causes and consequences, and modifications of these conditions, are the subjects of much subtle definition which it is not necessary to prosecute—abundant illustration of the manner in which the passion is treated will be found in the following pages.

Vira is the *Rasa* of heroism, and heroic magnanimity is evinced in three ways, munificence, clemency and valor—where the latter is displayed, it must be calm, collected and dispassionate: any indication of violence belongs to a different taste: the *Vira Cheritra* affords an example of this *Rasa*, and the calm intrepidity of its hero presents a very favourable contrast to the fury of a *Tydidés*, or the arrogance of a *Rinaldo*.

Vibhatsa, is the feeling of disgust inspired, by filthy objects or by fetid odours, or by low and virulent abuse. It is not the subject, it is believed, of any entire drama, but many

scenes of this description occur, as the resort of *Mádhava* to the place of cremation and the dialogue of the two demons in the *Veni Sanhára*.

Raudra is the sentiment of furious passion, expressed by violent gesticulation, threatening language, and acts of personal aggression : examples of it occur only in detached characters, as in *Párasuráma*, *Rávana*, and *Duryodhana*.

Hásya is mirth arising from ridicule of person, speech, or dress, either one's own or another's, and engenders laughter of various intensity; as *Smita*, which is only the expansion of the eyelids; *Hasitam*, displays the teeth; *Vihásitam*, is characterized by a gentle exclamation; *Upahásitam* exhibits tears; in *Apahásitam* the tears flow in excess, and *Atihásitam* is "laughter holding both his sides" The two first kinds of merriment are the genteelest, the two next are rather vulgar, but pardonable, the two last are absolutely low, or "the vulgar way, the vulgar shew their mirth."

The *Adbhuta Rasa*, is the expression of the marvellous. Wonder is the prevailing characteristic, produced by uncommon objects, and indicated by exclamation, trembling and perspiration, &c.

The *Bhayanaka*, is the Taste of *Terror* : it is induced by awful occurrences and exhibited by trembling, perspiration, dryness of mouth, and indistinctness of judgement.

Karuná is pity, or tenderness excited by the occurrence of misfortunes : it is inspired by sighs and tears, mental unconsciousness or aberration, and is suitably illustrated by the delineation of depression, exhaustion, agony and death.

The *Sánta Rasa* is very consistently excluded from Dramatic composition, although it is allowed a place in moral or didactic poetry. It implies perfect quiescence, or exemption from mental excitement, and is therefore uncongenial to the Drama, the object of which is to paint and inspire passion. The advocates for its exclusion, suggest a compromise, and transfer it from the persons of the play to the audience, who are thus fitted for the impressions to be made upon them. It is highly proper, it is urged, that they should exhibit the *Sánta Rasa*, and sit in silent attention, their tempers perfectly passive, and their hearts free from every external influence.

Conformably to the genius of mythological classification, the *Rasas* are by some authorities considered to be personified of various hues, and subject to the influence of different divinities, as follows:—

<i>Sringàra</i> ,	black	subject to	<i>Vishnu</i> .
<i>Hásya</i> ,	white	<i>Ráma</i> .
<i>Raudra</i> ,	red	<i>Rudra</i> .
<i>Víra</i> ,	red	<i>Sakra</i> .
<i>Karuná</i> ,	grey	<i>Varuna</i> .
<i>Bhayanaka</i> , ..	black	<i>Yama</i> .
<i>Vibhatsa</i> ,	blue	<i>Mahakála</i> .
<i>Abhuta</i> ,	yellow	<i>Brahmá</i> .

The arrangement appears however, to be modern, and little recognised.

The combinations of the *Rasas* with each other, their modifications, and the manner in which they are affected by the intermixture of the different *Bhavas*, furnish the Hindu writers on the subject, with ample opportunity to indulge their passion for infinite minutiae. It may be observed, however; that this rage for subtle subdivision, is most remarkable in writers of recent date, and the oldest works, as the *Dasa Rúpaka* for instance, are contented with a moderate multiplication of definitions. As to the Dramatic writers themselves, they might possibly have been influenced in some degree by theoretical principles, and in the example of one of the most celebrated, *Bhavabhúti*, we have his three pieces severally appropriated like Miss Baillie's plays of the Passions, to distinct emotions: *Málatí* and *Mádhava*, to the *Sringára Rasa*, or Love, the *Víra Cheritra* to Heroism, or the *Víra Rasa*, and the *Uttara Ráma Cheritra*, to the *Karuná Rasa* or Tenderness. We have no reason to think, however, that he or any of the elder writers troubled themselves about trifles, or knew or regarded the multiplied laws which have been derived from their practice. It is not so much to illustrate the plays themselves, that the foregoing picture of the system founded on them has been sketched, as to afford a view of the theatrical criticism of the Hindus, and a notion of their mode of theorising. We cannot now question that they had a theory, which has been elaborated with great diligence, if not with much success, and which although it comprises many puerilities, is not wholly a stranger to just principles or refined taste.

As connected with the *Rasas*, we may notice one more

division, which is less liable than the preceding, to the charge of unnecessary trifling. It rather affects the construction than the objects of the Drama, but as part of the means by which its purposes are effected, may not be inconveniently noticed here. According to *Bharata's* aphorisms; there are four *Vrittis*, which may be rendered *Styles* of Dramatic representation, implying the general character of the dialogue and incidents, and which are severally appropriate to different *Rasas* or passions. They are termed *Kaisikí*, *Sátwatí*, *Arabhattí*, and *Bháratí*. The three first are suited respectively to the *Sringára*, *Víra*, and *Raudra Rasas*, the last is common to all. The first three chiefly concern the incidents and situations, the latter regards the dialogue, and signifies merely appropriate and elegant language. The discovery of a lady's love, by her having painted a picture of her lover, which she vainly endeavours to conceal from a friend, is an incident in the *Kaisikí*, or playful and pleasing style. Inspiring dread of treachery by fabricated documents or suppositious proofs belongs to the *Sátwatí*, the grave and serious style; and combat, tumult, magic and natural portents are occurrences in the style termed *Arabhattí*, the awful and appalling.

7.—*Diction.*

The language of the Hindu theatre offers many peculiarities, but they can scarcely be fully detailed without citing the original passages, and could only be duly appreciated by stu-

dents of the Sanscrit language. It will be sufficient for our purpose, therefore to advert to the principal characteristics.

According to the original aphorism of *Bharata*, "the Poet is to employ, choice and harmonious terms, and an elevated and polished style, embellished with the ornaments of rhetoric and rhythm." The injunction has not been disregarded, and in no department of Hindu literature are the powers of the Sanscrit language more lavishly developed. In the late writers, the style is generally so painfully laboured, as to be still more painfully read, but in the oldest and best pieces, the composition although highly finished, is not in general of difficult apprehension. The language of *Kálidás* is remarkably easy, so is that of *Bhavabhúti* in the *Uttara Râma Cheritra*. In his other two plays, and especially in *Mâlâtí* and *Malhava*, it is more elaborate and difficult. The *Mrichchakati*, presents fewer difficulties than any of the whole series. The *Murári Náatak* is one of the most unintelligible.

The ordinary business—dialogue of the Hindu Dramas, is for the greater part in prose, but reflections or descriptions, and the poetical flights of the author, are in verse. Every one of the many kinds of Sanscrit metre is employed on the latter occasion, from the *Anushtubh* to the *Dandaka*, or verse of four lines of eight syllables each, to that which contains any number of syllables from 27 to 199. *Bhavabhúti* occasionally indulges in this last metre. *Kálidás* seldom, if ever. His favourite form appears to be the *Aryá* or *Gáthá*, but none of the Poets confine themselves to a particular description. The first thirty-five stanzas of

Sakuntalá, exhibit eleven kinds of metre, and in the Scene quoted from *Málatí* and *Mádhava*, by Mr. Colebrooke in his Essay on Sanscrit and Prakrit Prosody, in the 10th volume of the Asiatic Researches, we have the like number, or eleven varieties, for the greater part of the most complex description. That this diversity of composition enhances the difficulty of understanding the Hindu plays may be admitted, but it likewise adds to the richness and melody of the composition. It is impossible to conceive language so beautifully musical, or so magnificently grand, as that of many of the verses of *Bhavabhúti* and *Kálidása*.

Another peculiarity of the Hindu plays is their employing different forms of speech for different characters. This is not, like the Patois of the French Comedies, or the Scotch of English Dramas, individual and occasional, but is general and invariable. The hero and the principal personages speak Sanscrit, but women and the inferior characters, use the various modifications of that language, which are comprehended under the term *Prákrit*. As observed by Mr. Colebrooke, in regard to this mixture of languages, the Italian Theatre presents instances in the prose comedies of *Ruzzanti*, and the coincidence is noticed by Mr. Walker, with reference to Sir William Jones's remarks, prefixed to his translation of *Sakuntalá*. But these Five Act Farces, the notion of which was probably borrowed from the *Pænulus* of *Plautus*, hold but an insignificant place in the Dramatic literature of Italy, and the employment of the *Venetian* and *Bergamask* dialects by *Goldoni*, is only like the use of those of Somerseshire or Yorkshire on the English stage, except

that it is rather more prominent and frequent. In no theatre, however, have we a mixture of languages exactly analogous to that invariable in the Drama of the Hindus.

Prákrít, Sir William Jones observes, (Preface to *Sakuntalá*.) is little more than the language of the Brahmans melted down, by a delicate articulation to the softness of Italian, in which he is quite correct, as far as the *Prákrít* spoken by the heroine, and principal female personages is concerned. Mr. Colcbrooke, however, more correctly intimates, that the term *Prákrít* is of a more comprehensive nature, and is properly applicable to all the written and cultivated dialects of India. It may be doubted, however, if it is usually understood in this sense, and the term is applied in the *Prákrít* Grammars, to a variety of forms, which agree only in name with the spoken dialects. Thus the *Mágadhí*, by which name may be considered, that dialect which is more ordinarily understood by *Prákrít*, is very different from the vernacular language of *Magadh* or *Behar*. The *Saurasení* is by no means the same with the dialect of *Mathurá*, and *Vrindavan*, and the *Maharáshtri* would be of little avail in communicating with the *Mahrattas*, or people of *Maháráshtra*. The other species enumerated are equally incapable of identification with the dialects, to which they might be supposed to refer.

According to the technical authorities, the different dialects employed are these. The Heroine and principal female characters speak *Saurasení*, Attendants on royal persons, speak *Mágadhí*, Servants, *Rajputs* and traders, *Arddha*, half or mixed, *Mágadhí*. The *Vidúshaka* speaks the *Prúchi*, or

eastern dialect. Rogues use *Avantiká*, or the language of Ougein, and intriguers, that of the Dekhin or Peninsula. The dialect of *Báhtika* is spoken by the people of the north, and *Drávira*, by the people of the Coromandel Coast. The individuals named *Sakas* and *Sakáris*, speak dialects of their own, and cowherds, outcastes, and foresters use their respective forms of speech. Even the imps of mischief have their appropriate jargon, and the *Pisáchas* or goblins, when introduced on the stage, speak a dialect of *Prákrit* termed *Paisáchí*.

If these directions were implicitly followed, a Hindu play would be a polyglot, that few individuals could hope to understand. In practice, however, we have rarely more than three varieties, or Sanscrit, and a *Prákrit* more or less refined. In point of fact, indeed there is little real difference in the several varieties of *Prakrit*: they all agree in grammatical structure, and in the most important deviations from Sanscrit, and only vary in their orthoepy, the lower kinds employing the harshest letters and rudest combinations. The words are essentially the same in all, and all are essentially the same with Sanscrit, the difference affecting the pronunciation and spelling, rather than the radical structure, and tending generally to shorten the words, and substitute a soft for a hard, and a slurred for an emphatic articulation, thus *Lavana*, salt, becomes *Lona*, *Mayúra*, a peacock becomes *Mora*, *Madhúka*, a kind of tree becomes *Mahwa*, *Purushu*, a man is *Puriso*, *Srigála*, a jackall is *Siála*, *Yauvanam*, youth, is *Jobanam*, and *Bhavati* is, becomes *Hodi*. *Prákrit* is also averse to some forms of conjunct consonants, and

either changes them to a simple reduplication, or omits one of them, as *Nagna*, naked, becomes *Naggo*, *Valsa*, a child, *Bachcha*, and *Chandra*, the moon, *Chand*. In the aspirated letters, the aspirate alone is usually retained, as *Gahíra*, for *Gumbhíra* deep, *Sahá*, for *Sabhá*, an assembly. These will be sufficient to characterise the general nature of the changes, by which Sanscrit becomes *Prákrít*, and which will sufficiently prove their identity. At the same time, in long and complicated sentences, the affinity is not always so obvious, as it might be supposed, and the occurrence of *Prákrít* offers a difficulty in the perusal of Sanscrit plays, which is not readily overcome without the aid of a commentary, in which the passages are always translated into Sanscrit. *Prákrít* admits of most of the prosody of Sanscrit, and a due proportion of it is always written in varied metre. Its grammatical construction is marked by some peculiarities, such as the want of a dual number, and dative case, and the employment of but one conjugation. The lower species are especially characterised by a disregard of grammatical concords, and the use of a common termination for every modification of gender, number, and person.

There is one question of some interest attaching to the construction of the *Prákrít*, which merits a fuller enquiry than has been yet given to it, and on which this is not the place to dilate. Does it represent a dialect that was ever spoken, or is it an artificial modification of the Sanscrit language, devised to adapt the latter to peculiar branches of literature. The latter seems to be the most likely, for there would be no difficulty in the present day in writing it.

although it is no longer spoken, and highly finished specimens are to be found in plays, which are modern productions, the *Vidagdha Mádha*, for instance, consists more than half of high *Prakrit*, and it was written less than three centuries ago. On the other hand, many of the modifications are to be found in the spoken dialects of Hindustan, and the rules of *Prákrit* grammar account for changes, which without such aid it is difficult to comprehend. The simplification of the grammatical construction, by the disuse of the dual number, and the reduced number of verbal conjugations, looks also like the spontaneous substitution of practical to theoretic perfection in actual speech, and may tempt us to think the *Prákrit* was once a spoken tongue. The subject is interesting, not only in a philological, but in a historical view, for the sacred dialects of the *Bauddhas*, and the *Jainas*, are nothing else than *Prakrit*, and the period and circumstances of its transfer to Ceylon and to Nepal, are connected with the rise and progress of that religion, which is professed by the principal nations to the north and east of Hindustan.

§.—*Scenic Apparatus.*

The Hindus never had any building appropriated to public entertainments. They could not therefore have had any complicated system of scenery or properties. It appears from several of the Dramas, that in the palaces of kings,

there was a chamber or hall known as the *Sangita Sālā*, the music saloon, in which dancing and singing were practised, and sometimes exhibited, but there is no reference to any separate edifice, for such purposes, open to the public, either gratuitously or at a charge, and such an institution would be foreign to the state of Society in the East, which in many respects certainly was not advanced beyond that of the middle ages in Europe, when minstrels and mimers were universally strollers, and performed in the halls of Baronial Castles, or in Booths at Fairs. In England, even, there appears to have been no resident company of players, or permanent Theatre earlier than the reign of Elizabeth. Companies of actors in India must have been common at an early date, and must have been reputable, for the inductions often refer to the Poets as their personal friends, and a Poet of tolerable merit in India under the ancient regime, was the friend and associate of sages and kings. The Hindu actors were never apparently classed with vagabonds or menials, and were never reduced to contemplate a badge of servitude, as a mark of distinction. As to theatrical edifices, the manners of the people, and the nature of the climate were adverse to their existence, and the spacious open courts of the dwellings of persons of consequence were equally adapted to the purposes of Dramatic representation, and the convenience of the spectators. We should never forget in speaking of the Hindu Drama, that its exhibition, as has been noticed in the preface, was not an ordinary occurrence, or an amusement of the people, but that it was part of an occasional celebration of some solemn or religious festival.

The writers on Dramatic Systems, furnish us with no information whatever on this part of our subject with one exception, and in the *Sangita Ratanakara*, alone, have we any allusion to the place in which performances were held. The description there given indeed, rather applies to a place for the exhibition of singing and dancing, but it was no doubt the same with that in which Dramatic representations took place, and the audiences were similarly composed on both occasions. The description is not very precise, but the following is the purport.

“The chamber in which Dancing is to be exhibited, should be spacious and elegant. It should be covered over by an awning supported by pillars richly decorated, and hung with garlands. The master of the house should take his seat in the centre, on a throne: the inmates of the private apartments should be seated on his left, and persons of rank upon his right. Behind both are to be seated, the chief officers of the state or household, and poets, astrologers, physicians, and men of learning are to be arranged in the centre. Female attendants selected for their beauty and figure, are to be about the person of the principal, with fans and chowris, whilst persons carrying wands are to be stationed to keep order, and armed men as guards are to be placed in different directions. When all are seated, the band is to enter and perform certain airs, after which the chief dancer is to advance from behind the curtain, and after saluting the audience, scattering at the same time flowers amongst them, she will display her skill.”

The direction for the appearance of the dancer here indicates the separation of the performers, from the audience, by a screen or curtain, and of this frequent proofs are afforded, by the stage directions in different plays. The stage itself was termed, *Ranga Bhūmi* or *Nepathya*, but the latter term is also applied to the "within" as sounds or exclamations off the stage are said to occur, in the *Nepathya*. We might infer the distinction, also from the instructions of *Pravisatī* and *Nishk-krāmatī*, 'Enter and Exit,' which are invariably given, but they admit the possibility, as was the case in the early French Theatre, of the actors continuing in view of the audience throughout, coming forward and withdrawing as required, without ever disappearing. It is often said, however, where a character makes his appearance, under the influence of hurry or alarm, that he enters, *Apatikshepēna*, with a toss of the curtain, throwing up or aside, apparently, the cloth suspended in the flat, instead of coming on regularly from the wing. It seems possible, also, that curtains were suspended, transversely, so as to divide the stage into different portions, open equally to the audience, but screening one set of actors from the other, as if the one were within, and the other without a house or chamber. The first piece in the following collection often requires some such arrangement, unless, as is by no means unlikely, the whole was left to the imagination. It would appear also by the same piece, that part of the stage was raised, so as to form a terrace or balcony, as it was in Shakespeare's time in England.

The properties of the Hindu stage were no doubt as limited as the scenery, but seats, thrones, weapons, and cars

with live cattle were used. The introduction of the latter is frequent, and could not always have been imaginary, being as in the *Mrichchakatī*, especially, indispensable to the business. Whether any contrivance was had recourse to, to represent the aerial chariots of the gods, is rather doubtful.

Costume was always observed, and various proofs occur of the personages being dressed in character. Females were represented in general by females, but it appears not to have been uncommon for men or lads, to personate female characters, especially those of a graver character, like the *Bauddha* priestess in *Málatī* and *Madhava*.

There is no want of instruction for stage business, and we have the 'asides' and 'aparts' as regularly indicated, as in the modern theatre in Europe. Even German precision is not unfrequently affected, and the sentiment with which the speaker is to deliver himself, particularised. In directions for passing from one place to another, much is evidently left to the imagination, and the spectator must eke out the distance traversed by his own conceptions. There is often much want of dexterity in this part of the business, and a very little ingenuity would have avoided the incongruities produced. The defect, however, is common to the early plays of all theatres, and in Shakespear, we find some very clumsy contrivances. Thus in Richard the 2nd, the King orders the trumpets to sound whilst the council apparently discusses, what is to be done with Hereford and Norfolk, and without any further intervention, Richard

commands the combatants, who as well as the King and the Peers, have been all the time on the stage “ To draw near and list, what with our council we have done.”

These are the only notices that can be offered of the theatrical representations of the Hindus, and although scanty, leave no doubt of their general character. The Hindu stage in fact is best illustrated by those labours, which have been so successfully addressed to the history of the stage in Europe, to which, prior to the 16th century, it may be considered precisely analogous, with the advantages of attention to costume, and female personation. We must not extend this analogy, however, to the literary merits of the two Theatres, as much of that of the Hindus may compete successfully with the greater number of the dramatic productions of modern Europe, and offers no affinity to the monstrous and crude abortions, which preceded the introduction of the legitimate drama in the west.

LIST OF HINDU PLAYS.

- * *Mrichchakati*.
Sakuntalá, translated by Sir William Jones.
 * *Vikrama* and *Urrasí*.
 † *Málavika* and *Agnimitra*.
 * *Uttara Ráma Charitra*.
 * *Málatí* and *Mádhava*.
 † *Mahávíra Cheritra*.
 † *Vení Sanhára*.
 † *Madrá Rákshasa*.
 ‡ *Udáta Rághava*.
 † *Hanumán Nátaka*.
 † *Retnávalí*.
 † *Viddha Sálúbhanjiká*.
 ‡ *Bála Rámáyana*.
 † *Prachanda Pándava*.
 ‡ *Karpúra Manjarí*.
 ‡ *Jámadagnya Jaya*.
 ‡ *Samudra Mathana*.
 ‡ *Tripuradaha*.
 † *Dhananjaya Vijaya*.
 ‡ *Anergha Rághava*.
 † *Sureta Tilaka*.
 † *Yayati Cheritra*.
 ‡ *Yayati Vijaya*.
 || *Yayati and Sermishthá*.
 † *Datáugadu*.

- † *Mrigānkalekkā.*
- † *Vidagdha Mādhava.*
- † *Abhirāma Mani.*
- † *Madhurāniruddha.*
- † *Kansa Badha.*
- † *Pradyumna Vijaya.*
- † *Sridāma Cheritra.*
- † *Dhūrta Narttaka.*
- † *Dhūrta Samāgama.*
- † *Hāsyaṛnava.*
- † *Kautuka Servasva.*

Prabodha Chandrodaja, translated by Dr. Taylor.

- || *Rāmābhyudaya.*
- || *Kunda Mālī.*
- || *Saugandhikāharana.*
- || *Kusumasekhara Vijaya.*
- || *Raivata Madanikā.*
- || *Nermavali.*
- || *Vilāsavati.*
- || *Sringāra Tilaka.*
- || *Devi Mahadevam.*
- || *Yāduvodaya.*
- || *Bali Badha.*
- || *Anekamr̥ttam.*
- || *Mayakapālikā.*
- || *Krīrārasātala.*
- || *Kanakavati Mādhava.*
- || *Vindumatī.*
- || *Keliravataka.*

|| *Kámadattá.*

¶ *Sankalpa Suryodaya.*

¶ *Sudersana Vijaya.*

¶ *Vasantiká Parinaya.*

† *Chitra Yajna.*

Those marked * are now translated, and some account is given of those marked †. The rest have not been procured. Those marked ‡ are named in the *Dasa Rúpaka*, and those marked || in the *Sáhitya Derpana*, as examples of the different kinds of Dramatic composition. The three pieces marked ¶ were amongst the late Colonel Mackenzie's collection, and are known only in the South of India.



THE
MRICHCHAKATI,
OR
THE TOY CART,

A DRAMA

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL

SANSKRIT,

BY

HORACE HAYMAN WILSON, Esq.

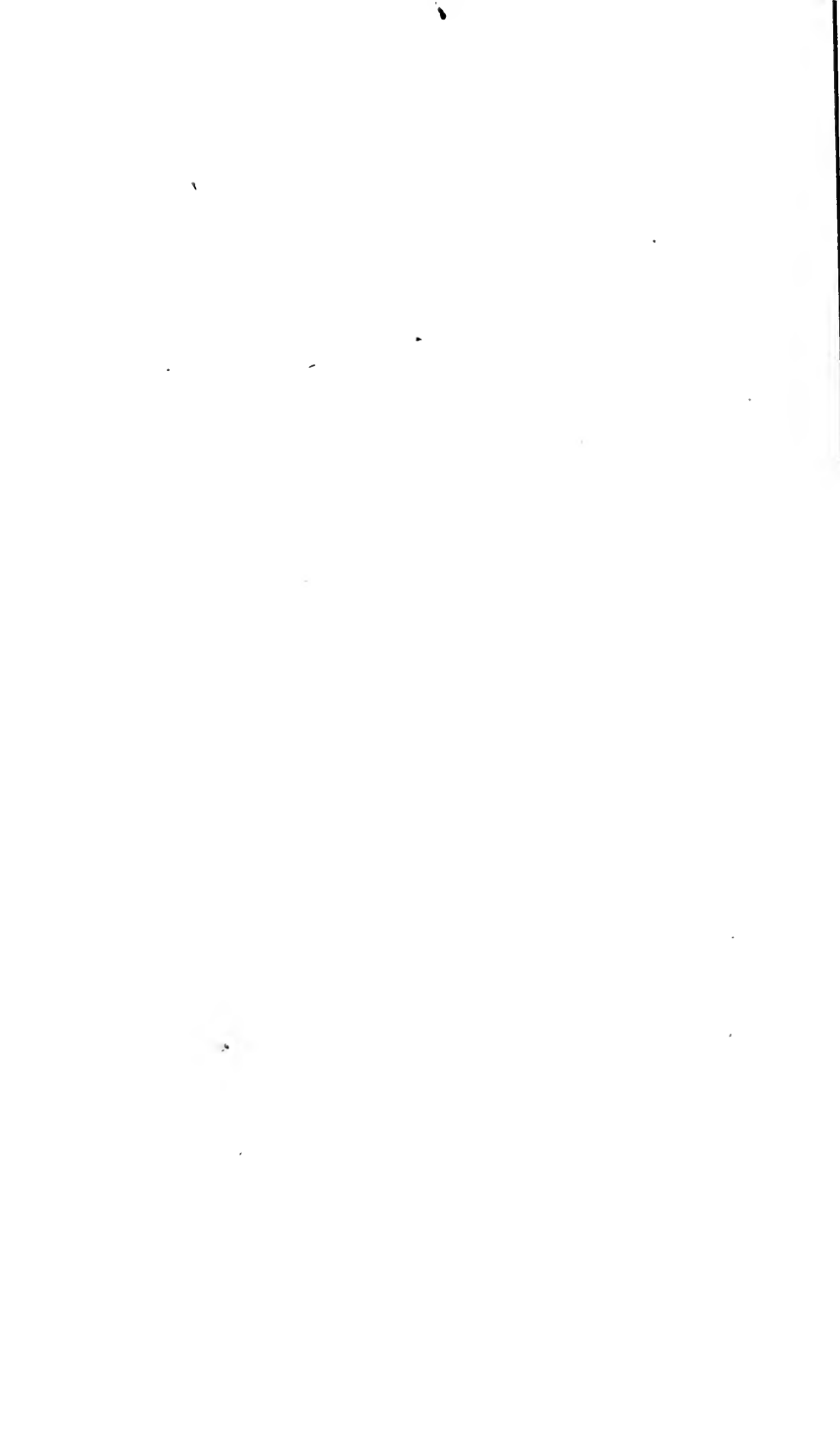
Secretary to the Asiatic Society of Bengal, &c.

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1826.



PRELIMINARY NOTE.

THE uncertainty of the sounds to be given to the proper names that occur in the following pages, will necessarily impair any satisfaction that their perusal may possibly afford. This difficulty may however be readily overcome, by attention to a few simple rules.

The only letters to which any regard need be paid, are the vowels *a*, *e*, *i* and *u*.

A, *i* and *u*, are distinguished as long or as short by an accent over the long vowel, as *a*, *á*; *i*, *í*; *u*, *ú*.

E, *i* and *u*, whether long or short, are to be pronounced as in Italian, and so is the long or accented *á*.

The unaccented *a* has the sound of that letter in, *adore*, *adoru*, *america*, or of *u* in *sun*. This is the most perplexing part of the system, but it rests on grounds that need not be detailed here. If written as pronounced the names of the Hero and heroine should be *Charooduttu* and *Vusuntusená*, instead of *Chárudatta*, *Vasantasená*.

The following recapitulation will afford a ready reference ;

a short or unaccented as *u* in *sun*

á long or accented as *a* in *far*,

é accented or not as *a* in *care*

í short or unaccented as *i* in *kill*

î long or accented as *ee* in *keel*

u short or unaccented as *u* in *full*

ú long or accented as *oo* in *fool*.

It is also necessary to observe that the syllable *ka* at the end of a proper name is an optional addition ; thus *Chandana* and *Chandanuka*, *Arya* and *Aryaka* are the same.

In order to consult the convenience of the Printer the accents in the marginal abbreviations of the names are omitted, as *Char* instead of *Chár*. : they are also omitted over capital vowels as *Aryaka* for *Aryaka*: these are trifling variations that scarcely merit notice.

MRICHCHAKATI

OR

THE TOY CART.



THE Drama of which the translation is now published, is a work of great interest, both in the literary and national history of the Hindus.

Although not named by the authority from which we have principally drawn our general view of the Hindu dramatic system, the *Daśa Rūpaka*, it is unquestionably alluded to in the text of that work, and we may therefore feel assured that this play was written earlier than the tenth century: there is every reason to infer much earlier.

The introduction of the *Mṛicchakati* attributes the composition to a king, named SUDRAKA, and gives him a high character, both in arms and letters: he lived, it is said, a hundred years, and then burnt himself, leaving his kingdom to his son.

The name of SUDRAKA is very celebrated in Hindu history: according to the most usually received Chronology, he preceded the *Sakádhpati*-VIKRAMADITYA: the late Col. Wilford, (A. R. vol. ix.) considers him the same with the founder of the *Andhra* dynasty of *Magadha* kings, succeeding to the throne by deposing his master the last of the *Kanva* race, to whom he was minister; but these averments are very questionable: the circum-

stances are in fact attributed, it is said, (p.116) to a prince named BALIHITA, or SIPRAKA, or SINDHIKA or (p.103) MAHAKARNI—and the identification of SUDRAKA with either or all of these, rests upon chronological data by no means satisfactorily established. From these (p. 100), it appears, that the first *Andhra* king of *Magadha* reigned 456 years earlier than the last, or PULIMAN, who it is said died A. D. 648—(p.111) consequently the former reigned about A. D. 192. But it is stated, that in a work called the *Kumáriká Khanda*, a portion of the *Skanda Purána*, it is asserted, that in the year of the *Kali* 3,300—save 10—a great king would reign (it does not appear where) named SUDRAKA: this date in our era is 190; the date of the first *Andhra* king as mentioned above is 192; therefore SUDRAKA must be that king; a deduction which may possibly be correct, but which depends too much upon the accuracy of a work very little known, and upon a calculation that yet requires to be revised, to be considered as decidedly invalidating the popular notion, that SUDRAKA preceded VIKRAMADITYA, and consequently the era of Christianity.

At all events however, whether prior or subsequent to the Christian era, we have secured a respectable antiquity for the prince known by this appellation, and whom we believe to be the same as the reputed author of the Drama. There is but one prince so named of any note in the annals of the *Hindus*, and the play contains abundant internal evidence of an ancient date.

The style, although not meagre, is in general simple and unartificial, and of a day evidently preceding the elaborate richness of Hindu writing, not to speak of the fantastic tricks and abuses, which began to disgrace Sanscrit composition apparently in the ninth and tenth centuries: this may be considered

a safe indication in a work of such pretence as one attributed to a regal bard, and although it could not be admitted alone as conclusive, yet as associated with the name and date of SUDRAKA, it is a strong confirmation of the latter at least being correct.

Another circumstance in favour of the antiquity of the Drama, is derived from a peculiarity in the language of one of the chief characters—SAMST'HANAKA, the *Raja's* brother in law, affects literature, with which he has so little conversancy that his citations of poetic personages and events are as erroneous as frequent. Now it is a remarkable circumstance that all his citations are from the *Rámáyana* and *Mahábhárat*, and that he never alludes to the chief actors in the Pauranic legends, as *Dhruva*, *Daksha*, *Prahláda*, *Bali*, &c. There can be no good reason why he should not cite from a *Purána* as well as from either of the poems which bear a similarly holy character, and it is not likely that the author of the Drama who was thoroughly familiar with the Poems should not have been acquainted with the *Puránas* if they had existed, or been equally in circulation: we have great reason therefore to suspect that the *Mrichchakati* was written prior to the composition of the *Puránas*, or at least before the stories they contain had acquired by their aggregation familiar and popular currency.

Peculiarities in manners contribute to a similar conclusion, and the very panegyric upon SUDRAKA, specifying his voluntary cremation when arrived at extreme old age, praises him for an act proscribed in the *Kali* or present period of the world. By all current legal authorities, except the texts of the most ancient, suicide is prohibited every where except at *Prayága*, and is there allowed only under certain circumstances: the prohibition may be disregarded it is true, but such a breach of

the law could not with any decency have been made the theme of public eulogium by a Brahman in the Sanscrit language, and therefore the event most probably preceded the law.

The most unquestionable proof however of high antiquity is the accuracy with which *Bauddha* observances are adverted to, and the flourishing condition in which the members of that sect are represented to exist: there is not only absolute toleration, but a kind of public recognition; the ascetic who renders such essential service to the heroine, being recommended or nominated by authority, chief of all the *Vihārs* or *Bauddha* establishments of *Ujain*.

At what period could this diffusion and prosperity of the *Bauddha* faith have occurred, and when was it likely that a popular work should describe it correctly? Many centuries have elapsed since Hindu writers were acquainted with the *Bauddhas* in their genuine character; their tenets are preserved in philosophical treatises with something like accuracy, but any attempt to describe their persons and practices invariably confounds them with the *Jainas*—the *Mr̥chchakati* is as yet the only work where the *Bauddhas* appear undisguised. Now we know from the Christian writers of the second century, that in their days the worship of *Batta* or *Buddha* was very prevalent in India. We have every reason to believe that shortly after that time the religion began to decline, more in consequence of the rise and growth of the *Jains* probably, than any persecution of the *Bauddhas*, and as it is clear, that the Drama was written in the days of their prosperity, it follows that we cannot fairly assign it a later date than the first centuries of the Christian era.

From the considerations thus stated we cannot but regard the *Mr̥chchakati* a work of considerable antiquity, and from

nternal evidence may very safely attribute it to the period when SUDRAKA the sovereign reigned, whether that be reduced to the end of the second century after Christ, or whether we admit the traditional chronology, and place him about a century before our era.

The Revolution in the Government of Ujain, which forms an underplot in the piece, is narrated with so little exaggeration, that it is probably founded on fact. As the simple narrative of a simple event it is the more entitled to our credence, and it is not at all unlikely that the Brahmans offended by their sovereign PALAKA'S public disregard of them, brought about a change of the Government, employing a hermit, and a cowboy, or young peasant, as their instruments. This plain story is not improbably the origin of the obscure allusions which exercised the industry of Colonel Wilford, and in which, and in the purport of the word *Aryya*, the name of the cowherd in the play, and in general acceptance a title of respect, he thought he could trace a reference to the history of Christianity in India. (A. R. vol. x. Essay on the Sacred Isles of the West.) There is also an *Arya* of some renown in the history of *Cashmir*, whom the same learned and laborious, but injudicious writer, identified with *Sáliváhana*—the real character of that personage may now be more accurately appreciated. (Essay on the history of *Cashmir*, A. R. xv. p. 84.)

The place which the *Mríchchukati* holds in the dramatic literature of all nations will however be thought matter of more interest by most readers, than its antiquity or historical importance. That it is a curious and interesting picture of national manners every one will readily admit, and it is not the less valuable in this respect that it is free from all exterior influence or adulteration. It is a portrait purely Indian. It represents

a state of society sufficiently advanced in civilisation to be luxurious and corrupt, and is certainly very far from offering a flattering similitude although not without some attractive features. There will probably be more variety of opinion on its merits as a literary composition, and its title to rank with the more polished dramas of the west may be called in question by competent judges. As observed by the spirited Translator of Aristophanes, it is no longer the fashion for translators to direct the taste of their readers, and they must be left to condemn or approve for themselves. I shall therefore refrain from any further observation on this head, and if in imitation of high authority, I venture to subjoin my own sentiments by way of Epilogue, I shall do so as briefly as possible, and without any hope to bias the judgement of the public.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

OF THE PRELUDE.

MANAGER. ACTRES5.

OF THE PLAY.

MEN.

Chárudatta.—A *Brahman* of a wealthy and respectable family, reduced to poverty by his munificence, beloved by *Vasantaséná*.

Rohaséna.—The son of *Chárudatta*, a boy.

Maitreya.—A *Brahman*, the friend and companion of *Chárudatta*, the *Vidúshaka* or *Gracioso* of the piece, a character of mixed shrewdness and simplicity, with an affectionate disposition.

Verdhamána.—The servant of *Chárudatta*.

Samsi'hánaka.—The brother-in-law of the *Rájá*, an ignorant, frivolous and cruel coxcomb.

The *Vita*.—The attendant, tutor, or Parasite of the preceding.

S'hávaraka.—The servant of the Prince.

Aryaka.—A cowherd and insurgent, finally successful.

Servillaka.—A dissipated *Bráhman*, the friend of the preceding, in love with *Madaniká*.

The *Samváhaka*.—A man whose business it has been to rub and knead the joints, but who becomes a *Bauddha* mendicant or *Sramanaka*.

Mathura.—The keeper of a gaming house.

Darduraka.—A Gambler.

Another Gambler.

Kernapúrika.—*Vasantaséná's* servant.

The Judge.

The *Srészti*—or Provost

The *Káyastha*.—Scribe or Recorder.

Chandanaka } Captains of the Town Guard.
Viraka }

The *Vita*—or Parasite attendant of *Vasantaséná*.

Kumbhíllaka.—A servant of *Vasantaséná*.

Two *Chándálas*—or Public Executioners.

Officers of the Court.

WOMEN.

The wife of *Chúrudatta*.

Vasantaséná.—A Courtesan, in love with *Chúrudatta*, and beloved by him, the object also of *Sams'thánaka's* addresses.

The mother of *Vasantaséná*.

Madaniká.—The attendant of *Vasantaséná* beloved by *Servíllaka*.

Radaniká.—The servant of *Chárudatta's* House.

PERSONS SPOKEN OF.

Púlaka.—King of Ujayin.

Rebhíla.—A Musician.

The *Siddha* or Seer who has prophesied *Aryaka's* triumph.

Passengers, Attendants, Guards, &c.

Scene.—*Ujayin*, the City and the Suburbs.

Time.—Four days.

ACT I.

PRELUDE.

BENEDICTION.*

I.—May the profound meditation of *Sambhu*† protect you (*the audience.*) With vacant gaze he addresses all his faculties to *Brahme*‡ and with the eye of wisdom beholds himself in spirit free from corporeal acts—his every organ of sense is restrained by holy knowledge, as he sits with suspended breath, while his interlacing serpents coil a garment round his bended knees.§

II.—May the neck of *Nlakantha*|| which resembles a cloud in hue, and which is decorated by the entwining arms of *Gauri*,¶ as brilliant as the lightning, be ever your protection.

* It is not said by whom this is uttered, and the Manager enters after it has been spoken.

† *Sambhu* a name of *Siva*.

‡ Supreme Spirit or God.

§ From this verse we may infer that the practices of the ascetics prevailed at the time the play was written, allusion being here made to the kind of abstract devotion termed *Yoga*, in which the devotee endeavours to exclude all external impressions and identify himself with the universal spirit. In de-

scribing *Siva* as the performer of this rite the author indicates his belonging to the modified monotheistical belief, which distinguishes between one Supreme cause of creation, and his attributes in action, personified as *Brahmá*, *Vishnu* and *Siva*.

|| A name of *Siva*; the God with the dark blue throat; the colour was the effect of the poison generated at the churning of the Ocean which *Siva* swallowed.

¶ The wife of *Siva*.

ENTER MANAGER.

Enough: the bustle of the assembly has subsided. Saluting therefore this gentle audience, I apprise them, that we are prepared to enact the Drama, entitled the *Toy Cart*.*

There was a poet whose gait was that of an Elephant, whose eyes resembled those of the *Chakora*,† whose countenance was like the full moon, and who was of stately person, amiable manners and profound veracity; of the *Kshètriya* race and distinguished by the appellation *SUDRA*:‡ he was well versed in the *Rig* and *Sáma Védas*, in mathematical sciences, in the elegant arts, and the management of Elephants.§ By the favor of *Siva* he enjoyed eyes uninvaded by darkness, and beheld his son seated on the throne: after performing the exalted *Aswamédha*,|| having attained the age of an hundred years, and ten days, he entered the fatal fire.¶ Valiant was he

* The term is literally *Clay-cart*, a child's cart made of baked clay or earthen ware, from *Mrit* earth and *Sakalí* a little cart: it refers to a toy belonging to the child of *Chárudatta* which as will be hereafter seen plays an important part in the drama--The equivalent *Toy cart* is most familiar to our language, and is less equivocal than the literal translation.

† The Greek Partridge.

‡ See Introduction: the additional syllable *ka* is pleonastic.

§ The *Hasti Sikshá*: it is an accomplishment curiously characteristic of national manners. The proficiency of the Indians in this art early attracted the attention of *Alexander's* Successors, and Natives

of India were so long exclusively employed in this service that the term Indian was applied to every Elephant Driver to whatever country he might belong. *Schlegel. Indische Bibliothek.*

|| The emblematic sacrifice of a horse; one of the most solemn rites of the Hindus in ancient times.

¶ That the practice of terminating life whenever burdened with age or infirmity was held, if not meritorious, to be justifiable, we know from the authorities which declare it to be so no longer. The *Nirvaya Sindhu* and other treatises on Hindu Law enumerate Suicide on account of protracted life amongst the acts prohibited

in war and ready to encounter with his single arm the elephant of his adversary ; yet he was void of wrath ; eminent amongst those skilled in the *Védas* and affluent in piety : a prince was **SUDRAKA**. In this Drama, written by him, it is thus related.

In *Avanti** lived a young Brahman of distinguished rank,†

in the present age. These works are however comparatively modern, and that the practice of voluntary cremation was observed long subsequent to the beginning of the *Kali* era, we know from classical authority. The stories told by Herodotus, of the Indians who put their infirm or aged relations to death, originated probably in some indistinct accounts of this usage. Megasthenes asserts that there was no fixed rule on this subject, and intimates that the Sages of India reprehended the practice. *Zarmanochagas* (*Sramanacharya*) burnt himself at Athens “after the custom of his country,” and *Calanus* (*Katyána*) mounted the funeral pile at Pasagardæ in the presence of the astonished Greeks who were at a loss to consider the act as that of a sage or a madman, and were never of a mood to imitate such a model. Whether the rite was founded on positive prescription we are not aware, but instances of it are given in works of the highest character and of a weight little inferior to the inspir-

ed codes. In the *Rámáyana*, *Sarabhauga* the sage only delays his cremation until he has seen Ráma, after which, “having prepared the fire and offered oblations with the customary prayers, the pious and perfect *Sarabhauga* entered the flames.” *Ráma Aranya Kánda*. The commentary on the drama states that the ceremony should be accompanied with the sacrifice called *Servaswara* : it should probably be *Servamedha*, prayers and oblations for universal success. The Commentator is rather at a loss to explain how the author of the Play announces his own death, and is disposed to ascribe it to his prophetic foresight acquired by astrological computation. There can be little doubt however that such part of these Proems as relates to the personal history of the author is usually the work of another hand.

* The modern Ougein.

† The *Sárthaváha* of the Brahmans. In many of the Hindu cities the different classes of the community of every rank still

but of exceeding poverty ; his name was CHARUDATTA. Of the many excellencies of CHARUDATTA a Courtezan, VASANTASENA by name, became enamoured, and the story of their loves is the subject of King SUDRAKA'S Drama, which will exhibit the infamy of wickedness, the villainy of Law, the efficacy of virtue, and the triumph of faithful love.

(Walks round the Stage.)

Hey! the boards are deserted:* where can all the actors have vanished? Ah, I understand. Empty is the house of the childless—long empty is the mansion of one that has no friends ; the universe is a blank to the blockhead, and all is desolate to the poor. I have been chaunting and reciting, until by fatigue and the heat of the day, my eyes are shrunk like the seeds of the Lotus in a burning sun ; and moreover I am somewhat hungry.† I will call one of my wenches, and see if there be any thing in the house for breakfast. What ho there—Here am I ! But I had better talk to them in a language they can understand.‡—What ho—I say ! What with long fasting and loud shouting my limbs are shrivelled like dry Lotus stalks. It is high time to take myself home, and see what is prepared for my coming. This is my mausion—I will go in.

acknowledge certain of their members as their hereditary head men or provosts—such is the sense of Sreshthi or Set—the title in common use is *Chaudri* or *Sirdar*.

* The *Sangita Satala*, a hall or chamber for music, singing and dancing.

† The expression is *Kshudha mama akshini Khatakhutayete*—

which may be rendered, my eyes ache with hunger, but cannot be translated, for the verb is made from the noun with more regard to the sound than the sense.

‡ Or in *Prakrit* which is spoken always by the female characters—he accordingly proceeds in that dialect throughout the whole of the Prelude.

ENTERS.*

Hey day—Some new frolic is going on in this mansion of mine. The ground, like a young damsel, fresh from her toilet wears a *Tilaka*† smeared with the discolored water of the rice that has been boiled in the iron kettle, and is perfumed with most savoury smells. Verily, my hunger increaseth. What, in the name of wonder, have my people found a treasure—or from the promptings of my appetite do I fancy every thing smacks of boiled rice? There must at least be a breakfast for me; I cannot mistake there; yet every thing puts on a new face; one hussey is grinding perfumes, another is stringing flowers;‡ the meaning of all this must be enquired into. Come hither, one of you.

ENTER ACTRESS.

Act. Here am I Sir,

Man. Welcome, welcome.

Act. What are your commands?

Man. Hark ye girl, I have been bawling myself both hoarse and hungry: is there any thing in the house for me to eat?

Act. There is every thing Sir.

Man. Indeed—and what is there?

* *Pravisya avalokya cha.* Having entered and looked round. How the entrance is managed we are rather at a loss to conjecture as no change of scene was probably attempted. In the spacious hall however in which the piece was acted one part of the stage was in all likelihood supposed to represent the exterior—the other

the interior of the dwelling.
 † A mark with some coloured substance made in the middle of the forehead.
 ‡ The use of perfumes and garlands amongst the Hindus affords a parallel both as an accompaniment to religious and convivial rites, to the usages of Athens and Rome.

Act. For example—there is rice, dressed or undressed, sugar, curds ; in short there is sustenance for a century*—so may the Gods comply with all your desires.

Man. Hark ye, my girl, is all this in my house or do you jest ?

Act. (*Apart.*) Oh, as he doubts, I will have a laugh at him. (*Aloud.*) Indeed and indeed, Sir, there is all that I have mentioned—in the market.

Man. Ah, you hussey ! May you be so disappointed : the deuce take you—you have hoisted me up like a ball on a turret top, that I might tumble down again.

Act. Patience, Sir, Patience, I did but jest.

Man. Then what is the meaning of all this unusual preparation ; this grinding of perfumes and stringing of chaplets : the ground is strewed with offerings of flowers of every dye.

Act. We hold a solemn fast to day.†

Man. A fast, for what ?

Act. That we may have a desirable master.‡

Man. In this world, or the next.

Act. Ah, in the next to be sure.

Man. Here Gentles, (*to the audience*) here is pretty usage : these damsels would engage a new manager in another world at my expence in this.

Act. Be appeased Sir. I have observed the fast in order that I might have you again for my master in a future birth.

* *Ajñna atobham Rasā-anam.* † The Manager asks what is the name of the fast—every religious rite bearing its own appellation. Literally --The drug that confers immortality is to be eaten by the master. The actress replies it is called

† Every fast, when held as a religious observance on particular occasions, is a prelude to a feast. the *Ahirūabadi* or *Abhirūpapati*, which implies the meaning given in the text.

Man. That alters the case—but pray who directed you to hold this fast?

Act. Your particular friend, *Chírú buddha*.

Man. Oh, you son of a slave; I shall see you, *Chírú buddha*, some day or other, fast bound by King *Páluka*, like the perfumed tresses of a new married girl.

Act. Pardon us dear Sir, this fast was observed to secure the future felicity of our worthy manager. (*Falls at his feet.*)

Man. Rise: enough—We must now consider by whom this fast is to be completed.

Act. We must invite some Brahman* of our own degree.

Man. Well, go, finish your preparations: I will seek the Brahman.

Act. I obey.

[*Exit.*

MANAGER.

Alas, in such a flourishing city as *Ujayin* where am I to find a Brahman, who is not of a superior rank to mine. (*looking out.*) Yonder comes *Maitréya*, the friend of *Chárudatta*. I will ask him; he is poor enough. What ho! *Maitréya*; condescend to be the first to eat in my house to day.

Maitreya (*Behind the Scenes.*)

Call some other Brahman; I am particularly engaged.

Man. Food is provided; no enemy is in the way, and you shall have a present into the bargain.

Mait. (*Behind.*) I have already given you an answer. It is useless to disturb me.

Man. I shall not prevail upon him, and must therefore set off in quest of some other Brahman. [*Exit.*

* A Brahman should be invited to eat on these occasions before the Household break their fast—the Manager and his family belong of course to the Brahminical tribe.

(The *Scene is supposed to represent a Street on one side, and on the other the first Court of Chárudatta's House: the outside of the House is also seen in the part next the Street.)

Maitréya enters the Court with a piece of Cloth in his hand.

Truly Maitréya your condition is sad enough, and well qualified to subject you to be picked up in the street, and fed by strangers. In the days of Chárudatta's prosperity, I was accustomed to stuff myself, till I could eat no more, on scented dishes, until I breathed perfume; and sat lolling at yonder gateway, dyeing my fingers like a painter's by dabbling amongst the coloured comfits, or chewing the cud at leisure like a high fed city bull.† Now in the season of his poverty, I wander about from house to house, like a tame pigeon, to pick up such crumbs as I can get. I am now sent by his dear friend Chárabuddha, with this garment that has lain amongst Jasmine flowers, till it is quite scented by them: it is for Chárudatta's wearing, when he has finished his devotions—

* We have already observed that it does not seem probable that the Hindus ever knew what scenes were, and that they substituted Curtains for them. In the present case the whole machinery might have been a curtain intersecting the stage at a right angle to the flat, one side being the interior, the other the exterior of Chárudatta's house.

† The Hindus are accustomed at marriages and other ceremonials to let loose a bull, who thenceforward rambles about at will without an owner. No person would pre-

sume to appropriate a stray animal of this kind, and many think it a merit to feed him. In large towns, where these Bulls are most abundant, they are generally in good case, and numerous enough to be very much in the way, although they are rarely mischievous. They seem to know their privileged character, and haunt the market places and shops with the air of independence. At Benares they are proverbially abundant, and that city is famed for its *Ránrh*, *Sánrh* and *Sírhi* or *Widows*, Bulls and Landing places.

Oh, here he comes, he is presenting the oblation to the Household Gods.*

ENTER

Chárudatta and Radaniká.

Char. (With a sigh.)

Alas, how changed ; the offering to the Gods,
That swans and stately storks in better time
About my threshold flocking, bore away,
Now a scant tribute to the insect tribe,
Falls midst rank grass, by worms to be devoured,

(Sits down.)

Mait. I will approach the respectable *Chárudatta*: Health to you, may you prosper.

* No house is supposed to be without its tutelary divinity, but the notion attached to this character is now very far from precise. The deity who is the object of hereditary and family worship, the *Kula devata*, is always one of the leading personages of the Hindu mythology as *Siva*, *Fishnu* or *Durgá* but the *Griha devata* rarely bears any distinct appellation. In Bengal the domestic God is sometimes the *Sálagráh* Stone, sometimes the *Tulasi* plant; sometimes a basket with a little rice in it and sometimes a water jar--to either of which a brief adoration is daily addressed. most usually by the females of the family. Occasionally small images of *Lakshmi* or *Chandí* fulfill the office, or should a Snake appear he is venerated as the guardian of the dwelling. In general however, in former times, the household deities were regarded as the unseen spirits of ill, the ghosts and goblins who hovered about every spot and claimed some particular sites, as their own. Offerings were made to them, in the open air, by scattering a little rice with a short formula at the close of all ceremonies to keep them in good humour--thus at the end of the daily ceremony, the Householder is enjoined by *Menu* "To throw up his oblation (*Bili*) in the open air to all the Gods, to those who walk by day and those who walk by night." 3, 90. Such is the nature of the rite alluded to in the drama. In this light the household Gods correspond better with the *Genii locorum* than with the *Lares* or *Penates* of antiquity.

Char. *Maitréya*, friend of all seasons, welcome, sit you down.

Mait. As you command (*sits down.*) This garment perfumed by the Jasmynes it has lain amongst, is sent to you, by your friend *Chúrú buddhu* to be worn by you at the close of your devotions.

Char. (*Takes it and appears thoughtful.*)

Mait. On what do you meditate ?

Char. My friend—

The happiness that follows close on sorrow,
Shows like a lamp that breaks upon the night :
But he that falls from affluence to poverty,
May wear the human semblance, but exists
A lifeless form alone.

Mait. Which think you preferable then, death or poverty ?

Char. Had I the choice,

Death, and not poverty, were my election :
To die is transient suffering ; to be poor—
Interminable anguish.

Mait. Nay never heed—it is but a trial ; you will become more eminent than ever, and although your kind friends have consumed your property, it may recover, like the moon, which grows to fulness from the slender fragments to which the daily draughts of the Gods for half a month reduce it*.

* The moon is supposed to be planet for one night, and from the the reservoir of *Aurita* or Ambrosia, and to furnish the Gods and Manes with the supply. “It is replenished from the Sun during the fortnight of the increase ; on the full moon the Gods adore that planet for one night, and from the first day all of them together with the Pitris and Rishis drink one *Kalá* or digit daily until the ambrosia is exhausted.” *Váyu Purána.*

Char. I do not, trust me, grieve for my lost wealth :
 But that the guest no longer seeks the dwelling,
 Whence wealth has vanished, does I own afflict me.
 Like the ungrateful Bees, who wanton fly
 The Elephant's broad front, when thick congeals
 The dried up dew,* they visit me no more.

Mait. The sons of slaves ! your guest is ever ready to
 make a morning meal of a fortune : he is like the cow boy,
 who apprehensive of the *Virana* grass,† drives his herds
 from place to place, in the thicket, and sets them to feed
 always in fresh pasture.

Char. 'Tis true.—I think not of my wasted fortune.
 As fate decrees, so riches come and vanish.
 But I lament to find the love of friends
 Hangs all unstrung because a man is poor.
 And then with poverty comes disrespect ;
 From disrespect does self-dependence fail,
 Then scorn and sorrow, following, overwhelm
 The intellect ; and when the judgement fails
 The being perishes ; and thus from poverty
 Each ill that pains humanity, proceeds.

Mait. Ah well, it is but waste of thought to send it after
 the wealth hunters ; we have had enough of this subject.

* At certain periods a thick dew exhales from the Elephant's temples. The peculiarity though known to Strabo, seems to have escaped naturalists till lately, when it was noticed by Cuvier.

† The grass of which the roots are used to make *Tatties* or

Screens which are placed before doors and windows, and being kept moist during the hot winds render the air that passes through them cool and fragrant. It is the *Andropogon Muricatus*, and from its rigid fibre should be unfit for fodder as implied in the text.

Char. But Poverty is aye the curse of thought.
 It is our enemy's reproach: the theme
 Of scorn to our best friends, and dearest kin.
 I had abjured the world, and sought the hermitage,
 But that my wife had shared in my distress—
 Alas, the fires of sorrow in the heart,
 Glow impotent; they pain, but burn not.
 My friend, I have already made oblation
 Unto the household Gods—Go you to where
 The four roads meet, and there present it
 To the Great Mothers.*

Mai. Not I indeed.

Char. Why not?

Mai. Of what use is it? you have worshipped the Gods:
 what have they done for you; it is labour in vain, to bestow
 upon them adoration.

Char. Speak not profanely. It is our duty—
 and the Gods
 Undoubtedly are pleased with what is offered
 In lowliness of spirit, and with reverence,
 In thought, and deed, and pious self-denial:
 Go therefore and present the offering.

* The *Mātri* is the personified *trika* ceremonies addressed to energy of a divinity, and in a the sixteen *Matris* are not uncommon, but the rite in the text figurative sense the mother of men, but the rite in the text gods and men; the *Matris* are appears to be a matter of course, usually reckoned seven or eight, and seems to take the place of but in one enumeration they are that enjoined by Menu to the made sixteen. The presentation Pitris, the *manes* or progenitors. of oblations to them as a regular "Turning to the South let him and permanent rite is no longer present all the residue of his oblation to the Pitris. 3, 91.

Mai. I will not go indeed, send somebody else. With me every part of the ritual is apt to get out of its place, and as in the reflection of a mirror the right becomes left and the left right. At this time of the evening too, the royal road is crowded with loose persons, with cut throats, courtiers and courtezans*: amongst such a set I shall fare like the unhappy mouse, that fell into the clutches of the snake, which was lying in ambush for the frog.† I cannot go indeed—Why not go yourself—You have nothing to do but to sit here.

Char. Well, well—attend then whilst I tell my beads.

(THEY RETIRE.)

Behind the Scenes. Stop *Vasantasénú!* Stop!

ENTER

Vasantasénú pursued by *Sams'thánaka*, the King's Brother-in-Law; the *Vita*,‡ and his own Servant.

Vita. Stop, *Vasantasénú!* Stop! Why, losing your gentleness in your fears, do you ply those feet so fast, that should be nimble only in the dance? You run along like the timid deer from the pursuing hunter, casting tremulous glances fearfully around.

Sams. Stop, *Vasantasénú!* Stop! Why do you thus scamper away, stumbling at every step? Be pacified, you are in no danger; with love alone is my poor heart inflamed; it is burnt to a cinder, like a piece of meat upon the blazing coals.

* This besides its general bearing announces the approaching entrance of *Vasantasénú* and her pursuers, agreeably to the rule, that no character is to enter without previous intimation.

† The early currency of apologues in India.

‡ The *Vita* is the companion and minister of the pleasures of *Sams'thánaka*: See the remark made on this character in the introductory observations on the dramatic system of the Hindus.

+ If we are to consider the antiquity of this play as established, this passage bears testimony to

Ser. Stop, Lady, Stop! Why sister do you fly? She runs along like a peahen in summer, with a tail in full feather, whilst my master follows her, like the young hound that chases the bird through the thicket.

Vita. Stop, *Vasantasénú!* Stop! You tremble like the young plantain tree, whilst the ends of your red vesture wanton on the wind. The seeds of the red Lotus are put to shame by your glowing eyes, and the bed of orpiment, when first penetrated by the axe, is rivalled by the complexion of your cheeks.

Sams. Stop, *Vasantasénú!* Stop! Why do you thus fly from a liking, a love, a passion which you inflame? My nights, you deprive of rest, and you avoid me by day. It is unavailing: you will trip and tumble into my hands as *Kunti* fell into those of *Rávana**

Vit. Why *Vasantasénú* do you grace my steps by leaving traces for them to obliterate? Like a snake from the monarch of the birds, † you glide away from me; but vain is your flight. I could outstrip the wind in in such a chace, and shall I not overtake so delicate a fugitive.

Sams. Most worthy Sir, I have invoked her by ten names. I have called her the taper lash of that filcher of broad pieces,

* *Kunti* is the mother of the *Pándava* princes. *Rávana*, the giant king of *Lanká*, destroyed by *Ráma*. The former is a character of the *Mahábhárat*, the latter of the *Rámáyana*: there is no sort of connexion between the two and instead of *Kunti* it should have been *Sítá*, the wife of *Ráma*, whom *Rávana* carried off. It may be here remarked that this confusion of persons and events is invariably repeated by *Samsáhnaka* who thus evinces both his ignorance and pretension.

† *Garura* the bird on which *Vishnu* rides, between whom and the serpent race is a deadly feud, originating in a dispute between their respective parents *Kadru* and *Vinatá*, the wives of *Kasyapa*.

Káma ; the blue-bottle—the figurante, the pug-nosed untameable shrew. I have termed her—love's dining dish—the gulph of the poor man's substance—the walking frippery—the harlot—the hussey—the baggage—the wanton. I have addressed her by all these pretty names,* and yet she will have nothing to say to me.

Vit. Why *Vasantaséná* do you fly us? The trembling pendants of your ears, toss agitated against your cheeks, and make such music as the lute to a master's touch,† You fly like the female crane that starts away from the sound of thunder.

Sams. Your ornaments jingle to your paces as you run from us, as *Draupadí*‡ fled from *Ráma*.§ But I shall have you—I will dart upon you, like *Hanumán*|| upon *Subhadrá*,¶ the lovely sister of *Viswvasu*.**

* To address a deity by a number of appellations is the readiest way to secure his good graces; so says the Commentator. As to the names themselves, some latitude has been necessarily used in the translation, although an attempt has been made to convey some notion of their purport: the strain is not unlike that of our old Comedies: the original is as follows: *Bhāve! Bhāve! Eśa Nānaka mūs'iká, Kāma kasiká, Machhasiká, Lās'iká, Ninnás'á, Kulánás'iká, Avas'ika, Kāmaha manjús'iká Eśa vēsabahú, Suvesanila-á Vesānganá, Vesia, Eté sé dáśa námake mayi kale, Ajjá ví mām nechchadi.*

† Literally such as is made by the touch of the *Vika--Vitajana nakhágháteva Víná*---which indicates the particular art cultivated by this character.

‡ The wife of the *Páñdavas* and heroine of the *Mahábharat*.

§ The hero of the *Rámáyana*.

|| The Monkey friend of *Ráma*.

¶ The sister of *Krishna*, carried off by *Arjuna*, as related in the *Mahábharat*.

** This is probably intended for a blunder instead of *Vásudeva*; *Viswvasu* is the name of a Demi God of an inferior order, one of the *Gandherbas*, or *Choristers of Indra's heaven*.

Ser. Relent, relent, be gracious to the Prince's friend: Accept the flesh and the fish. When they can get fish and flesh, the Dogs prey not upon carrion.

Vit. What should have so strangely alarmed you. Believe me you look like the guardian Goddess of the city, as round your slender waist, sparkles with starlike gems that tinkling zone; and your countenance is pale with terror.

Sams. As the female Jackall is hunted by the dogs, so run you, and so we follow: you run along with your prey, and bear off from me both heart and pericardium.*

Vas. (Calling for her female attendants.) What ho! *Pallavá, Parapurá.*

Sams. (In alarm to the Vitas.) Eh, Sir, Sir, Men, Men.

Vit. Never fear.

Vas. *Máhavá,* what ho!

Vit. Blockhead—She is calling her servants.

Sams. What, her Women.

Vit. To be sure.

Sams. Who is afraid—I am a hero—a match for a hundred of them.

Vas. Alas, alas, my people are not within hail: I must trust to myself alone for my escape.

Vit. Search about, search about.

Sams. *Vasantaséná,* what is the use of your bawling there for bud and blossom or all spring together.† Who is to preserve you when I pursue? What could *Bhimaséna*‡ do for

* *Saverhanam me halaam halava,* a shoot, *Máháviká,* a sort of ranté—Carrying off my heart and creeper, and alluding to the latter's its envelopes, *verhanam* being the blossoming in the spring.

Prakrit of Veshanam.

‡ The second of the sons of

† Mistaking the names for *Pal-Pandu.*

you, or the son of *Jamadagni** or the son of *Kunti*,† or *Dasakandhara*‡ himself? I would take them like *Duhsāsana*§ by their hair, and, as you shall see, with one touch of my well-sharpened sword, off goes your head. Come, come, we have had enough of your running away. One who is desirous of dying cannot be said to live.

Vas. Good Sir, I am only a weak woman.

Vit. True, therefore you may live.

Sams. True, you shall not die.

Vas. (*Apart.*) His very courtesy appalls me. It shall be so. (*aloud.*) Pray Sirs why do you thus pursue me, or why address such language to me? Do you seek my Jewels?

Vit. Fie, Fie, what have we to do with your ornaments— Who plucks the blossoms of the Creeper?

Vas. What is it then you require.

Sams. That I, who am a person of celestial nature, a mortal *Vásudéva*,|| obtain your affections.

Vas. Get you gone, you talk idly.

Sams. (*Claps his hands and laughs.*) What think you of that Sir? Hear how this gentle damsel regards me: she bids me go; and rest myself, no doubt, after my fatigue in running

* *Parasuráma.*

act of bitter insult to the *Pándava*

† *Kerna* or either of the *Pándava* princes, in revenge of which

Bhima vowed, he would never be

‡ *Ravana*, the ten headed sovereign of *Lanka*.

appeased till he had drank the aggressor's blood. In the war

§ One of the *Kaurava* princes who dragged *Draupadi* by the

that ensued he killed *Duhsāsana*, and fulfilled his vow.

hair into the public court; an

|| *Krishna*.

after her;* but I swear by your head and my feet,† that I have gone astray neither in town nor village, but have kept close to your heels all the way, by the which I am wearied.

Vit. The blockhead, he misapprehends the whole. (*aloud.*) Why *Vasantaséná* you act quite out of character: the dwelling of a harlot is the free resort of youth: a courtesan is like a creeper that grows by the road side—her person is an article for sale, her love a thing that money will buy, and her welcome is equally bestowed upon the amiable and disgusting. The sage and the idiot, the Brahman and the outcast, all bathe in the same stream, and the crow and the peacock perch upon the branches of the same creeper. The Brahman, the Kshetriya, the Vaisya, and all of every caste are ferried over in the same boat, and like the boat, the creeper, and the stream, the courtesan is equally accessible to all.

Fas. What you say may be just, but believe me, merit alone, not brutal violence, inspires love.

Sams. Sir, sir, the truth is, that the baggage has had the perverseness to fall in love with a miserable wretch; one *Chárudatta*, whom she met in the garden of *Kámadéva's* temple: he lives close by here on our left, so take care she does not slip through our fingers.

Vita. (*aside.*) Confound the fool; he lets out every thing he ought to conceal: in love with *Chárudatta*: humph! no wonder! it is truly said, pearls string with pearls: well, let it be so, never mind this simpleton. (*aloud.*) What say you, is the house of *Chárudatta* on our left? the dence it is.

* *Vasantaséná's* exclamation ble is lost in the translation but was *Sántam*, an interjection of that is of no very great importance. *SamsChana* assumes she said *Sránta* or *Prakrít, Sánta*, weary—the quib-

Sams. Very true, I assure you.

Vas. (*aside.*) Indeed! the house of *Cháradatta* so near! these wretches have intentionally befriended me, and promoted a meeting with my beloved.

Sams. Sir, Sir, *Vasantaséná* is no longer visible; she is lost in the dark, like an ink cake in a pile of black beans.

Vita. It is very dark indeed! the gloom cheats my eyesight of its faculty; my eyes open only to be closed by it; such obscurity envelopes every thing as if the heavens rained lamp-black: sight is as unavailing as the service of a worthless man.

Sams. I must search for *Vasantaséná*.

Vita. Indeed. (*aloud.*) Is there not any thing by which you may trace her.

Sams. What should there be.

Vit. The tinkling of her ornaments; the odour of her perfumes; and the fragrance of her garland

Sams. Very true; I can hear with my nostrils the scent of her garland, spreading through the darkness, but I do not see the sound of her ornaments.*

Vita. (*Apart, in the direction of Vas.*) Very well *Vasantaséná*; true, you are hidden by the gloom of the evening, like the lightning between gathering clouds, but the fragrance of your chaplet, the music of your anklets, will betray you, do you hear.

Vas. (*To herself.*) I hear and comprehend. (*takes off her garland, and the rings from her ancles.*) If I am not mistaken, the private entrance is in this direction: by carrying

* So in the *Midsummer's Night's Dream*.

Bottom as Pyramus.

"I see a voice: now will I to the chink,
To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face."

And in the same

"Eye of man hath not heard, nor ear seen," &c.

my hands along the wall—(*feels for the door.*) ah, it is shut.

Char. (*Within the court.*) My* prayer is finished, now *Maitreya* go, present the offering to the divine mothers.

Mai. I tell you I will not go.

Char. Alas it does embitter poverty—

That then our friends grow deaf to our desires,
 And lend a keener anguish to our sorrows.
 The poor man's truth is scorned ; the tender light
 Of each mild virtue languishes ; suspicion
 Stamps him the perpetrator of each crime
 That others are the authors of : no man seeks
 To form acquaintance with him, nor exchange
 Familiar greeting or respectful courtesy.
 If e'er he find a place in rich men's dwellings
 At solemn festivals, the wealthier guests
 Survey him with disdainful wonder—and
 Whene'er by chance, he meets upon the road,
 With state and wealth, he sneaks into a corner,
 Ashamed of his scant covering, till they pass,
 Rejoicing to be overlooked.—believe me—
 He who incurs the guilt of poverty,
 Adds a sixth sin to those we term most heinous.†
 In truth I mourn e'en poverty for thee,
 Whose cherished dwelling is this wasting frame,
 And oft I sadly wonder, what asylum,
 When this shall be no more, shall thou receive thee.

Mai. Ah! well if I must go, I must ; but let your maid *Raktaniká* go along with me.

* Literally, *Japa*—inaudible recitation of prayer. der of a brahman, Adultery with the wife of a spiritual teacher,

† The five great Sins in the Hindu Code are Stealing gold, Drinking spirituous liquors, Mur- and Association with a person guilty of either of these crimes.

Char. *Radaniká*, follow *Maitreya*.

Rad. As you command, Sir,

Mai. Here *Radaniká*, do you take the offerings, and the lamp, whilst I open the back door, (*opens the door.*)

Vas. (*On the outside.*) Luckily for me the door is opened; I shall now get in; Ah, the lamp (*brushes it out with her scarf and enters.*)

Char. What was that.

Mai. Opening the door let in a gust of wind, which has blown the lamp out: never mind—go on *Radaniká*. I will just step into the house and re-light the lamp, and will be with you again immediately.

Sams. (*on the outside.*) What can have become of *Vasuntaséná*.

Vita. Search, search.

Sams. So I do, but cannot find her—I have her—(*lays hold of the Vita.*)

Vita. Blockhead, this is I.

Sams. Stand out of the way then—(*lays hold of the Servant*) now then I have caught her.

Ser. No, your honour has caught me.

Sams. Here then this way, this way, here, master, servant, servant, master, here, here, stand here,* (*Lays hold of Radaniká by the hair as she comes out.*) Ha, ha, now I have her indeed. I detected her endeavouring to escape, by the scent of the garland. I have her fast by the hair as *Chánakya* caught *Draupadi*.†

* We may suppose that some he was the minister of *Chandragupta*: it is needless to add he display of practical wit took place here. could not possibly be connected

† *Chánakya* was a celebrated statesman and writer on politics with the story of *Draupadi*.

Vit. Very well young Lady, very pretty; running after honest men with your head full dressed with flowers; you are caught in the fact.

Sams. You are the young girl I believe, that was caught by the hair of the head: now call and cry and scream, and curse, and abuse *Siva*, *Sambhu*, *Sankara*, and *Is'wara*.*

Rad. (*in alarm.*) Bless me, gentlemen, what do you mean.

Vita. How now! the voice is that of another person.

Sams. Oh Sir, your female can change her voice when she will, as the cat mews in a different key, when she attempts to steal cream.

Vita. Such a difference can scarcely be, and yet, it is possible; yes, it may be, she has been taught to disguise her voice in the way of her profession, both for the purposes of deception and the articulation of the gamut.

ENTER *Maitr'ya*.

Mai. How funnily the lamp burns: it goes flutter, flutter, in the evening breeze, like the heart of a goat just caught in a snare (*seeing Radaniká and the rest.*) Hey *Radaniká*.

Sams. Hola master—a man.

Mait. What is all this—it is not right; not right at all—although *Chírudatta* be poor, yet strangers are not to come into his house without leave.

Rad. See, here *Maitreya*, here's disrespect to me.

Mai. Not you merely—but all of us. To me as well as you.

Rad. You indeed—how can that be.

Mai. Why, have they been rude to you.

Rad. Rude indeed—to be sure, rude enough.

Mai. No, really.

Rad. Yes, really.

* All names of *Siva*.

Mai. (*in wrath and taking up a stick.*) Then I will do for them: this is quite unbearable—every dog will bark in his own kennel, and why not a Brahman? With this dry Bambu staff, as crooked as our fortunes, will I batter that head of thine, thou abominable villain.

Vit. Patience, patience! Worthy Brahman.*

Mait. (*to him.*) Eh, this cannot be the offender; (*turns to Sams'thánaka*) Oh, here he is; Oh you king's brother-in-law; you abominable miscreant; have you no decency; do not you know that notwithstanding the worthy *Chárudatta* be poor, he is an ornament to *Ujayin*, and how dare you think of forcing your way into his house and maltreating his people: there is no disgrace in an untoward fate; disgrace is in misconduct; a worthy man may be a poor one.

Vit. Worthy Brahman, pardon us, we mistook the person; we intended no affront, but looking for a female—

Mai. For her? (*pointing to Radaniká.*)

Vit. Heaven forbid—no, no, for a girl, her own mistress—who has run away: searching for her, we lighted upon this damsel, and committed an unintentional indecorum. We beg your pardon, and submit ourselves to whatever you please to ordain—(*gives his sword and falls at Maitreya's feet.*)

Mai. You are a man of sense—arise: I knew not your quality when I addressed you so roughly; now I am aware of it, I shall treat you with proper politeness.

Vit. You are entitled to our respect. I will only rise on one condition.

* *Mahá Bráhmána*--Great Brahman, is the term used: it is also an expression of contempt, and is applied to those Brahmans who officiate for Sudras.

Mai. Declare it.

Vit. That you will say nothing to *Cháruḍatta* of what has chanced.

Mai. I will not say any thing to him on the subject.

Vit. I place your kindness, Brahman, on my head ; armed with every excellence, you are invincible by arms.

Sams. What do you mean, my friend ; by putting your hands together and falling at the feet of such a contemptible fellow ?

Vit. I am afraid.

Sams. Of what ?

Vit. Of the eminent virtues of *Cháruḍatta*.

Sams. Very eminent indeed, when they can not afford his visitors a dinner.

Vit. Never mind that: he has become impoverished by his liberality ; like the lake in the summer which is exhausted by relieving the thirst of the travellers: in his prosperity he was kind to all, and never treated any one with disrespect.

Sams. Who is this slave, the son of a slave, is he a warrior, a hero, is he *Pán'du*,* *Swétaketu*,† the son of *Rádhá*‡ *Rávana*§ or *Indradatta* ?|| Was he begotten on *Kuntí* by

* The brother of *Dhritárashtra*, and parent of the princes who are the heroes of the *Mahábhárat*. He was born of a fair complexion whence his name; 'The Pale.' He left the kingdom of ancient Delhi to his brother and retired to lead an ascetic life in the *Himálaya* mountains where he died.

† *Swétaketu* was a sage, the

son of *Uddátaka*, and is mentioned in the *Mahábhárat*.

‡ *Rádhá* was the wife of the charioteer of *Duryodhana* and bred *Kerna* as her son, after he was exposed on the banks of the *Yamuná* by his own mother.

§ *Rávana* has already been noticed.

|| *Indratta* is a warrior in the *Mahábhárat*.

Râma or is he *Aswatthâma*,* *Dharmaputtra*† or *Jatâyû*?‡

Vit. No, you wiseacre, I will tell you who he is: he is *Chârudatta*, the tree of plenty to the poor, boughed down by its abundant fruit—He is the cherisher of the good, the mirror of the wise, a touch-stone of piety, an ocean of decorum, the doer of good to all, of evil to none, a treasure of many virtues, intelligent, liberal and upright; in a word he only is worthy of admiration: in the plentitude of his merits he may be said to live indeed; other men, merely breathe—so come, we had better depart.

Sams. What without *Vasantasénâ*?

Vit. *Vasantasénâ* is lost.

Sams. How lost?

Vit. Like the sight of the blind, the health of the sick, the wisdom of the fool, and the prosperity of the sluggard; like the learning of the dull, and dissipated, and the friendship of foes.

Sams. Well—I will not go hence until I recover her.

Vit. You may as well—have you never heard the saying

An elephant may be held by a chain,
A steed be curbed by his rider's art,
But even go hang—if you cannot gain
The only bond woman obeys—her heart.

you may as well therefore come away.

* *Aswatthamâ* is the son of the Pandava princes *Yudhishthira*, the military preceptor of

the *Caurava* and *Pandava* princes, he fought in favour of *Dhritarâshthra*. ‡ This is a marvellous man—bird, the younger brother of *Sampâtî* and son of *Garura*: he attempted to rescue *Sitâ* when

† The son of *Dherma*, the ruler of *Tartarus*, is the elder of carried off by *Râvana* and was slain by him.

Sams. Go if you please, I shall stay where I am.

Vit. Very well, I leave you. [Exit.

Sams. Let him go, who cares. (*to Maitréya*) Now you crow-foot pated pupil of mendicity, down with you.

Mai. We are cast down already.

Sams. By whom?

Mai. By destiny.

Sams. Get up then—

Mai. So we will.

Sams. When?

Mai. When fortune smiles.

Sams. Weep, weep.

Mai. So we do.

Sams. What for?

Mai. Our misfortunes.

Sams. Laugh blockhead—laugh.

Mai. So we shall.

Sams. When?

Mai. When *Chárudatta* is again in prosperity.

Sams. Hark ye, fellow; do you carry a message from me to the beggar *Chárudatta*. Say to him thus from me: a common wanton, hight—*Vasantaséná*, covered with gold upon gold, like the chief of a troop of comedians about to act a new play, saw you in the garden of *Kámadéva's** tem-

* The Temple of *Kámadéva* Dodona: it was rather the makes a great figure in all the Daphné of the Hindu religion, the dramas and tales of the Hindus the resort of the young of either sex at public festivals, and of any antiquity. There was always a garden or grove attached to it, to which no sanctity however seems to have been attached which Hindu women were always subjected in public, ren-

ple, and took a fancy to you. Having put us to the trouble of using violence to secure her, she fled, and has taken refuge in your house: if you will give her up, and put her yourself into my hands without any litigation, her delivery shall be rewarded with my most particular regard; but if you will not put her forth, depend upon my eternal and exterminating enmity; consider, that a preserved pumpkin, a dried potherb, fried flesh and boiled rice* that has stood for a night in the cold weather, stink when kept too long. Let him then not lose this opportunity. You speak well, and distinctly; you must therefore speak my message so that I may hear you, as I sit in the upper terrace of my house, here adjoining; if you do not say what I have told you, I shall grind your head between my teeth, as I would a nut beneath my door.†

Mai. I will deliver your message.

Sams. Is the worthy *Vita* really gone. (*to the Servant.*)

dered it no school for the Daphnici Mores inspired by the shades of Antioch. All traces of the worship of *Kāmadēva* have long since disappeared: his groves indeed could not possibly be frequented a moment after the intrusion of Mohammedan brutality.

* Allusion is made here to some circumstances of domestic economy on which the Hindus of the present day can give no information, such cookery having long gone out of fashion, and no *Dr. Kitchener* having arisen in India to immortalize the culina-

ry art. The stalk of the Gourd it is said is covered with cowdung, to preserve it from insects. For the satisfaction of the curious the Prakrit of the original follows: It is a verse in the *Upajāti* measure "*Kakkā-lukā gochharalitta bentā; Sākē a sukhē; Talidē hu mans'ē; Bhattē a hemantia lattī' siddhe; Līnē a belē na hu hodi pūdi?*"

† Literally. As the kernel of the wood apple below a door
Kabāla tala pabitha kabitha guri-am via, mat'ha-am dē maramarāissam.

Ser. He is Sir.

Sams. Then let us follow him quick.

Ser. Please to take your sword.

Sams. No, carry it after me.

Ser. This is your honor's sword.

Sams. Ah very well, give it me (*takes it by the wrong end.*) I bear it on my shoulder, sleeping in its pink sheath.* and thus go I home as a jackall retires to his lair, followed by the yell of all the dogs and bitches of the village. [*Exit.*]

Mai. My good *Radaniká* say nothing to *Chárudatta* about your having been insulted in this currish place, by that King's Brother-in-law : he frets already about his affairs, and this business I am sure would double his vexation.

Rad. I am only *Radaniká*, Maitreya ; I can hold my tongue.

Mai. Nay, nay not so. (*they retire.*)

Char. (*Within the house, to Vasantasénu.*) *Radaniká*, my boy *Rohaséna* must have enjoyed the breeze long enough, he will be chilled by the evening dews ; take him in, and cover him with this cloth.

Vas. (*apart.*) He mistakes me for one of the servants : (*takes the cloth and smells it*) scented with jasmine flowers, ha—then he is not all a philosopher.† (*retires.*)

Char. *Radaniká* carry *Rohasénu* to the inner apartment.

Vas. (*apart.*) Alas, my fortune gives me no admission to them.

Char. What no reply *Radaniká*—alas ! when a man has been unfortunate enough to have outlived his means,

* Literally. Of the colour of the flesh of the barkless radish. † Literally. This youth does not exhibit indifference

Nibakkalam mūlaka pési Anudāsīnam se jobbanam
baññam. parihāsēdī.

his best friends lose their regard, and old attachments change into dislike.

ENTER *Maitreya* and *Radaniká*.

Mai. Here sir, is *Radaniká*.

Char. Here—then who is this? not knowing her I have degraded her by the touch of my vestment.*

Vas. (*apart.*) Degraded—no, exalted.

Char. She looks like the waning moon, half hidden by autumnal clouds—fie, fie, another's wife—this is not a meet object for my regards.

Mai. (*Recognising Vasantaséná.*) A wife indeed, a pretty wife—Why Sir, this is *Vasantaséná*, a lady, who, having had the felicity of seeing you in the gardens of *Kámadéva's* temple, has taken it into her head to honour you with her affection.

Char. (*apart.*) Indeed; is this *Vasantaséná*.

What now avails it to return her love
In my declining fortunes; let it sink
Suppressed in silence, as a coward checks
The wrath he dares not utter.

Mai. I have a message too from the King's Brother-in-law.

Char. What.

Mai. Thus he sayst "A common wanton, hight *Vasan-*

* This instances the great reserve that separated the virtuous part of the sexes amongst the Hindus. To have touched the wife of another with the hem of the garment was a violation of her person. In the *Rájá Tarangini* the present of a fine vest to the Queen of Cashmir which had been stamped with the seal of the donor the king of Ceylon, and so far seemed to belong to him, is said to have occasioned a war between the princes.

† Like the missions in Homer, the messages are always repeated verbatim.

taséni covered with gold upon gold, like the chief of a troop of comedians, about to act a new play, saw you in the garden of *Kdmadévú's* temple, and took a fancy to you. Having put us to the trouble of violence to secure her,"—

Vas. "Violence to secure her;" oh I am honored by such words.

Mai. "She fled, and has taken refuge in your house; if you will give her up, and put her yourself into my hands without litigation, her delivery shall be rewarded with my most particular regard, but if you will not put her forth, depend upon my eternal and exterminating enmity."

Char. (*With disdain.*) He is a fool.

(*To himself.*) She would become a shrine—

The pride of wealth
Presents no charm to her, and she disdains
The palace she is roughly bid to enter;
Nor makes she harsh reply, but silent leaves
The man she scorns, to waste his idle words.
Lady—I knew you not, and thus unwittingly
Mistaking you for my attendant, offered you
Unmeet indignity, I bend my head,
In hope of your forgiveness.

Vas. Nay Sir I am the offender, by intruding into a place of which I am unworthy; it is my head, that must be humbled in reverence and supplication.

Mai. Very pretty on both sides; and whilst you two stand there, nodding your heads to each other like blades of grain in a rice field, permit me to bend mine, although in the style of a young camel's stiff knees, and request, that you will be pleased to hold yourselves upright again.

Char. Be it so; no further ceremony.

Vas. (*aside.*) How kind his manner, how pleasing his expression, but it is not proper for me to remain longer ; let me think.—It shall be so. (*aloud.*) Sir, respected Sir, if truly I have found favour in your sight, permit me to leave these ornaments in your house : it was to rob me of them, that the villains I fled from, pursued me.

Char. This house, Lady, is unsuited to such a trust.

Vas. Nay, worthy Sir, you do not speak me true—Men, and not houses, are the things we trust to.

Char. *Maitréya*, take the trinkets.

Vas. You have obliged me.

Mai. Much obliged to your Ladyship. (*taking them.*)

Char. Blockhead, this is but a trust.

Mai. (*to him apart.*) What if they should be stolen.

Char. They will be here but a short time.

Mai. What she has given us, is ours.

Char. I shall send you about your business.

Vas. Worthy Sir, I could wish to have the safeguard of this, your friend's company, to return home.

Char. *Maitréya*, attend the Lady.

Mai. Go yourself ; you are the properest person ; attending her graceful form as the stately swan upon his mate. I am but a poor Brahman, and should as soon as be demolished by these libertines, as a meat offering in the market place by the dogs.

Char. Well, well—I will attend her, and for further security on the road let the torches be prepared.

Mai. What ho—*Verddhamána*, (*Enter Servant*) light the flambeaus.

Verd. (*to him*) You dunderhead ; how are they to be lighted without oil.

Mai. (*apart to Char.*) To say the truth Sir, our torches are like harlots, they shine not in poor men's houses.*

Char. Never heed—we shall not need a torch.

Pale as the maiden's cheek who pines with love,

The moon is up, with all its starry train—

And lights the royal road with lamps divine,

Whilst through the intervening gloom, its rays

Of milky white, like watery showers descend.

(*They proceed.*) This, Lady, is your dwelling.† (*Vasanta-séná makes an obeisance and exit.*)

Come my friend, let us return—

The road is solitary, save where the watch ;

Performs his wonted round : the silent night—

Fit season only for dishonest acts,

* The original contains a pun upon the word *Sneha*, which means oil, or affection--the one has no love, the other has no oil.

† Either the space appropriated to the stage was more spacious than we can conceive, or this progress to a dwelling evidently intended to be remote, must be left in a great measure to the imagination. On the Greek Stage the characters were not unfrequently supposed to be advancing from some distance whilst the Chorus was singing, and in the Latin Comedy, a character is often spoken of as

near at hand, some time before he takes part in the dialogue. On the Spanish Stage a transit of a similar nature was performed, as in *Courtesy, not Love* ;

where the first part of the scene lies amongst rocks and woods, and presently without any apparent change we find one of the characters say

“How heedlessly have we advanced

Even to the palace gates:
and see where stand

Ladies in the Balcony”

Iloræ Hispanicæ. Blackwood's Magazine. No. C.

Should find us not abroad—

As to this casket, let it be your charge

By night, by day it shall be *Verddhamána's*.

Mai. As you command. (*Exeunt.*)

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE VASANTASENA'S HOUSE.*

ENTER A FEMALE ATTENDANT.

I am sent to *Vasantaséná* with a message from her mother ; I will therefore enter and deliver it to her. Ah, there she sits, she seems uneasy, I must approach her.

(*Vasantaséná* discovered seated.† *Madanikú* attending.)

* The plan of this and subsequent scenes, requires a similar arrangement as the first, or the stage to be divided transversely by a curtain, each being a double Scene, or the inside and outside of the house. There might have not been even this ceremony, the characters, whose business was over, merely making way for the new comers without leaving the stage, or being in any formal way separated from it. A case of this kind occurs in an old English Play. *Monsieur D'Olive*, by Chapman. Act 3, Scene 1. where the Duke, Duchess, and train pass over the stage to see the Earl of Anne's unburied wife ; pause and talk, yet take no notice of the Earl and his brother, who were in previous possession of the Scene, and who remain on it when the rest depart, resuming their discourse as if nothing had occurred to interrupt them.

† In the original "Enter seated" *ásanasthá pravisati*, a rather preposterous stage direction, but not without a parallel in the British Drama. Thus in *THE PINNER OF WAKEFIELD*. *Enter a Shoemaker sitting upon the stage at work* : in 'TIS PITY SHE IS A WHORE, Dodsley's edition, *Enter the Friar in his study, sitting in a chair*. In the same piece, *Enter Giovanni and Annabella lying on a bed*, and

Vas. Well girl you must then—

Mad. Then—when—Madam, you have given me no orders.

Vas. What said I.

Mad. You said Girl, you must then—

Vas. True.

Atten. (*Approaches.*) Madam your mother desires that you will perform your ablutions and come to worship.

Vas. Tell my lady mother, child, that I shall not attend to day ; let the Brahman proceed with the ceremony.

Atten. As you command. (*Exit.*)

Mad. Dear madam, affection not malice compels me to ask what you meant to say.

Vas. Why *Madaniká*, what think you of me.

Mad. I should guess from your being so absent that you are in love.

Vas. Well said *Madaniká*, you are a judge of what others feel it should seem.

Mad. Excuse me, but Cupid is a resistless God, and holds his holiday in the breast of youth : so tell me, what prince or courtier does my lady serve.

IN THE LOVER'S MELANCHOLY, *Enter Meleander on a couch.* This sort of direction is constant in the old Editions, and leaves it to be inferred that the characters had no alternative but to walk in and occupy the chair or bed, which latter the property man, as Malone observes, was ordered to thrust upon the stage, when a bed chamber was to be represented. The Greeks had some device for this purpose, although it does not appear very distinctly what. The Encyclema as described by Julius Pollux appears to have been a raised platform with a seat and to have turned on a pivot, and the open side, being made to face the audience, discovered the character sitting, as Euripides in the *Acharnians* and Sophocles in the *Clouds*.

Vas. I pretend *Madaniká* to be a mistress, not a slave.

Mad. What young and learned Brahman then is it that you love.

Vas. A Brahman is to be venerated not loved.

Mad. It must be a merchant then, rich with the collected wealth of the many countries he has visited.

Vas. Nay *Madaniká* it were very ill advised to fix my affections on a trader to foreign lands ; his repeated absence would subject me to a life of incessant grief.

Mad. Neither a prince nor a courtier, a Brahman nor a merchant ; who then can he possibly be.

Vas. *Madaniká*, you were with me in the garden of *Kámadéva's* temple.

Mad. I was madam.

Vas. Then why do you ask me as if you knew nothing.

Mad. Ah, now I know, he in whose house you told me you had taken refuge.

Vas. How is he called.

Mad. He lives near the Exchange.*

Vas. I asked you his name.

Mad. His well selected name is *Chárudatta*.

Vas. Right, *Madaniká*, right, girl, now you know all.

Mad. Is it so.—(*aside.*) But lady it is said that he is very poor.

Vas. I love him nevertheless : no longer let the world believe that a courtesan is insensible to a poor man's merit.

Mad. Yet lady do the bees swarm in the mango tree after it has shed its blossoms.

* *Se'thi Chattáreparibasadi* the *Se'ths*; or principal merchant or *Sreshthi Chatware prativasati*. He lives in the street of

Vas. Therefore are they called wantons.*

Mad. Well if he is the object of your affections, why not contrive an interview.

Vas. I have provided for it: the scheme must succeed: and although it is not easy to get access to him, yet it may be managed.

Mad. I suppose it was with this view that your ornaments were deposited in his hands.

Vas. You have a shrewd guess wench.

(THEY RETIRE.)

Scene—a Street, with an open Temple, noise behind.

Hola Sirs, hola—Yon gambler has lost ten *Suverías*, and is running off without paying—stop him, stop him, ah I see you, there you go—Stop, stop.

ENTER *The Samvákha kastily*.†

Curse on my gambling propensities; I am kicked by an ass, as it were by a she ass just broke away from her first halter; I am picked up by a pike‡ like *Ghatoúcatcha* by the

* The original is a Pun on *Apati* a screen, and *Kshepa* the word *Madhukaras*, honey-makers or beggars. throwing.

† A person employed to knead and chafe the limbs. The stage direction for his entrance implies a curtain. He enters as the manuscripts of this piece, both text and comment have it *Apatakshepa* which might be rendered, not putting aside the curtain, breaking through it in some part, expressing hurry and fright: in other plays, however the phrase is *Apatikshepa*—throwing up the curtain, from

‡ The sense of this passage is rather obscure, but there can be no doubt that Puns are intended, and that *Gadhi* or *Gardabhi*, meaning a She Ass, as well as *Sacti* a dart or pike, imply something else in this place—perhaps they signify the implements of play, cards or dice: the commentator is evidently at a loss, but is inclined to consider them to mean coins, which is not impossible.

dart of *Karna**—no sooner did I see the master of the table† intent upon the writings, than I started: now I have got

* The demon *Ghatokacha* was killed by *Karna*, with a lance given him by *Indra*, the story is told in the *Mahabharat*, and is translated in the 13th vol. of the *As. Res.*

‡ The *Sabhika* is said in the *Mitákshará* to be a person who presides at houses where assemblies are held for purposes of gambling, and who provides the dice and all other materials. The *Agni Purána* which, in the law chapters, is identically the same with the text of *Yájnyawalkya*, gives the following description of the *Sabhika's* duties, and the laws of the gaming table. "The *Sabhika* is entitled to five per cent. on money won at play, whenever the sum exceeds one hundred; if it fall short of that amount he is to receive ten per cent. In return for the protection of the king, he shall pay to the royal treasury a fixed proportion of his profits.—It is his business to collect from the unsuccessful party, whatever sums they may have lost, and transfer them to the winners, and it becomes him to do this civilly, and to adjust the payment on liberal and lenient terms. In all licen-

sed gaming houses, where the royal dues are regularly paid, the king should enforce the payment of all sums lost, but he should not interfere with gaming houses of a different class. In all disputes, those who have been lookers on are to be witnesses, and if any foul play or false dice be proved against a gambler, he shall be branded and banished the kingdom. The king shall appoint proper officers to attend at gambling houses, and secure all dishonest characters—the same rules are applicable to cock-pits and other similar places, where animals are set to fight for wagers." The legal sanction thus given to gambling, is very different from the sturdy and moral notions expressed by *Menu*--who directs kings to prohibit such practices in their dominions, and even to punish with death, those who engage in them themselves, or induce others to do so. *Menu Sanhitá*, IX. 221 and 224--but Regulations of either tendency are manifest indications of considerable progress in the vices of civilized society.

away from them, where can I conceal myself; the gamster and the master are at my heels. Here is an empty Temple, I will walk backwards into it, and take my stand as its Deity. (*Enters the Temple.*)

ENTER *Máthura, the keeper of the Gaming House, and the Gambler.*

Math. Hola Sirs, stop him, stop him.

Gam. Though you hide in hell, or take shelter with *Indra*, you shall not escape: *Rudra* himself cannot protect you from the keeper of a gaming house.

Math. Whither, you deceiver of a courteous publican have you flown: you are shaking with fear, every limb of you, I know it by your irregular foot-marks, as your feet have slipped and stumbled over the ground.

Gam. So far he has run, but here the track is lost.

Math. Hey, the foot-marks are all reversed. This Temple had no image in it: oh the villain, he has walked backward into it.

Gam. Let us after him.

Math. Agreed. (*Enter the Temple, and signify in dumb show to each other the discovery of the Samváhaka.*)

Gam. Is this image think you of wood.

Math. No, it appears to me to be of stone. (*They shake and pinch the Samváhaka.*) Never mind it, let us sit down and play out our game. (*they play.*)

Sam. (*Who gradually expresses an interest in watching the game.*) The rattling of the dice are as tantalizing to a man without a penny as the sound of a drum to a king without a kingdom. I shall not play I know: gambling is as bad as being pitched from the top of mount *Meru*, and yet like the *Cöils* song, the sound of the dice is really bewitching.

Gam. The throw is mine.

Math. No no, it is mine.

Sam. (*Forgetting himself and jumping off the pedestal.*)

No no, it is mine.

Gam. The man is taken.

Math. (*Seizing the Samváhaka.*) Now, you scoundrel, we have you ; where are the ten *Suvernás*.*

Sam. I will pay them in the course of the day.

Math. Pay them now.

Sam. Have patience, and you shall be paid.

Math. I must be paid immediately.

Sam. Oh dear, oh lord, my head. (*Falls down as in a swoon. They beat him.*)

Math. You are fast now in the gaming ring.†

* A *Suverna* is a weight of gold which according to different data varies from 105 grains to 227. As the same with the *Tola* in common use it should be Grs. 224½, but the original authorities should perhaps be our guides in this place, and we may reckon the *Suverna* at the lower weight or 105 Grs. It may be estimated in value at about Rupees 8. 14 or 18s. 6d.—It is here evidently intended to represent a coin as well as a weight like our ancient penny and pound. It does not follow because coins were weights, that therefore they could not be coins, and such an inference is contradicted by the history of all money.

Pausanias probably made some such mistake, when he asserted that “the Indians although their country abounded with metals, had no coins.” That they had coins is proved not only by the sense of the term *Suverna* here, but by the probable sense of the words *Gadhi* and *Sacti* noticed above, and that of the *Nán'aka* in page 25, note, which according to the comment, means pieces bearing the figure of *Siva*.

† Literally *Judia mandali-e baddhosi*, the meaning of *Mandali*, here is no doubt technical, and its precise import is not understood.

Sam. (*Rising and expressing pain.*) It is very hard that you will not give me a little time ; where am I to get the money.

Math. Give me a pledge then.

Sam. Very well. (*Taking the Gamester aside.*) I tell you what, I will pay you half the money if you will forgive the rest.

Gam. Agreed.

Sam. (*To Máthura aside.*) I will give you security for half the debt, if you cry quits for the other half.

Math. Agreed.

Sam. (*To the Gamester aloud.*) You let me off half the debt,

Gam. I do.

Sam. And you give up half. (*to the Subhika.*)

Math. Yes, I do.

Sam. Then good-morning to you Gentlemen. (*going.*)

Math. Hola, not so fast, where are you going.

Sam. See here, my masters—oue has forgiven me one half, and the other has let me off another half; is it not clear that I am quits for the whole?

Math. Hark ye friend, my name is Máthura ; I know a thing or two, and am not to be done in this way : so down directly with the whole sum.

Sam. Where am I to get it.

Math. Sell your father.

Sam. Where is my father.

Math. Sell your mother.

Sam. Where is she.

Math. Sell yourself.*

* A creditor is authorised by the old Hindu Law to enforce payment of an acknowledged debt by blows, the detention of

Sam. Well, well, be pacified, take me upon the highway.

Math. Come along.

Sam. I am coming. (*They proceed.*) What ho, good worthy friends, pray some one buy me of this gambler for ten *Suverñas*.

*Passenger.** What noise is that.

Sam. I will be your servant, your slave; gone and no reply—well, try again: who buys, who buys; will no one buy me of this gambler for ten *Suverñas*, he has passed and not said a syllable; ah luckless me, ever since the noble *Chárudatta* came to poverty, I prosper only in misfortunes.

Math. Come, come—give me the money.

Sam. How should I give it. (*Falls and is dragged along by Muthura.*) Murder, murder, help—protect me.

ENTER *Darduraka*.

Gambling is to the gamester an empire without a throne; he never anticipates defeat, but levies tribute from all, and liberally disburses what he obtains: he enjoys the revenues of a prince, and counts the opulent amongst his servants—money, wife, friends, all are to be won at the gaming table, and all is gained, all possessed, and all lost at play. Let me see *Tray* carried off every thing; *Deuce* set my skin crawling; *Ace* settled the point and *Doublets*† ãished me completely. Ha, here's my acquaintance, the keeper of the gaming house,

the debtor's person, and compelling him to work in his service: this treatment of the *Samráhaka* therefore however barbarous is perfectly legal.

* *Akás* is the stage direction, a voice in the air, but this stage direction supposes a very

thin company: none to act
Mob.

† The terms here used in the original are not familiar to the Hindus of the present day. They are *Treta*, *Pávava*, *Nardita* and *Ka'ta*, for these the commentary substitutes *Tiya*, *Duwa*, *Nak-*

Málhura : I will wrap myself up so as not to be known—
Eh, this vest is rather thread-bare ; it is embellished with

ki and *Púra*, or Three, Two, Ace and Four. If correct the game alluded is a kind of Hazard : it is played upon a table or cloth, with four compartments called severally, *Nakki*, *Dua*, *Tiya* and *Chouk* or *Pura*, and by any number of players. Each stakes upon one or other of the compartments, whatever sum the Caster will set him in ; the Caster has sixteen Cowries, which he shakes in his hands and throws on the ground ; those that fall with the valve uppermost are counted, and according as they correspond to either of the divisions, that division sweeps the table : the mode of counting them refers to the favourite mode of telling off articles in India by fours ; and the numbers of one, two, &c. are not only those numbers simply, but the same in excess above four and its multiples ; thus *Nakki* or Ace is counted by one, five, nine or thirteen cowries. *Dua* or *Deuce* by two, six, ten and fourteen. *Tiya* or *Tray*, by three, seven, eleven and fifteen ; and *Pura*, by four, eight, twelve and sixteen. There is reason to doubt, however, whether the Commentator is correct, and the word *Nardita* presents some trace of

the word *Nerd* ; the game presented to the Indians by the Persians in exchange for Chess ; invented according to *Firdusi* by *Buzerjmehr* ; but improved by him according to other traditions, noticed by the author of the *Burhankati* ; the Arabic authorities quoted by Hyde, refer it to *Shapur*, or his son *Arde-shir* of the Sasanian dynasty ; but as he observes the invention is more usually ascribed to *Palamedes* at the siege of Troy ; it is undoubtedly an ancient game, and was probably familiarly known to all the eastern nations long before the time of *Nushirvan* ; the Indians as well as others ; and if they invented Chess, they might very naturally have elaborated it, out of this game, their *Chouper* or *Chaturanga*, a word which seems to be the original of *Shatrenj* or *Shatrenj*, *Zatrikion*, *Echecs*, *Scacchi*, *Chess*, and which is applicable to the game as played with four bodies or armies. Sir William Jones was informed, that Indian Chess was so played, but there is no satisfactory proof of this, and it may be doubted whether any other game of tables than *Chouper* is traceable in Sanscrit works. There is a

sundry holes. It makes but a sorry covering, and looks best folded up. (*Folds up his upper cloth after examining it, and puts it under his arm.*) Never mind him; what can he do to me; I can stand with one foot on the ground, and the other in the air, as long as the sun is in the heavens.

Math. Come, come, your money.

Sam. Whence is it to be got.

Dard. What is going on here.

Passen. This gambler is getting a thrashing from the *Sabhika*; and no body will take his part.

Dard. Indeed, then I must interfere I see, (*approaches.*) Make way here; heigh Sirs: *Máthura*, that rogue, and the *Samváhaka*; the wretch, whose head is hanging below his heels at sun set, whose back is variegated with stripes and bruises, and whose legs are daily nibbled by the dogs; what has he with his lank emaciated carcase to do with gambling; I must appease *Máthura*. Good day *Máthura*.

Math. Good day, Good day.

Dar. What are you at here.

Math. This fellow owes me ten *Suvern'as*.

Dar. *A trifle, a trifle.

Math. (*Snatching Darduraka's ragged cloth from him.*) See here my masters, here is a pretty fellow, in a ragged robe, to call ten *Suvern'as* a trifle.

striking resemblance between the *Pásas* of the Hindus, and *Pessos* of the Greeks, the latter of which Hyde identifies with dice used in the *Nerdiludium*. and their authority is preferable to that of Pope, who renders it *Chess*, but makes it out something very different in his note on the passage.

Wodhull the translator of *Euripedes*, adopts the same version,

* Literally, a morning meal, a breakfast, *Kalpa. verttam*.

Dar. Why you blockhead, how often do I stake ten *Suvernas* on a throw : what is a man to do with his money, carry it in his waistband :* but you ; you are villain enough for the sake of ten *Suvernas*, to demolish the five senses of a man.

Math. Keep your *Suvernas* for your morning meal, if you like : this is my property.

Dar. Very well ; hear me, give him other ten *Suvernas*, and let him play you for the whole.

Math. How so.

Dar. If he wins he shall pay you the money.

Math. And if he lose.

Dar. Then he shall not pay.

Math. Go to, you talk nonsense—Will you give it—My name's *Máthura*, I am a cheat, and win other men's money unfairly : what then—I am not to be bullied by such a blackguard as you.

Dar. Whom do you call a blackguard.

Math. You are a blackguard.

Dar. Your father was a blackguard. (*makes signs to the Samváhaka to escape.*)

Math. You son of a slave† are you not a gambler yourself.

Dar. Me—do you call me a gambler.

* The Natives of India commonly carry money tied up in one end of a cloth which is bound round their loins, or sometimes thrown over their shoulders.

† *Gosáviya putta*, which the Commentator explains *Ganiká* or *résyá putra* : this term of abuse is of all perhaps most widely disseminated, and in the languages of Spain and England is as native as in *Prakrit*.

Math. Enough, enough, come, do you pay the ten *Su-
vernas.* (to the *Samvákaka.*)

Sam. I will pay them to day.

Math. (Drags him along.)

Dar. You villain ; no one shall maltreat the poor in my presence.

Math. (Gives the *Samvákaka* a blow on the nose ; it bleeds ; the *Samvákaka* on seeing his blood faints, and falls on the ground—*Darduraka* approaches, gets between him and *Máthura*, and a scuffle ensues: they pause.)

Math. You villain, you son of a slave, you shall suffer for this.

Dar. You fool ; you have assaulted me on the King's highway—you shall see tomorrow in Court, whether you are to beat people in this manner.

Math. Ah ha ; yes, yes, I shall see ; depend upon it.

Dar. How so ; how will you see.

Math. How : why : So, to be sure. (thrusting his face forward.)

Dar. (Throws a handful of dust into his eyes, *Máthura* cries out with pain, and falls ; the *Samvákaka* recovers, and according to *Darduraka's* gesticulations makes his escape.)

Dar. *Máthura* is a man of some weight here, that's certain ; I had better therefore take myself off—my friend *Sarvillaka* told me, that a cunning man has prophesied to a Cowherd, named *Aryaka*, that he shall be king, and people like myself are flocking to him accordingly : my plan is to join him with the rest. [Exit.

Scene—Vasantaséna's House outside and inside.

ENTER *The Samvákaka* wandering about.

(Interior) The door of this house is open, I will enter it. (Enters and sees *Vasantaséna*) Lady, I seek protection.

Vas. It is offered you; fear nothing. *Madaniká* shut the door—What do you fly from.

Sam. A creditor.

Vas. Secure the door. (*to Madaniká*)

Sam. (*To himself.*) She seems to be as much afraid of a creditor as myself; so much the better; he that takes a burthen suited to his strength will not slip by the way, nor perish in the thicket: my situation is duly known here it seems.

ENTER *Outside of the House, Ma'thura and the Gambler.*

Math. (*Rubbing his Eyes.*) The money, I say; I will have the money.

Gam. Sir, whilst we were struggling with *Darduraka*, the other rogne has run off.

Math. The villain—but I have flattened his nose for him, we shall track him by the blood.

Gam. He has entered here. (*stops at Vasantasénú's door*)

Math. The ten *Suvernás* are gone.

Gam. Let us complain to the Prince.

Math. In the mean time, the scoundrel will come forth and escape. No—let us wait here; we shall have him yet.

Inside of the House.

Vas. (*Makes signs to Madaniká.*)

Mud. (*To the Samvákaka*) My mistress Sir, wishes to know whence you are; who you are; what you are; and what you are afraid of.

Sam. I will tell you. I was born Lady at *Pátaliputra*; I am the son of a householder, and follow the profession of a *Samvákaka*.

Vas. Were you trained to this effeminate occupation.*

Sam. I learnt the practice, Lady, to get a livelihood.

Mad. So far so good—proceed.

Sam. Whilst living in my father's house, I heard travellers talk of distant countries, and felt curious to visit them myself. Accordingly, I came to *Ujjayin*, where I entered into the service of a distinguished person, whose like, for an engaging figure, and courteous speech, never yet acknowledged kindness or forgot offence—enough said; he only values his consequence as it enables him to do good, and cherish all who seek his protection.

Mad. Who is this that so graces *Ujjayin*, having stolen the good qualities my Lady loves.

Vas. Right *Madaniká*; my heart suggests to me the same enquiry.

Mad. Proceed.

Sam. This Gentleman having by his munificent bounty—

Vas. Lavished all his wealth

Sam. How should your Ladyship know—I have not yet told you this.

Vas. I need no telling: worth and wealth are rarely found together: the pool is full to the brim, whose water is unfit for drinking.

Mad. Oblige us with his name.

Sam. To whom is the appellation of that earthly moon unknown, entitled to universal eulogium; his habitation is near the Exchange: his name is *Chárudatta*

* She calls it a *Sukumára Ká-* in conformity with European *lá*, a very soft art; perhaps not ideas is attached to it in the intending the exact sense which translation.

Vas. (*Springs from her seat*) Girl, Girl, a seat—this House is your's Sir, pray be seated, a fan, wench—quick ; our worthy guest is fatigued.*

Sam. (*To himself.*) Such respect from the simple utterance of *Chárudatta's* name. Bravo, excellent *Chárudatta*—you in this world, live ; other men only breathe. (*falls at Vasantaséná's feet.*) Pray Lady, resume your seat.

Vas. (*Sitting down*) Where is your wealthy dun.

Sam. He is truly wealthy†—who is rich in good acts, although he own not perishable riches ; he who knows how to honour others, knows how his honour may be best deserved.

Vas. Proceed.

Sam. I was made by that Gentleman one of his personal attendants, but in his reduced circumstances, being necessarily discharged, I took to play, and by a run of ill luck have lost ten *Suvernus*.

Math. (*Without.*) I am robbed ; I am plundered.

Sam. Hear, Lady, hear ; those two gamblers are lying wait for me ; what is your Ladyship's will.

Vas. *Madaniká* the birds are fluttering about, and rustling in the leaves of the adjoining tree ; go to this poor fellow's pursuers, and say to them, that he sends them this jewel in payment.

Mad. As you command.

[*Exit.*

* This might he thought a little extravagant, but it is not without a parallell in European flattery, and from motives less reputable. Lewis the 14th having one day sent a footman to the Duke of Monbazon with a letter, the Duke who happened to be at dinner made the footman

take the highest place at his table and afterwards accompanied him to the Court yard because he came from the king.

† The connexion of the reply, with *Vasantaséná's* question turns upon the word *Dhanika*, which means a rich man as well as a creditor.

(*Outside of the house.*)

Math. I am robbed.

Madaniká enters by the side door unobserved.

Mad. These two, by their casting such anxious looks up to the House, their agitation, their close conference, and the diligence with which they watch the door, must be the gambler and the keeper of the gaming house I salute you Sir.

Math. Joy be with you wench.

Mad. Which of you two is the master of the gaming house.

Math. He, my graceful damsel, whom you now address, with pouting lip, soft speech, and wicked eye—but get you gone ; I have nothing for you.

Mad. If you talk thus, you are no gambler ; what, have you no one in your debt.

Math. Yes, there is a fellow owes me ten *Suvernás*: what of him.

Mad. On his behalf, my Mistress sends,—nay, I mistake—he sends you this bracelet.

Math. Ha, ha—tell him, I take this as a pledge, and that he may come and have his revenge when he will. (*Exeunt severally.*)

Inside of the House.

ENTER *Madaniká.*

They have gone away Madam, quite pleased.

Vas. Now my friend depart, and relieve the anxiety of your family.

Sam. If there be any thing Lady in which I can be of use to you, employ me.

Vas. There is a higher claim upon your service ; you should still be ready to minister to him, by whom you were

once employed, and on whose account your skill was acquired.

Sam. The Lady discards me; how shall I requite her kindness. (*aloud.*) Lady as I find my profession only begets disgrace, I will become a *Bauddha* mendicant;* I tell you my design, and beg you will keep it in your recollection.

Vas. Nay, friend do nothing rashly.

Sam. I am determined, Lady. (*g ing.*) In bidding adieu to gambling the hands of men are no longer armed against me: I can now hold up my head boldly as I go along the public road. (*a noise behind the scenes.*) What is the matter now.

(*Behind the Scenes.*) *Vasantaséná's* hunting elephant has broken loose.

Sam. I must go and see this furious beast; yet why should I, as I purpose a pious life. [*Exit.*

A continued clamour without till Karnapura enters hastily.

Kar. Where is my Lady?

Mad. You unmannerly fellow; what ails you, cannot you see your Mistress, and address her fittingly?

Kar. Lady, I salute you.

* Literally a *Sákya Sramanaka*, *Sakka Samanake*. The expression is rather remarkable, for it decides an important point in the religious history of the Hindus. The *Sermanes* or *Germanes* of the days of *Alexander* have been supposed to be *Bauddha* ascetics only. Mr. Colebrooke, however has shewn, that the term *Sramana* is not restricted to the *Bauddha* sect, but is equally applicable to any ascetic, and although the probable original of *Sarmanes* and *Samanæans*, and usually expressing a *Bauddha*, it does not necessarily bear that import. This assertion is here confirmed, as the author thinks it necessary to add *Sakya* to *Sramanaka*, to imply a mendicant the follower of *Sakya Muni*, or last living *Buddha*.

Vas. *Karnapuraka*, you seem highly pleased with something, what is it?

Kar. You have lost a great deal to day, in not witnessing your humble servant's achievement.

Vas. What achievement?

Kār. Only hear; your Ladyship's fierce Elephant *Khuntamoraka** killed his keeper, and broke his chain—he then scoured off along the high road, making a terrible confusion. The people shouted and screamed—'Carry off the children, get up the trees, climb the walls, the Elephant is coming.' Away, went girdles and anklets; and pearls and diamonds were scattering about in all directions—there he was, plunging about in *Ujyain*, and tearing every thing to pieces with his trunk, his feet and his tusks, as if the city had been a large tank full of Lotus flowers. A mendicant came in his way, the elephant broke his staff, water pot, and platter, sprinkled him with water from his trunk, and held him up between his tusks; all cried out the holy man will be killed.

Vas. Alas! alas!

Kar. Dont be alarmed: only hear: seeing him thus at large, and handling the holy man so roughly, I *Karnapuraka*, my Lady's humblest slave, determined to rescue the mendicant and punish my Gentleman, so I quickly snatched up an iron bar, and approaching him sidelong made a desperate blow at the animal.

Vas. Go on.

Kar. Big as he was, like the peaks of *Vindhya*, I brought him down and saved the Saint.

* The name of the elephant *Khunta Moraka*, which is given in the text is said to be a Mahratta compound, signifying the breaker of the post to which he is chained.

Vas. You have done well.

Kar. So every body said—well done, *Karnapuraka*, well done ; for all *Ujayin*, in a panic, like a boat ill laden was heaped on one spot, and one person, who had no great matter of dress to boast of himself, turning his eyes upwards, and fetching a deep sigh, threw this garment over me.

Vas. Does it smell of *Jasmines*.

Kar. The smell of the elephant's frontal moisture is still in my nostrils, so I cannot tell how the garment smells.

Vas. Is there any name on it—see, see.

Kar. Here are letters, your Ladyship will best be able to read them.*

Vas. (*Reads.*) *Chárudatta.* (*throws the cloth round her with delight.*)

Mad. How well the garment becomes our mistress, does it not.

Kar. (*Sulkily.*) Yes it becomes her well enough.

Vas. *Karnapuraka*—be this your recompense. (*gives him an ornament.*)

Kar. (*Puts it to his head and bows.*) Now, indeed the garment sets as it should do.

Vas. Where did you leave *Chárudatta*?

Kar. Going home I believe, along this road.

Vas. (*To Madanika.*) Quick Girl, quick ; up, on this terrace, and we may yet catch a glimpse of him. (*Exeunt.*)

* The art of marking on Linen was therefore known to the Hindus.

ACT III.

CHARUDATTA'S HOUSE, (*outside and inside.*)

ENTER *Verdhamána* (*inside.*)

A worthy kind master, even though he be poor, is the delight of his servants; whilst a morose haughty fellow who has only his wealth to boast of, is a constant vexation. There is no changing nature; nothing can keep an ox out of a field of corn, nor stop a man who covets another's wife: There is no parting a gamester from the dice, and there is no remedy for an innate defect. My excellent master, has gone to a concert; it is not quite midnight I suppose: I need not expect his return yet awhile, I shall therefore take a nap in the hall. (*sleeps.*)

ENTER (*outside.*)

Charúdatta and Maitreya.

Char. Excellent, excellent indeed; *Rebhila* sang most exquisitely.

Although not ocean born, the tuneful *Vina**
Is most assuredly a gem of heaven—
Like a dear friend it cheers the lonely heart,
And lends new lustre to the social meeting.
It lulls the pain that absent lovers feel,
And adds fresh impulse to the glow of passion.

* The Hindu lute: a description of it may be seen in the 1st vol. of the *Researches*: it is an instrument of much sweetness and compass, but little power. At the churning of the ocean

Mai. Come Sir, let us get home.

Char. In truth, brave *Rebhila*, 'twas deftly sung.

Mai. Now to me, there are two things, at which I cannot chuse but laugh, a woman reading Sanscrit, and a man singing a song; the woman snuffles like a young cow, when the rope is first passed through her nostrils,* and the man wheezes like an old Pundit. who has been repeating his bead roll, till the flowers of his chaplet are as dry as his throat: to my seeming it is vastly ridiculous.

Char. What my good friend, were you not pleased to night,

With *Rebhila's* fine execution?—

Smooth were the tones, articulate and flowing,

by the Gods and demons, various persons and articles were recovered from the deep—these are called *Retnas* or gems and the popular enumeration of them is fourteen—or *Lakshmi* the Goddess of Beauty, *Dhanwantari* the physician of the Gods, the *Apsarases* or Nymphs of Indra's heaven, *Surá* the Goddess of Wine, the Moon, the Jewel worn by Krishna, the All bestowing Tree, the Cow of abundance, the Elephant of Indra, His Steed, Poison and Ambrosia; the other two are the Bow of Vishnu and his *Sankh* or Shell; but they are not generally included in the Pauranic lists, and even the Bhagavat and Vishnu Purana omit them—In one place the Padma Purana gives but ele-

ven omitting the *Kaustubha* or gem of Krishna; in another, the *Ultara Khanda*, it enumerates nine, and the list is rather peculiar; it runs; Poison, the goddess of misfortune; the goddess of wine; sloth; the *Apsarases*; the elephant of Indra; Lakshmi; the Moon; the Tulasi plant. The *Mahábhárat* specifies but nine omitting the Cow and Tree of Plenty and the beauties of *Swer-ga*.

* The rein in draft cattle is passed through the cartilaginous septum of the nose. The fashion seems to have been a European one in former times; thus *Iago* says of *Othello*,

He will as tenderly be led by the nose,

As asses are.

With graceful modulation, sweet and pleasing,
 And fraught with warm and passionate expression;
 So that I often thought the dulcet sounds
 Some female, stationed covertly must utter.
 Still echoes in my ears the soothing strain,
 And as I pace along, methinks I hear
 The liquid cadence, and melodious utterance.
 The *Vin's* sweet notes, now gently undulating,
 Now swelling high, now dying to a close—
 Sporting awhile in desultory descant,
 And still recurring to the tasteful theme.*

Mai. Come my friend the very dogs in the high road,
 through the market place, are fast asleep, let us go home—
 See, see, the moon ascends from his mansion in the skies,
 making his way through the darkness.

Char. True have you said. From his high palace bowed,
 And hastening to his setting, scanty gleams
 The waning moon, amidst the gathering gloom;
 In slender crescent, like the tusk's fine point,
 That peers above the darkening wave, where bathes
 Immersed, the stately monarch of the woods.

Mai. Here we are at home, hola *Verdhamána*, arise, and
 open the door.

Verd. (*Within.*) Hark, I hear *Maitreya's* voice, *Cháru-*
datta is returned, I must let him in. (*opens the door.*) Sir,

* Some liberties have been here unavoidably taken with the text, for the precise force of several of the technical terms employed, it is impossible to render without a familiarity with the musical theory of the Hindus, to which the translator makes no pretence: it is believed, however, that the deviation from their general tenour is not very excursive.

I salute you, you also *Maitreya*, here are the couches ready spread ; please you to repose. (*they enter and sit.*)

Mai. *Verdhamána* tell *Radanikú* to bring water for the feet.*

Char. Nay, nay, disturb not those who are asleep.

Verd. I will bring water, and *Maitreya* here can wash your feet.

Mai. Do you hear my friend the son of a slave, he is to hold the water, and he sets me, who am a *Bráhma*n, to wash your feet.

Char. Do you *Maitreya* hold the water, *Verdhamána* can perform the rest.

Verd. Come then, worthy *Maitreya*, pour out the water. (*Verdhamána washes Chárudatta's feet and is going.*)

Char. Nay *Verdhamána* wash the feet of the *Bráhma*n.

Mai. Never mind—it is of little use ; I must soon go, tramping over the ground again, like a jackass.

Verd. Most worthy *Maitreya*, you are a *Bráhma*n, are you ?

Mai. To be sure I am : like the *Boa* amongst serpents, so am I, a *Bráhma*n amongst *Bráhma*ns.

Verd. I cry you mercy ; that being the case, I will wash your feet. (*Does so.*) Now *Maitreya* this gold casket, of which I have had the charge by day ; it is your turn to take care of it. (*Gives it to him and exit.*)

Mai. So ; it is safe through the day—What, have we no thieves in *Ujain*, that no one could have carried off this

* Washing the feet upon a person's return home has always been the common practice of the oriental nations: it was equally the practice of the Greeks: thus *Philocteon* in the *Wasps*. Next my girl, sprightly nymph, brings her napkin and lymph, Feet and ancles are quick in ablution.

viler pilferer of my rest: pray let me carry it into the court yard.

Char. Impossible ; it has been left in trust ;
And is not to be parted with to any,
But the right owner ; *Bráhma*n, take heed to it.

(*Lies down.*)

Still do I hear the soothing strain.

Mai. Pray Sir, is it your intention to go to sleep ?

Char. Assuredly.

I feel the drowsy deity invade
My forehead, and descend upon my eyelids.
Sleep like a fever, viewless and variable,
Grows stronger in its triumph o'er our strength.

Mai. Very true, so let us go to sleep.

(*They Sleep.*)

ENTER *Servillaca* (*outside.*)

Creeping along the ground, like a snake, crawling out of his old skin, I effect with slight and strength, a passage for my cowering frame. (*looking up.*) The sovereign of the skies is in his decline: 'tis well: night, like a tender mother, shrouds with her protecting darkness, those of her children, whose prowess assails the dwellings of mankind, and shrinks from an encounter with the servants of the king. I have made a breach in the garden wall, and have got into the midst of the garden. Now for the house. Men call this practice infamous, whose chief success is gained from the sleep of others, and whose booty is won by craft. If not heroism, it is at least independence, and preferable to the homage paid by slaves. As to nocturnal attacks, did not *Aswattháma* long ago overpower in a night onset, his slum-

bering foes.* Where shall I make the breach ; what part is softened by recent damp ; where is it likely that no noise will be made by the falling fragments ; where is an opening secundum artem most practicable ; in what part of the wall are the bricks old, and corroded by saline exudations ; † where can I penetrate without encountering women ; ‡ and where am I likely to light upon my booty. (*feels the wall.*) The ground here is softened by continual sprinkling with water, and exposure to the sun, and is crusted with salt. Here is a rat hole. The prize is sure : this is the first omen of success, the sons of *Skanda* have laid down. Let me see : how shall I proceed. The God of the golden spear § teaches four modes of breaching a house ; picking out burnt bricks ; cutting through unbaked ones ; throwing water on a mud wall ; and boring through one of wood : this wall is of baked bricks ; they must be picked out : but I must give them a sample of my skill. Shall the breach be the lotus blossom, the full sun or the new moon, the lake, the *Swastika*, || or the water jar ? it must be something to astonish the natives ; the water jar looks best in a brick wall ; that shall be the shape. In other walls, that I have breached by night, the neighbours have had occasion, both

* This exploit forms the subject of a section of the *Mahābhārat*, the *Sauptika Parva*.

† These considerations, and much of what follows, are agreeably to the Thief's Manual, which is said to exist in Sanscrit, or a work on the *Chaurya Vidya*.—the Science of Thieving, ascribed to *Yogāchārya*, who

was taught the science by no less a person than the God *Kartikēya*, resembling in respect to the objects of this patronage, the Grecian Mercury.

‡ To be avoided either out of delicacy towards the sex or as a bad omen.

§ *Kartikēya*.

|| A Magical diagram so called.

to censure and approve my talents. Reverence to the prince *Kártikéya* the giver of all good; reverence to the God of the Golden Spear; to *Brahmanya*, the celestial champion of the celestials; the son of Fire.* Reverence to *Yogáchárya*, whose chief scholar I am, and by whom well pleased was the magic unguent† conferred upon me, anointed with which no eye beholds, nor weapon harms me—Shame on me, I have forgotten my measuring line; never mind; my Brahminical thread will answer the purpose: this thread is a most useful appendage to a *Brahman*, especially one of my complexion: it serves to measure the depth and height of walls, and to withdraw ornaments from their position; it opens a latch in a door, as well as a key, and is an excellent ligature for the bite of a snake; let us take measure, and go to work: so, so; (*extracting the bricks*) one brick alone remains—ha, hang it; I am bitten by a snake: (*ties the finger with the cord.*) 'tis well again, I must get on. (*looks in.*) How; a lamp, alight; the golden ray streaming through the opening in the wall, shows amidst the exterior darkness, like the yellow streak of pure metal on the touch stone. The breach is perfect—now to enter.‡ There

* These are all epithets of *Kártikéya*, who in his military character corresponds to the Grecian Mars. He seems to have lost his reputation as the patron of thieves, who more usually worship some of the forms of *Durga*.

† *Yogarochana*. *Yoga* here is abstract devotion observed for the purpose of obtaining supernatural power. What the article

is may be doubted, but *Rochaná* may be rendered unguent.

‡ He talks in the text, however of sending in a deputy first; the term is *Pratipurusha*, a pro-man or substitute: it is questionable however what is precisely meant here, especially as no further allusion is made to such a character: it is probably a slip of the author.

is no one. Reverence to *Kartikeya*, (*enters.*) Here are two men asleep ; let me set the outer door open to get off easily if there should be occasion—how it creaks, it is stiff with age, a little water will be of use. (*sprinkles the door and sets it open.*) so far, so well—now are these true sleepers or only counterfeits. (*he tries them.*) They are sound: the breathing is regular, and not fluttered ; the eye is fast, and firmly shut ; the body is all relaxed ; the joints are loose ; and the limbs protrude beyond the limits of the bed—if shamming sleep, they will not bear the gleam of the lamp upon their faces ; (*passes the lamp over their faces.*) All is safe. What have we here ; a drum, a tabor, a lute, pipes—and here are books ; why zounds have I got into the house of a dancer or a poet. I took it for the dwelling of some man of consequence, or I should have let it alone. Is this poverty or only the shew of poverty ; fear of thieves, or dread of the King. Are the effects hid under ground. Whatever is under ground is my property. Let us scatter the seed, whose sowing leaves nothing undiscernible. (*throws about seeds.*) The man is an absolute pauper, and so I leave him. (*going.*)

Mai. (*Dreaming.*) Master, they are breaking into the house. I see the thief—Here, here, do you take care of the gold casket.

Sar. How, does he perceive me ; does he mock me with his poverty ; he dies. (*approaching.*) Haply he dreams. (*looking at Maitreya.*) Eh sure enough ; there is in the light of the lamp something like a casket, wrapped up in a ragged bathing gown ; that must be mine—No, no, it is cruel to ruin a worthy man, so miserably reduced already. I will even let it alone.

Mai. (*Dreaming.*) My friend, if you do not take the

casket. may you incur the guilt of disappointing a cow, and of deceiving a *Brahman*.

Sar. These invocations are irresistible ; take it I must. Softly ; the light will betray me. I have the fire flapping insect to put it out. I must cast it into the lamp. (*takes out the insect.*) Place and time requiring let this insect fly. It hovers round the wick with the wind of its wings—the flame is extinguished. Shame, on this total darkness, or rather shame on the darkness with which I have obscured the lustre of my race : how well it suits, that *Sarvillaca*, a *Brahman*, the son of a *Brahman*, learned in the four *Védas*, and above receiving donations from others, should now be engaged in such unworthy courses, and why ? For the sake of a harlot, for the sake of *Madaniká*. Ah, well I must even go on, and acknowledge the courtesy of this *Brahman*.

Mai. (*Half awake.*) Eh, my good friend, how cold your hand is

Sar. Blockhead, I had forgotten, I have chilled my hand by the water I touched, I will put it to my side ; (*chafes his left hand on his side and takes the casket with it.*)

Mai. (*Still only half awake.*) Have you got it.

Sar. The civility of this *Brahman* is exceeding. I have it.

Mai. Now like a pedlar that has sold all his wares, I shall go soundly to sleep. (*sleeps.*)

Sar. Sleep, illustrious *Brahman*, may you sleep a hundred years. Fie on this love, for whose dear sake I thus bring trouble on a *Brahman's* dwelling—nay rather call down shame upon myself, and fie, and fie, upon this unmanly poverty, that urges me to deeds, which I must needs condemn—Now to *Vasantaséná* to redeem my beloved *Madaniká* with this night's booty. I hear footsteps ; should it be the

watch—what then—shall I stand here, like a post—no let *Scrillaka* be his own protection. Am I not a Cat in climbing, a Deer in running, a Snake in twisting, a Hawk in darting upon the prey, a Dog in baying Man, whether asleep or awake—in assuming various forms am I not *Máyá** herself, and *Saraswatí†* in the gift of Tongues. A Lamp in the night, a Mule in a defile, a Horse by land, a Boat by water, a Snake in motion, and a Rock in stability. In hovering about I compete with the King of Birds, and in an eye to the ground; am keener than the Hare. Am I not like a Wolf in seizing, and like a Lion in strength.

ENTER *Radaniká*.

Bless me what has become of *Verdhamána*; he was asleep at the hall door; but is there no longer. I must wake *Maitreya*. (*approaches.*)

Sar. (*Going to stab her.*) Ha, a woman—she is safe, and I may depart. [*Exit.*]

Rad. Oh, dear me, a thief has broken into the house, and there he goes out at the door—Why *Maitreya*, *Maitreya*; up, up, I say—A thief has broken into the house, and has just made his escape.

Mai. Eh, what do you say you foolish toad; a thief made his escape.

Rad. Nay this is no joke—see here.

Mai. What say you, hey, the outer door opened, *Cháru-datta*, friend, awake, a thief has been in the house, and has just made his escape.

Char. This is not an hour to jest.

Mai. It is true enough, as you may satisfy yourself.

* The personification of illusion and unreality.

† The wife of *Brahmá*, and goddess of learning and the arts.

Char. Where did he get in.

Mai. Look here. (*discovers the breach.*)

Char. Upon my word, a not unseemly fissure ; the bricks are taken out above and below, the head is small, the body large, there is really talent in this thief.

Mai. The opening must have been made by one of two persons : by a novice, merely to try his hand, or by a stranger to this city, for who in *Ujayin* is ignorant of the poverty of our mansion ?

Char. No doubt by a stranger, one who did not know the condition of my affairs, and forgot that those only sleep soundly, who have little to lose—Trusting to the external semblance of this mansion, erected in more prosperous times, he entered full of hope, and has gone away disappointed. What will the poor fellow have to tell his comrades—I have broken into the house of the son of the chief of a corporation, and found nothing.

Mai. Really, I am very much concerned for the luckless rogue—Ah ha, thought he, here is a fine house ; now for jewels, for caskets ;—(*recollecting*) By the bye, where is the casket ? oh, yes I remember ; ha, ha, my friend, you are apt to say of me—that blockhead *Maitreya*, that dunderhead *Maitreya* ; but it was a wise trick of mine to give the Casket to you : had I not done so, the villain would have walked off with it.

Char. Come, come, this jesting is misplaced.

Mai. Jestng—no, no ; blockhead though I be ; I know when a joke is out of season.

Char. When did you give the Casket to me.

Mai. When I called out to you, how cold your hand is.

Char. It must be so. (*looking about.*) My good friend, I am much obliged to your kindness.

Mai. Why ; is not the Casket stolen.

Char. It is stolen.

Mai. Then what have you to thank me for.

Char. That the poor rogue has not gone away empty handed.

Mai. He has carried off what was left in trust.

Char. How ; in trust, alas ! (*faints.*)

Mai. Revive, revive, Sir, though the thief has stolen the deposit, why should it so seriously affect you.

Char. Alas ! my friend who will believe it stolen.

A general ordeal waits me. In this world
Cold poverty is doomed to wake suspicion.
Alas, till now, my fortune only felt
The enmity of fate, but now it's venom,
Sheds a foul blight upon my dearer fame.

Mai. I tell you what. I will maintain that the Casket was never entrusted to us. Who gave it pray ; who took it ; where are your witnesses.

Char. Think you I can sanction thus a falsity,

No, no, I will beg alms, and so obtain,

The value of the pledge, and quit its owner,

But cannot condescend to shame my soul,

By utterance of a lie.

(*Exeunt.*)

Rad. I will go and tell my mistress what has happened. [*Exit.*]

Scene—Another Room.

ENTER *The Wife of Chárudatta and Radaniká.**

Wife. But indeed is my lord unhurt ; is he safe, and his friend *Maitreya*.

* The close of the last scene, character of the Hindus. *Rada-* the present scene and the first *niká* has been rather rapid in part of the ensuing, offer a favorable picture of the domestic her communication.

Rad. Both safe Madam, I assure you, but the ornaments left by the courtesan are stolen.

Wife. Alas, Girl, what say you. My husband's person is unharmed. That glads me. Yet better had his person come to harm, than his fair fame incur disparagement. The people of *Ujain* will now be ready to suspect, that indigence has impelled him to an unworthy act. Destiny, thou potent deity, thou sportest with the fortunes of mankind, and renderest them as tremulous as the watery drop, that quivers on the lotus leaves. This string of jewels was given me in my maternal mansion:* it is all that is left to us: and I know my husband in the loftiness of his spirit will not accept of it from me. Girl, go call the worthy *Maitreya* hither. [*Exit.*]

Raduniká returns with Maitreya.

Mai. Health to you, respected Lady.

Wife. I salute you Sir. Oblige me by facing the East.

Mai. You are obeyed.

Wife. I pray you accept this.

Mai. Nay, not so.

Wife. I fasted on the *Retnashashti*† when as you know, wealth must be given to a *Brahman*. My *Brahman* had been provided elsewhere, and I beg therefore that in his stead, you will accept this string of jewels.

Mai. Very well, I will go, and state the matter to my friend.

* One of the sources of the wife's peculiar wealth, over which the husband has no controul: See the Digest. the occasion is not at present in the ritual: the term *Shashti* implies it was some observance held on the sixth day of the lunar fortnight.

† A vow is probably implied: fortnight.

Wife. Thanks *Maitreyá*, but take heed, do not put me to shame. [Exit.]

Scene—The Hall, Chárudatta Discovered.

Char. *Maitreya* tarries long; in his distress, I hope he does not purpose aught unfitting.

ENTER *Maitreya*.

Mai. Here am I Sir, and bring you this. (*gives the string of Jewels.*)

Char. What is this.

Mai. The fruit borne by the excellence of a wife, worthy of her husband.

Char. Is this the kindness of the Brahman's wife.

Out on it—that I should be reduced so low
As when my own has disappeared, to need
Assistance from a woman's wealth. So true
It is, our very natures are transformed
By opulence; the poor man helpless grows,
And woman wealthy, acts with manly vigour.—
'Tis false; I am not poor; a wife whose love
Outlives my fortune; a true friend who shares
My sorrows and my joy; and honesty,
Unwarped by indigence, these still are mine.

Maitreya hie thee to *Vacantaséndá*,
Tell her the casket, heedlessly impledged,
Was lost by me at play, but in its stead
I do beseech her to accept these jewels.

Mai. I will do no such thing, what are we to part with these gems, the quintessence of the four oceans, for a thing carried off by thieves, and which we have neither eaten nor drank, nor touched a penny for.

Char. Not so; to me, confiding in my care
And honesty the Casket was intrusted;

And for that faith, which cannot be o'ervalued,
 A price of high amount must be repaid.
 'Touching my breast, I therefore supplicate,
 You will not hence, this charge not undertaken.
 You *Verdhamána* gather up these bricks
 To fill the chasm again—we'll leave no trace
 To catch the idle censure of men's tongues.
 Come, come, *Maitreya*, rouse a liberal feeling,
 Nor act in this, a despicable niggard.

Mai. How can a pauper be a niggard, he has nothing to
 part with.

Char. I am not poor, I tell thee, but retain
 Treasures I prize beyond whate'er is lost.
 Go then, discharge this office, and meanwhile
 I hail the dawn with its accustomed rites. [*Exit.*]

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

VASANTASENA'S HOUSE.

ENTER FEMALE ATTENDANT.

I am sent to the Lady *Vasantaséná* by her mother : oh here she is, looking on a picture, and engaged in conversation with *Madaniká*.

ENTER *Vasantaséná* as described.

Vas. But *Madaniká*, is this a good likeness of *Chárudatta*.

Mad. Very good.

Vas. How do you know.

Mad. I conclude so Madam, from the affectionate looks, which you bestow upon it.

Vas. How wench, do you talk of affection to a creature of our class.

Mad. Nay Madam, surely even one of us, is not incapable of real regard.

Vas. The woman, wench, that admits the love of many men is false to them all.

Mad. Yet, Madam, when the eyes and thoughts are intent but on one object, it is very unnecessary to enquire the cause.

Vas. But tell me Girl, do not all my friends deride my passion.

Mad. Nay, not so, Madam, every woman has a feeling for the affections of her friends.

Attendant advances.

Att. Madam, your Mother desires you to ascend your litter, and repair to the private apartments.

Vas. To meet my *Chúrudatta*.

Att. The person Madam who has sent the chariot, has sent very costly ornaments.*

Vas. Who is he.

Att. *Samsthanúka*, the Raja's brother-in-law.

Vas. Begone, let me not hear him named.

Att. Forgive me Madam, I but deliver my message.

Vas. The message is odious.

Att. What reply am I to convey to your Lady Mother.

Vas. Tell her, if she would not have me dead, she must send me no more such messages.

Att. I shall obey.

[*Exit.*

The Outside of the House, a Garden.

ENTER *Sarvillaka*, (*below.*)

Sar. My course is like the moon's and with the dawn,
Declines its fading beams : my deeds have shamed
The lazy night, have triumphed over sleep,
And mocked the baffled vigilance of the watch.
Yet I am scant secure, and view with terror
Him who appears to track my rapid steps,
Or seems to hasten, where I rest my flight—
Thus guilty conscience makes me fear, for man
Is ever frightened by his own offences.†
'Tis for *Madanikú's* dear sake alone
I perpetrate this violence, as I shun

* Literally, Ornaments to the value of ten thousand Suvernas. us all. Tam Sarvam tulayati dushitantaràtmà swair doshair

† It might be rendered, ' Thus bhavati sankito manushya. conscience does make cowards of

The leader and his train, avoid the mansion,
A woman sole inhabits, or I stand
Still as the door post, while the town-guard passes,
And with a hundred tricks thus spend the night
Most busily, till day relieves my labours.

Vas. (*Within.*) Here Girl, take the picture, lay it on
my couch, and here, bring me my fan.

Mad. I obey. [*Exit Madaniká*

Ser. This is the dwelling of *Vasantaséná*. (*enters.*)
Where can *Madaniká* be found.

(*Madaniká* ENTERS with the Fan.)

Ser. Ah here she comes, as graceful as the bride
Of love, and soothing to my burning heart,
As sandal to the fevered flesh—*Madaniká*.

Mad. Eh *Servillaka*, health to you, whence do you come.

Ser. I will tell you.

ENTER *Vasantaséná* (*above.*)

Vas. (*Above.*) *Madaniká* tarries long, where can she
be. (*looks from the window.*) How—She is engaged in con-
versation with a man: her eyes are fixed intently upon him,
and seem to quaff overflowing drafts of love—they appear to
understand each other—He woos her probably to be his com-
panion; well be it so, never be genuine affection thwarted,
I will wait her leisure.

Mad. Well *Servillaka* proceed. (*he looks cautiously round.*)
Why do you thus examine the place; you seem alarmed.

Ser. I have a secret to intrust you with; are we alone.

Mad. Quite.

Vas. A secret; then I must not listen longer.

Ser. Tell me *Madaniká* what cost procures
Your manumission of *Vasantaséná*.

Vas. He names me, the secret then regards me, and I must be a party in it; behind this window I can overhear him unobserved.

Mad. My Lady has often declared, *Servillaka*, that she would liberate us all without price, if she were her own mistress, but where is the wealth with which you are to purchase my freedom.

Ser. To tell you sooth, my poverty and love,
Have urged me to an act of violence.

Vas. How has this act transformed his otherwise goodly appearance.

Mad. Ah *Servillaka* for a transitory enjoyment you have endangered two valuable things.

Ser. And what are they.

Mad. Your person and your reputation.

Ser. Fortune favors folly and force.

Mad. (*Ironically.*) Your conduct is without blame, the violence you have committed on my account, is no doubt quite proper.

Ser. It may be venial, for I have not plundered
A lovely woman graced with glittering gems,
The blossoms of a creeper. I have not filched
A Brahman's gold, for purposes of piety
Collected, nor from the heedless nurse
Have I borne off the innocent babe for hire.
I have well weighed what'er I have committed.
Apprise your mistress then, these gems are hers,
That seem as they were made on purpose for her,
If she will yield you up, but let her keep them
Carefully concealed.

Mad. An ornament that must never be worn, is but ill suited to my mistress. But come let me see these trinkets

Ser. Behold them.

Mad. I have certainly seen them before: where did you get them.

Ser. That concerns not you, ask no questions but take them.

Mad. (*Angrily.*) If you can place no confidence in me, why seek to make me yours.

Ser. I was informed then that near the Bazar resided the chief of his tribe, one *Chárudatta*.

Vasantaséná and Madaniká both faint.

Ser. *Madaniká* revive, what ails the wench :

Her limbs are all unstrung, her looks are wild.

Why Girl is this your love ; is then so terrible

The thought to share your destiny with mine.

Mad. Avoid me wretch, yet stay, I dread to ask—Was no one hurt or murdered in that mansion.

Ser. I touch not one who trembles or who sleeps.

Unharm'd by me were all in that abode.

Mad. In truth.

Ser. In very truth.

Vas. Do I yet live.

Mad. This is indeed a blessing.

Ser. (*With jealous warmth.*)

You seem to take strange interest in this business.

'Twas love of you, that urg'd me to the act—

Me, sprung of virtuous and of pure descent.

Spurred by my passion, I have offer'd you

A life of credit, and a faithful heart ;

And this is my reward ; to be reviled ;

And find your cares devoted to another.

In vain the lofty tree of flowering youth

Bears goodly fruit, the prey of harlot birds.

Wealth, manhood, all we value, are consumed,
 By passion's fierce ungovernable fire.
 Ah, what a fool is man, to place his trust
 In woman or in fortune, slippery both,
 As serpent fiends, and still 'tis woman's trick,
 To spurn the fond, the faithful heart that loves her.
 Oh love her never, Youth, if ye be wise
 And heed the warning that the sages give—
 Who tell you woman merits not least credence ;
 For she can weep or smile at will, can cheat
 Man of his confidence, but wary trusts not
 In man herself—Oh then let virtuous youth
 Beware the wanton's charms, that baleful blow,
 Like flowers on charnel ground ; the ocean waves
 Are less unsteady, and the dying glow
 Of Eve less fleeting than a woman's fondness.
 Wealth is her aim ; as soon as man is drained
 Of all his goods, like a squeezed colour bag,
 She casts him off. Brief as the lightning's flash
 Is woman's love. Nay she can look devotion
 To one man whilst another rules her heart,
 And even whilst she holds in fond embrace
 One lover, for his rival breathes her sighs.
 But why expect what nature has withheld.
 The lotus blooms not on the mountain's brow,
 Nor bears the mule the burthen of the horse ;
 The grain of barley buds not into rice,
 Nor dwells one virtue in the breast of woman.*

* In generalising some of the asperities the author is made to appear more of a misogynist than he really is—some of the aspersions are however addressed to the whole sex,

Fool that I was, to let that wretch escape ;

'Tis not too late ; and *Chárudatta* dies. (*going.*)

Mad. (*Catching hold of him.*) You have talked a great deal of stuff, and are angry without rhyme or reason.

Ser. How without reason.

Mad. These ornaments are in truth the property of *Vasantaséná*.

Ser. Indeed.

Mad. And were left by her in deposit with *Chárudatta*.

Ser. For what purpose.

Mad. I will tell you. (*whispers.*)

Ser. I am overcome with shame, the friendly branch
That gave me shadow, when oppressed with heat,
My heedless hand has shorn of its bright leaves.

Vas. I am glad that he repents: he has acted without reflexion.

Ser. What is to be done.

Mad. You are the best judge.

Ser. Nay not so.

Nature is woman's teacher, and she learns

More sense than Man the pedant, gleans from Books.

Mad. I should advise you then, go and return these ornaments to *Chárudatta*.

Ser. And what if he deliver me up to justice.

and the application of the rest particularly to the Greeks, who is not without countenance. The both in Tragedy and Comedy Hindu poets very rarely dis- pursued the fair sex with implacable rancour. Aristophanes praise women—they almost in- variable rancour. Aristophanes is variably represent them as ami- not a whit behind Euripides, able and affectionate. In this although he ridicules the tragedian they might give a lesson to the for his ungallant propensities. Bards of more lofty nations, and ties.

Mad. There is no heat from the moon.

Ser. I heed not of his gentleness, and brave
Unshrinkingly the consequence of all
I dare to do—but this, this act I blush for ;
And of such petty Scoundrels as myself.
How must the prince dispose—no—no
We must devise some other means.

Mad. I have .

Vas. What can she suggest.

Mad. You shall pass yourself off as a messenger from
Chárudatta, sent to restore these trinkets to my lady.

Ser. And what results.

Mad. You will be no thief, *Chárudatta* will sustain no
loss, and my lady recover her own property.

Ser. This is downright robbery, carrying off my booty.

Mad. If you do not relinquish it, that will be much
more like robbery.

Vas. Well said *Madaniká*, you advise as a faithful
friend.

Ser. I have gained much by asking your advice.
When there is no moon at night, 'tis difficult
To get a guide that may be safely followed.

Mad. Stay here,* whilst I give notice to my mistress.

Ser. Be it so.

Mad. (*Approaches Vasantaséna.*)

Lady, a Brahman attends you from *Charudatta*.

Vas. How do you know his mission.

Mad. Do I not know my own affairs.

‡ In the original, Imassin Kamadeva gehê. In this dwelling
of Kâmadéva—a chamber or open porch probably with the figure
of the Hindu Cupid

Vas. (*Smiling.*) Very true, let him advance, *Madaniká*.
(*she descends, and brings Servillaka forward as Vasantasénú enters below.*)

Ser. Lady I salute you, peace be with you.

Vas. I salute you. Pray be seated. (*sits.*)

Ser. The respected *Chárudatta* informs you, that as his house is very insecure, he is apprehensive this casket may be lost, and therefore begs you will take it back again.

(*Gives it to Madaniká and is going.*)

Vas. Stay ; I have a favor to request, let me trouble you to convey to the worthy sender, something from me.

Ser. (*Aside.*) Who the dence is to give it to him.
(*aloud.*) What am I to take.

Vas. *Madaniká*.

Ser. I understand you not.

Vas. I understand myself.

Ser. What mean you.

Vas. The truth is, it was agreed between *Chárudatta* and me, that the person by whom he should send back these jewels, should receive *Madaniká* as a present from me on his account: you are therefore to take this damsel, and thank *Chárudatta* for her—you understand me now.

Ser. (*Apart.*) She knows the truth, that is clear. No matter. (*aloud.*)

May all prosperity bless *Chárudatta*.

'Tis politic in man to nurture merit,

For poverty with worth is richer far,

Than majesty without all real excellence.

Nought is beyond its reach ; the radiant moon

Won by its worth, a seat on *Siva's** brow.

* The God *Siva* wears the crescent moon as the ornament of his forehead.

Vas. Who waits, bring forth the litter*

Ser. It attends. (*the Carriage comes on.*)

Vas. My dear Girl, *Madanika*, ascend the litter, I have given you away: look at me well, do not forget me.

Mad. (*Weeping*) I am discarded by my mistress. (*falls at her feet*).

Vas. Nay—wench—rise, it is now my place to stoop to you: go take your seat, and keep me ever in your recollection.

Ser. Lady may every good attend you,—*Maduniká* with grateful looks survey your bounteous benefactress; bow your head in gratitude to her, to whom you owe the unexpected dignity, that waits upon the title and the state of wifet.

(*They salute Vasantaséná as she departs, and ascend the Car.*)
(*Behind.*)

Who hears, who hears; the Governor commands. In consequence of a reported Prophecy, that the Son of a Cowherd, named *Aryaka* shall ascend the throne; His Majesty *Pálaka* has deemed it expedient to apprehend him, and detain him in confinement. Let all men therefore remain quietly in their Houses, and entertain no alarm.

* A small covered Carriage Hindus and Mohamedans, and on two wheels drawn by oxen. are considered by no means dis-

† *Vadhu sabdavagnathana*, The covering of the title of wife—At the same time *Madaniká* is of course only a wife for the nonce—or rather of an inferior degree; an *Annie de Maison*, or a gentle concubine. In India these left hand marriages are common amongst both

reputable,—it would be impossible to contract any other, with a woman of *Madanika's* past life and servile condition—on the ground of disparity of rank left hand marriages are still sanctioned in Germany, but they seem not essentially different from those here alluded to.

Ser. How ; the king has seized my dear friend, *Aryaka*, and I am thinking of a wife.

This world presents two things most dear to all men ;
A friend and mistress ; but the friend is prized
Above a hundred beauties. I must hence,
And try to liberate him. (*alights.*)

Mad. Stay but a while my dearest Lord, consign me first to reputable friends, then leave me, if it must be so.

Ser. You speak my thoughts, love ; hark ye. (*to the Servant,*) Know you the residence of *Rebhila*.

The chief of the Musicians.

Servt. I do Sir.

Ser. Convey my Lady thither.

Servt. As you command.

Mad. I obey. Farewell ; for my sake, be not rash. [*Exit.*

Ser. Now then to rouse the friends of *Aryaka*,
Our kindred and associates—all who deem
The king has wronged their will, and all who trust
The prowess of their arms. We will redeem
Our chief from bonds as by his faithful minister,
**Udayana* was rescued.

* *Udayana* or *Vatsa* is a celebrated character in Hindu fiction. He was the son of *Sahasranika* and grandson of *Satanika* who transferred the capital of Upper India from Hastinapur to Kausambi—*Satanika* was the son of *Janamejaya* the great grandson of *Arjuna*—*Vatsa* was named *Udayana* from being educated on the Eastern or *Udaya* mountain by the sage *Jamalagui*: when arrived at maturity, he was decoyed into captivity by *Chandaseena* king of *Ujayin*—he was liberated by his minister *Yogandharayana* and in his escape carried off *Vasavadattâ* the daughter of his captor : his adventures are recorded in the *Vasavadatta* a poem by *Subhandha*, and in the *Vrihat Katha*—they have been

This seizure is unjust, it is the deed
 Of a most cowardly and treacherous foe,
 But we shall soon release him from such grasp,
 Like the fair moon from *Ráhu's* jaws set free.*

[Exit.

Vasantasénd's Dwelling, (inside.)

ENTER *Female Attendant, meeting Vasantasénd.*

Att. Lady you are fortunate, a *Bráhma*n from *Chárudatta*.

Vas. This is indeed a lucky day. Receive him with all respect, request him to enter, and call the Chamberlain† to attend him.

Ser. As you command.—

[Exit.

Outside of the House.

ENTER *Maitreya and the Bandhúla:*

Mai. Here's honour—the Sovereign of the *Rákhasas*, *Ravana*, travels in the car of *Kuvera* obtained by the force of his devotions, but I who am a poor Brahman, and no saint, yet I am conveyed about by lovely Damsels.

translated from the latter and published in the Quarterly Magazine for June 1824: all the parties will become more familiar to us hereafter, as *Vatsa* is the hero of the *Retnávali* translated in the following pages.

* *Rahu* is the ascending node personified as the head of the Dragon who is supposed in the mythological astronomy of the Hindus to seize upon the moon and thus occasion Eclipses. According to the *Mahabharat*, *Rahu* was one of the *Asurs*

or Demons who at the churning of the ocean crept amongst the Gods and stole a draught of *Amrit* or Ambrosia. The intruder was detected by the Sun and Moon, who pointing him out to *Vishnu*, that deity decapitated the demon, hence his immortality, and his enmity to the planets.

† The word so rendered is *Bandhula* an explanation of which is offered in the text a little further on.

Att. This is the outer door Sir.

Mai. A very pretty entrance indeed. The threshold is very neatly coloured, well swept and watered; the floor is beautified with strings of sweet flowers; the top of the gate is lofty and gives one the pleasure of looking up to the clouds, whilst the *Jasmine* festoon hangs tremblingly down, as if it were now tossing on the trunk of *Indra's* elephant.* Over the door way is a lofty arch of Ivory, above it again wave flags dyed with safflower, their fringes curling in the wind, like fingers that beckon me, come hither. On either side, the capitals of the door posts, support elegant crystal flower pots, in which young Mango Trees are springing up. The door pannels are of gold stuck like the stout breast of a demon, with studs of adamant.† The whole cries, away to a poor man, whilst its splendour catches the eye of the wisest.

* This garland was the cause of very important events—according to the *Brahma Vairavarta Purana*, it was given to Indra by a choleric sage named *Durvásas*—who received it from a *Vidyadhari*: attaching little value to the gift the God tossed it to his Elephant, and the Elephant threw it to earth. *Durvásas* highly offended pronounced that Indra and all the three worlds under his supremacy should be deprived of their *Sri*, fortune or prosperity: in consequence the world fell into de-

cay, sacrifices ceased and the Gods were enfeebled—every thing would have perished if the Goddess had not been recovered—to re-obtain her the Gods and Demons, by the advice and with the aid of Vishnu, churned the ocean: “such mighty matters spring from trivial things.”

† The correctness of the comparison is more evident in the original—where the word *vajra* implies both a diamond and the thunderbolt of Indra, with which he pierces the breast of his foes.

Att. This leads to the first Court.* Enter Sir, enter.

(*They Enter the First Court.*)

Mai. Bless me, why here is a line of palaces, as white as the moon, as the conch, as the stalk of the water lily—the stucco has been laid on here by handfuls; golden steps, embellished with various stones, lead to the upper apartments, whence the crystal windows, festooned with pearls, and bright as the eyes of a moon faced maid, look down upon *Ujayin*; the porter dozes on an easy chair as stately as a Brahman deep in the *Védas*, and the very crows, crammed with rice and curds, disdain the fragments of the sacrifice,† as if they were no more than scattered plaster. Proceed.

* The interior of the houses at Pompeii conveys some idea of an Indian House which like them is a set of Chambers, of one or two stories, surrounding a central unroofed square—a house of a superior description is merely denoted by the superior extent of this square, and by its comprising a set or series of them as in the text: the several entrances were in representation left, we may presume, to the imaginations of the audience—something after the fashion, which Sir Philip Sydney describes. “Now you shall have three ladies walk to gather flowers, and then you must believe the stage to be a garden. By and by we hear news of Shipwreck in the same place; then we are to blame, if we accept it not for a rock. Upon the back of that, comes out a hideous monster with fire and smoke; and then the miserable beholders are bound to take it for a cave; while in the mean time two armies fly in, represented with swords and bucklers, and then what hard heart will not receive it for a pitched field.”

† The last portion of the offering of rice, &c. thrown into the air for the spirits of ill—the *Bali* of which notice was taken in the first scene.

Att. This is the second Court—Enter.

(*They Enter the Second Court.*)

Mai. Oh here are the stables; the carriage oxen are in good case, pampered with **Jawasa* I declare; and straw, and oil cakes, are ready for them—their horns are bright with grease; here we have a Buffalo snorting indignantly like a Brahman of high caste, whom some body has affronted; here the Ram† stands to have his neck well rubbed, like a wrestler after a match—here they dress the manes of the horses—here is a monkey tied as fast as a thief‡ and here the *Mahauts*§ are plying the elephants with balls of rice and ghee—proceed.

Att. This Sir is the third gateway.

(*They Enter the Third Court.*)

Mai. Oh this is the Public Court, where the young bucks of *Ujayin* assemble; these are their seats I suppose—the half read book lies on the gaming table, the men of which are made of jewels—oh, yonder are some old libertines lounging about; they seem to have pictures in their hands, studying I conclude, to improve their skill in the peace and war of love—what next?

Att. This is the entrance to the fourth Court.

(*They Enter the Fourth Court.*)

Mai. Oh ho, this is a very gay scene—here the drums

* A species of *Hedysarum*.

head of the monkey—*Bilai tavileh ber seri maimun. Roebuck's Proverbs.*

† Rams in India are commonly trained to fight.

‡ Monkeys were kept in stables as a sort of scape goats apparently: hence the Persian proverb current in Hindustan. The misfortune of the stable on the

§ Elephant driver—the Sanscrit is *Mahāmātra*—the balls alluded to are the common food of the Elephants.

whilst beaten by taper fingers, emit, like clouds, a murmuring tone; there, the cymbals beating time, flash as they descend like the unlucky stars* that fall from heaven. The flute here breathes the soft hum of the bee, whilst here a damsel holds the *Vina* in her lap, and frets its wires with her finger nails, like some wild minx that sets her mark on the face of her offending swain—some Damsels are singing, like so many bees intoxicated with flowery nectar—others are practising the graceful dance, and others are employed in reading plays and poems:† the place is hung with water jars, suspended to catch the cooling breeze—what comes next.

Att. This is the gate of the fifth Court.

(*They Enter the Fifth Court.*)

Mai. Ah, how my mouth waters: what a savoury scent of oil and assafoetida—The kitchen sighs softly forth its fragrant and abundant smoke—the odours are delicious—They fill me with rapture. The butcher's boy is washing the skin of an animal just slain, like so much foul linen—The Cook is surrounded with dishes—the sweetmeats are mixing—the Cakes are baking (*apart.*) Oh that I could meet with some one to do me a friendly turn; one who would wash my feet, and say, Eat Sir, eat. (*aloud.*) This is certainly *Indrá's* heaven, the damsels are *Apsarásas*—The *Bandhúlas* are *Gandharbas*. Pray why do they call you *Bandhúlas*.

Att. We inhabit the dwellings of others and eat the bread of the stranger: we are the offspring of parents whom no

* The phrase is, the stars that have lost their virtue *Kshinapunya laraká*. The notion is that the stars are individuals raised to that honor for a time propor-

tioned to the sum of their merits—this being exhausted they descend to earth—often visibly as in the case of shooting stars.

† Reading *Natya sa sringára*.

tie connects : we exercise our indescribable merits, in gaining other men's money, and we sport through life, as free and unrestrained as the cubs of the elephant.

Mai. What do we come to next.

Att. This is the sixth Entry.

(*They Enter.*)

Mai. The arched gate way is of gold and many colored gems on a ground of Sapphire, and looks like the bow of *Indra** in an azure sky—What is going forward here so busily—it is the jeweller's court—skilful artists are examining pearls, topazes, sapphires, emeralds, rubies, the lapis lazuli, coral, and other jewels ; some set rubies in gold, some work gold ornaments on coloured thread, some string pearls, some grind the lapis-lazuli, some pierce shells, and some cut coral—Here we have perfumers drying the saffron bags, shaking the musk bags, expressing the sandal juice and compounding essences—Whom have we here : fair damsels and their gallants laughing, talking, chewing musk and betel, and drinking wine—here are the male and female attendants, and here are miserable hangers on—men that neglected their own families, and spent their all upon the harlot, and are now glad to quaff the drainings of her wine cup.

Att. This is the seventh Court, enter.

(*They Enter the Seventh Court.*)

Mai. This is the Aviary, very handsome indeed—the Doves bill and coo in comfort : the pampered Parrot stuffed with curds and rice, croaks like a Brahman *Pundit* chanting a hymn from the Vedas ; the †*Maina* chatters as glibly as a

* The Rainbow.

† The *Madana Sarika*, the talking *Maina* or *Mainate*. Indian Stare or Grakle (*Gracula religiosa*.)

house Maid, issuing her Mistress's commands to her fellow-servants, while the **Koïl* crammed with juicy fruit, whines like a water carrier. The Quails fight; the Partridges cry; the domestic Peacock dances about delighted, and fans the palace with his gem-emblazoned tail, as if to cool its heated walls; the †Swans like balls of moonlight, roll about in pairs, and follow each graceful maid, as if to learn to imitate her walk, whilst the long legged Cranes‡ stalk about the Court, like eunuchs, on guard—some Birds are in Cages, either carried about or suspended from the balconies, so that the lady lives here amongst the winged race, as if she tenanted *Indra's* garden. Well where do you go now.

Att. Enter Sir the Eighth Court.

(*They Enter.*)

Mai. Pray who is that Gentleman dressed in silken raiment, glittering with rich ornaments, and rolling about as if his limbs were out of joint.

Att. That Sir, is my Lady's Brother.

Mai. Humph — what course of pious austerity in his last life, made him *Vasantasénú's* brother. Nay not so, for after all, though smooth, bright and fragrant, the §*Champa* tree that grows on funeral ground, is not to be approached. And pray, who is that lady dressed in flowered muslin||—a goodly person truly, her ancles have

* The Indian Cuckoo—(Cuculus Indicus.)

† The *Rájhans*; the term is also applied to the flamingo.

‡ The *Sáras* or Indian crane.

§ A handsome tree with fragrant blossoms (*Michelia Champac*.)

|| *Phulla pàvar a-a pa-udà for Pushpa pravarakà pravrita dressed in a garment of or with flowers, which the commentator explains to mean worked muslin Sukshma sutra pushpani kiritrimani yatra bhavanti sa tata pushpa pàta prasiddha. The*

drank up all the oil of her well greased slippers, she sits in state — high on a gorgeous throne.

Att. That is my Lady's mother.

Mai. A very portly dame indeed, how did she contrive to get in here—Oh, I suppose she was first set up here, as they do with an unwieldy *Mahádeva*, and then the walls were built round her.*

Att. How now slave ; what, do you make a jest of our Lady — affected too as she is with a quartan ague.

Mai. A what—Oh mighty *Siva*, be pleased to afflict me with a quartan ague, if such are its symptoms.

Att. You will die slave.

Mai. No hussey, better that this bloated propoise, swelled up with wine and years, die, there will then be a dinner for a thousand jackalls—but no matter — what do you know about it. I had heard of *Vasantasénú's* wealth, and now I find it true — it seems to me that the treasures of the three worlds are collected in this mansion. I am in doubt whether to regard it as the dwelling of a Courtezan, or the palace of *Kuvera*,† where is your Lady.

Att. She's in the arbour — Enter.

(*They Enter the Garden.*)

Mai. A very lovely scene: the numerous trees are bowed down by delicious fruit, and between them are silken swings constructed for the light form of youthful beauty: the yellow Jasmine, the graceful *Málati*,‡ the full blossomed *Malliká*,§ the blue Clitoria,—spontaneous shed their flowers,

cloth on which artificial flowers deity are sometimes of great are worked in fine thread is well bulk and weight.

known as *Pushpa pát*, flowered † The God of Wealth.

cloth. ‡ *Jasminum Grandiflorum*.

* The stone emblems of this § *Jasminum Zambac*.

and strew the ground with a carpet more lovely than any in the groves of *Indra*; the reservoir glows with the red lotus blossoms, like the dawn with the fiery beams of the rising sun, and here the *Asoka** tree, with its rich crimson blossoms, shines like a young warrior bathed with the sanguine shower of the furious fight—where is your Lady.

Att. Look lower, and you will see her.

Mai. (*Approaching Vasantasénú.*) Health to you Lady.

Vas. (*Rising.*) Welcome *Maitreya*, take a seat.

Mai. Pray keep you yours. (*they sit.*)

Vas. I hope all is well with the son of the *Sárthaváha*.†

Mai. Is all well with your Ladyship.

Vas. Undoubtedly *Maitreya*; the Birds of affection gladly nestle in the tree, which fruitful in excellence, puts forth the flowers of magnanimity, and the leaves of merit, and rises with the trunk of modesty from the root of honour.‡

Mai. (*Apart.*) Figurative indeed. (*aloud.*) what else.

Vas. What brings you hither?§

Mai. I will tell you—*Chárudatta* presents his respects to you.

Vas. With respect I receive his commands.

Mai. He desires me to say, that he has lost your golden Casket; it was impledged by him at play, and the keeper of

* A tree with red blossoms common to the Persian poetry, Jonesia Aroka.

† The head of his tribe.

‡ This is a passage of a very unusual character in Sanscrit composition, and is rather in the style of Persian than Indian writing: it has however more of the allegory than is

common to the Persian poetry, in which, though the metaphors follow one another without intermission, they are independent and unconnected.

§ It is a singularity that so far in the scene *Vasantasénú* speaks Sanscrit.

the Tables, a servant of the Prince, is gone, no one knows whither.

Att. Lady, you are in luck, the grave *Chárudatta* turned gambler.

Vas. (*Apart.*) How, the Casket has been stolen, and he says it was lost at play—yet even in this, I love him.

Mai. As the accident can not now be helped, he requests in lieu of the casket, you will accept this string of diamonds.

Vas. (*Apart.*) Shall I show him the ornaments. (*considering.*) no, not so.

Mai. Will you not receive this equivalent.

Vas. (*Smiling.*) Why not, *Maitreya.* (*takes and puts it to her heart.*) But how is this, do drops of Nectar fall from the Mango Tree, after it has shed its blossoms—my good friend, tell that sad gambler, *Chárudatta*, I shall call upon him in the evening.]

Mai. (*Apart.*) So, so—she intends to get more out of him I suppose. (*aloud.*) I shall so inform him, Madam. (*apart.*) I wish he was rid of this precious acquaintance. [*Exit.*

Vas. Here girl, take the jewels, and attend me to *Chárudatta.*

Att. But look Madam, look, a storm is gathering.

Vas. No matter.

Let the clouds gather, and dark night descend,

And heavy fall unintermitted showers.

I heed them not wench, when I haste to seek

His presence, whose loved image warms my heart—

Take charge of these, and lightly trip along. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

CHARUDATTA'S GARDEN.

ENTER *Chárudatta*, (*looking up*.)

A heavy storm impends : the gathering gloom
Delights the Peafowl,* and distracts the Swan,†
Not yet prepared for periodic flight ;
And these deep shades, contract with sad despondence.
The heart that pines in absence.‡ Through the air,

* These birds are the invariable accompaniments of the rainy season as observed in my translation of the Cloud Messenger. It is unnecessary to cite the parallel passages as the idea recurs often enough in this act in which all the common places of Hindu Poetry relating to the 'Rains' are exhausted: a few of the repetitions have been purposely omitted.

† Rather the wild grey goose which bird is supposed to migrate annually to the Himalaya Mountains, particularly to the *Mávasarovara* Lake whence it is termed *Mánasaucas* the dweller of *Mánasa*—Mr. Moorcroft in his adventurous visit to this Lake in 1812, found these birds in vast flocks along the beach,

and on the water, and concluded from what he saw, that they were accustomed to frequent the lake and breed in the surrounding rocks, when the swell of the rivers of Hindustan, and the inundation of the plains, conceal their usual food.

‡ The time just previous to the commencement of the Rainy Season is the period at which Indian travellers may be expected home, not only because the weather is then favourable, but because after the Rains have set in the roads are broken up, and travelling becomes difficult and unpleasant. Hence the Hindu poets always speak of this season as one at which Lovers till then separated, meet again.

A rival *Késava*,* the purple cloud
 Rolls stately on, girt by the golden lightning,
 As by his yellow garb, and bearing high,
 The long white line of storks, the God's pure shell : †
 From the dark womb, in rapid fall descend
 The silvery drops, and glittering in the gleam,
 Shot from the lightning, bright and fitful, sparkle,
 Like a rich fringe, rent from the robe of heaven.
 The firmament is filled with scattered clouds,
 And as they fly before the wind, their forms,
 As in a picture, image various shapes.
 The semblances of Storks, and soaring Swans,
 Of Dolphins, and the monsters of the deep,
 Of Dragons vast, and Pinnacles, and Towers.
 The spreading shade methinks is like the host
 Of *Dhritaráshttra* ‡ shouting loud in thunder,
 Yon strutting peacock welcomes its advance,
 Like proud *Duryódhan*, vaunting of his might :
 From its dread enmity, the *Kóil* § flies,
 Like hapless *Yudhishthira*, || of his realm
 Deprived ; and scatter wild the swans,

* A name of Krishna—*Cri-*
nitus, alluding as generally sup-
 posed to his graceful tresses, but
 according to the *Mahá Bharat*
 from his being an incarnation
 of one of the hairs of Vishnu.

† The *Sankh* or Couch Shell
 is borne by Vishnu in one of his
 hands.

‡ The father of *Duryodhana*
 and the other *Kuru* Princes

whose war with their cousins
 the sons of Pandu, is the sub-
 ject of the *Mahá Bharat*.

§ The Indian Cuckoo.

|| The eldest of the sons of
 Pandu who with his brothers was
 banished from the realm of his
 forefathers and spent some time
 in the forests towards the South
 of India.

Like the proscribed and houseless *Pañdavas*,
 Wandering from home, and every comfort far,
 Through paths untrod, till then, and realms unknown.
Maitreya long delays. Will not to day,
 Apprise me of the issue of his visit. (*retires.*)

ENTER *Maitreya*.

What a rapacious mean wretch is this harlot. Scarcely a word did she say, but without any ceremony pounced upon the Necklace. With all her pomp and parade—she could not say to me, my good friend *Maitreya* take a little refreshment, not even so much as to offer me a draught of water—her wealth is positively all thrown away upon her. It is very true; there is no Lotus that has not a stalk; no Trader that is not a cheat; there is not a Goldsmith that is not a thief; there never was a Village Meeting without a quarrel; and there never will be a Harlot without rapacity; these are things that always go together. I shall therefore dissuade my worthy friend from his infatuation—Ha, yonder I see him in the garden. Health and prosperity to *Chárudatta*.

Char. Welcome my good friend, *Maitreya* sit down.

Mai. I am seated. (*sits.*)

Char. Now my friend, your news.

Mai. It is all over.

Char. How so, does she refuse the proffered gems.

Mai. We have no such luck; she put her soft hands to her forehead, and then laid hold of the Necklace.

Char. Then, why do you complain.

Mai. Why; reason enough; we have made a pretty job of it; to lose a Necklace worth the four seas, for a thing of little value, and one we neither ate, nor drank, and which a thief carried off.

Char. You reason idly.

The pledge was here deposited in trust,
And for that trust, a costly price was due.

Mai. I have another cause of complaint; she made signs to her damsels and they covered their faces with their veils, and made me their merriment. I beg therefore that you will desist from such unbecoming intercourse—A Courtezan is like a thorn that has run into your foot, you cannot even get rid of it without pain; and it is indisputably true, that wherever a Harlot, an Elephant, a *Scribe, a Mendicant, a Spy, or a Jackass, find admission, they are sure to do mischief.

Char. Enough of this unmerited reviling.

My fallen fortunes are a sure protection.
The fiery steed bounds fleetly o'er the plain
Till fading breath retards his lagging course;
So man's desires first urge his heedless path,
But soon exhausted shrink into his bosom.
Believe me friend, a female of this order,
A true wealth-hunter, troubles not the poor:

(*Apart.*) She, She, alone, bestows her love on merit.

(*Aloud.*) We are by wealth abandoned, and by her,

Mai. (*Apart.*) This love is the devil: he turns up his eyes, and sighs from the very bottom of his heart. I see plainly my advice to him to conquer his passion only serves to confirm it. (*aloud.*) She desired me to say, she intends paying you a visit this evening, I suspect she is not satisfied

* The *Káyastha* or *Káyáth*—cord of their revenues, and their
whose profession is writing and character for a spirit of extor-
accounts—men of this tribe were tion became proverbial — they
usually employed by the Hindu appear to have been particularly
Princes in the collection and re- obnoxious to the Brahmans.

with the Necklace, and intends to demand something more valuable.

Char. Well, let her come—She shall depart contented.

ENTER *Kumbhillaka, Vasantaséná's Servant.*

I wish every one to take notice, that the harder it rains the more thoroughly do I get ducked, and the colder the wind, that blows down my back, the more do my limbs shiver. A pretty situation for a man of my talents; for one who can play the flute with seven holes, the *Vina* with seven strings, can sing like a Jackass and acknowledges no musical superior, except perhaps *Tumburu** or *Nareda*.† *Vasantaséná* sends me to *Charudatta's* house. (*advances.*) There is *Chárudatta* in the garden, and that dunderhead *Maitreya* with him. I must throw out a signal to him. (*throws a Clod of earth at Maitréya.*)

Mai. Holoa—who pelts me with a pellet, like a *Kapittha*‡ tree in an orchard.

Char. It was probably thrown down in their sport by the pigeons that tenant the top of the garden wall.

Mai. Wait awhile you saucy son of a slave—and with this stick I will knock you off the wall, like a ripe mango from the tree.

Char. Sit down—sit down—fright not the gentle bird, nor chase him from his mate.

Kum. The blockhead, he sees the pigcons and can not see me. I must give him another salutation. (*throws another clod.*)

Mai. Hey again. (*looks up.*) Oh *Kumbhillaka* is it you. Wait awhile, and I will come to you. (*goes to the door.*) Come in, how fares it.

† An attendant upon *Kuvera*, vendor of the Indian lute. and one of the chief *Gandharvas* or Chonisters of Heaven.

* The elephant or wood apple (*Feronia Elephantum*.)

‡ The Son of Brahma, the in-

Kum. I salute you Sir.

Mai. And what brings you here in such foul weather.

Kum. She sent me.

Mai. And who is she.

Kum. She, She—She.

Mai. She, She—She, what are you sputtering about, like an old miser when things are dear. Who—who—who.

Kum. Hoo — Hoo — Hoo — What are you too-whooping about, like an owl that has been scared from a sacrifice.*

Mai. Speak out man, intelligibly.

Kum. I will, but first I'll give you something to guess.

Mai. I shall give you a box of the ears I believe.

Kum. Never mind that: in which season pray does the Mango blossom.

Mai. In the season of *Ghrishmat*† to be sure, you block-head.

Kum. Blockhead yourself: it does no such thing.

Mai. Hey, how is that, I must ask my friend. Stop a moment. (*goes to Chárudatta.*) Pray Sir, in which season does the Mango blossom.

Char. Why you simpleton, in *Vasanta*.‡

Mai. (*To Kum.*) Why, You simpleton, the Mango blossoms in *Vasanta*.

Kum. Very well, now answer me one more question— Who guards wealthy towns.

Mai. Why the Town guard to be sure.

Kum. No, that is not it.

* In the Original, *Kumbhillaka* sacrifice (a dog.)
says *Eská sá.* to which *Maitreya* † The hot season.
replies, *ká ká ká.* *Kumbhillaka's* ‡ Spring—it is necessary to
answer is What are you bark- keep the original words here—
ing about like the lover of Indra and in what follows.

Mai. No ; let me see. (*aside.*) I must consult *Cháruđatta* ;
Pray Sir, Who guards wealthy towns.

Char. The *Séna** undoubtedly.

Mai. (*To Cum.*) The *Séna* undoubtedly.

Kum. Very well, now put your answers together, quick—
quick.

Mai. Ha, I have it ! *Vasantasénú†*

Kum. She is here.

Mai. I must apprise my friend, Sir we have a *Dun‡* here.

Char. Here ; a *Dun* in my house.

Mai. I do not know any thing about the house, but
there is one at the door. *Vasantasénú* is arrived.

Char. Nay, now you jest.

Mai. If you do not believe me, ask this fellow: here you
Kumbhillaka.

Kum. (*Advancing.*) Sir, I salute you.

Char. You are welcome, tell me, is *Vasantasénú* here.

Kum. She is Sir.

Char. Never be grateful message unrewarded ; This for
your pains. (*gives him his garment.*)

Kum. (*Bows.*) I shall inform my Mistress. [*Exit.*

Mai. Now I hope you are satisfied ; to come out in such
weather ; you can have no doubt what brings her.

Char. I do not feel quite confident.

* The Army or Military.

† This is sad quibbling, but
may be vindicated by the exam-
ple of much loftier genius ; it is
sufficient to show also, that the
regular *Charade*, for it is no-
thing else, is neither of modern
nor western invention—there is

some further quibbling in the
text ; *Maitreya* puts his answer
together *Séna Vasanta*, and the
wit lies in punning and blunder-
ing on *parivertaya* turn round
or transpose, and *pada* a foot or
an inflected word.

‡ *Dhanika* a Creditor, a *dmu*.

Mai. Depend upon it, I am right; the Casket was worth more than the Necklace, and she comes for the difference.

Char. (*Apart.*) She shall be gratified.

(*They Retire.*)

Outside of the Garden.

ENTER *Vasantasena.*

Splendidly dressed, attended by the Vita, a female servant and one carrying a large umbrella.**

Att. Lady upon the mountain's brow, the clouds
Hang dark and drooping, as the aching heart
Of her who sorrows for her absent lord;
Their thunders rouse the Peafowl, and the sky
Is agitated by their wings, as fanned
By thousand fans with costly gems inched—
The chattering frog quaffs the pellucid drops
With joy—with joy the Peahen shrieks; the trees
Smile cheerfully with renovated verdure.
The moon is blotted by the driving scud,
As is the saintly character by those
Who wear its garb to veil their abject lives;
And like the damsel whose fair fame is lost,
In ever changing loves, the lightning, true
To no one quarter, flits along the skies.

Vas. You speak it well my friend: to me it seems—
The jealous night, as with the gloom she wantons,
Looks on me as a rival bride, and dreading
I may disturb her pleasures, stops my path,
And bids me angrily my steps retrace.

Att. Reply with courage, chide her to submission.

* We have now an emulatively poetical description of the rainy season.

- Vas.* Reviling is the weakness of our sex,
 And but of small avail—I heed her not.
 Let the clouds fall in torrents, thunder roar,
 And heaven's red bolt dash fiery to the ground,
 The dauntless damsel, faithful love inspires,
 Treads boldly on, nor dreads the maddening storm.
- Vit.* Like an invading Prince, who holds his court
 Within the city of his humbled foe,
 You mighty cloud, advancing with the wind,
 With store of arrowy shower, with thundering
 And blazing streamers, marches to assail [drums,
 In his own heavens, the monarch of the night.
- Vas.* Nay, nay, not so—I rather read it thus.
 The clouds that like unwieldy elephants,
 Roll their inflated masses grumbling on,
 Or whiten with the migratory troop
 Of hovering Cranes, teach anguish to the bosom.
 The Stork's shrill cry sounds like the plaintive tabor
 To her, who while she wanders o'er its parchment,
 Is lost in musings of her Lord's return,
 And every tone that hails the rainy season,
 Falls on her heart, like brine upon a wound.
- Vit.* Behold—where yonder ponderous cloud assumes
 The stature of the elephant—the storks
 Entwine a fillet for his front, and waves
 The lightning, like a Chouri o'er his head.
- Vas.* Observe my friend, the day is swallowed up
 By these deep shades, dark as the dripping leaf
 Of the Tamála tree—and like an elephant
 That cowering shuns the battle's arrowy sleet,
 So shrinks the scattering ant hill from the shower:
 The fickle lightning darts such brilliant rays,

- As gleam from golden lamps, in temples hung—
 Whilst like the consort of an humble lord,
 The timid moonlight peeps amidst the clouds.
- Vit.* There like a string of elephants—the clouds
 In regular file by lightning filets bound,
 Move slowly at their potent God's commands.
 The heavens let down a silver chain to earth.
 The earth that shines with buds and sheds sweet
 odours,
 Is pierced with showers, like diamond shafted
 darts—
 Launched from the rolling mass of deepest blue,
 Which heaves before the breeze, and foams with
 flame;
 Like ocean's dark waves by the tempest driven,
 And tossing high their flashing surge to shore.*
- Vas.* Hailed by the Pea fowl with their shrillest cries;
 By the pleased Storks delightedly caressed,
 And by the provident Swans with anxious eye
 Regarded—yonder rests one threatening cloud
 Involving all the atmosphere in gloom.
- Vit.* The countenance of heaven is close concealed,
 By shades the lightning scant irradiates.
 The day and night confusedly intermix,
 And all the Lotus eyes of ether close.
 The world is lulled to slumber by the sound
 Of falling waters, sheltered by the clouds,
 That countless crowd the chambers of the sky.

* I have in this place and in a few others expanded the expression in order to convey more accurately the idea intended by the simpler phraseology of the original.

- Vas.* The stars are all extinct, as fades the memory
 Of kindness in a bad man's heart. The heavens
 Are shorn of all their radiance, as the wife,
 Her glory loses in her husband's absence.
 In sooth I think the firmament dissolves :
 Melted by *Indra's* scorching bolt it falls
 In unexhausted torrents—Now the cloud'
 Ascends—now stoops—now roars aloud in thunder—
 Now sheds its streams—now frowns with deeper
 gloom,
 Full of fantastic change like one new raised
 By fortune's fickle favours.
- Vit.* Now the sky
 With lightening flames, now laughs with whitening
 storks—
 Now glows with *Indra's* painted bow, that hurls
 Its hundred shafts—now rattles with his bolt—
 Now loud it chafes with rushing winds, and now
 With clustering clouds that roll their spiry folds
 Like sable snakes along—it thickens dark—
 As if 'twere clothed with vapours, such as spread,
 When incense soars in curling wreaths to heaven.
- Vas.* Shame on thee cloud, that seekest to affright me,
 With thy loud threats, and with thy watery shafts,
 Wouldst stay my progress, hastening to my love.
Indra! I violate no vows to thee,
 That thou shouldst thunder angrily reproof—
 It ill becomes thee to obstruct my path.
 Draw off thy clouds in pity to my passion,
 If ever thou wert conscious of affection,

And for *Ahalyá** wore a husband's form.
 Or be it so—rage on—still pour thy deluge.
 And launch thy hundred shafted bolt, in vain.
 Thou canst not stop the faithful maid that flies
 To lose her terrors in a lover's arms.
 If the clouds roar—c'en be it so—it is
 Their nature—all of man is ever savage.
 But gentle lightning—how canst thou not know
 The cares that agitate the female bosom.†

Vit. Enough—she now befriends us—like a lamp
 That glows in *Indra's* palace, like a banner.
 Whose white folds wave upon a mountain's brow,
 Or like the gold cord on ‡*Airavat's* breast.
 She gleams and shows you where your Lord resides!

Vas. Is this the mansion ?

Vit. It is, I will announce your coming.
 Ho there—inform the worthy *Chárudatta*.
 A Lady at his door awaits ; her locks
 Are drenched with rain, her gentle nerves are shaken
 By angry tempests, and her delicate feet
 By cumbering mire and massy anclets wearied,§
 She pauses to refresh with cooling streams.

Char. (To *Maitréya*.) Hear you my friend.

Mai. As you command. (opens the door.)

Health to you Lady.

* *Indra* having fallen in love with *Ahalyá* the wife of the sage *Gautama* and finding her not to be won to his purpose, deceived her by the Amphictryonic device of assuming her husband's shape.

fications, the lightning is a nymph

‡ The Elephant of *Indra*.

§ It may be scarcely necessary to observe that heavy rings usually of silver set with a fringe of small bells, are worn by Hindu ladies upon their ancles.

† The clouds are male personi-

Vis. Sir, I salute you. (*To the Vita*) Here, let the Umbrella bearer wait upon you.

Vit. (*Apart.*) A hint for me I take it to withdraw. (*taking it*) I shall obey you. [*Exit.*]

Vas. Now good *Maitreya*, where is our gambler.

Mai. (*Apart.*) Gambler indeed; my friend is much honoured by the appellation—there he sits Madam in the arbour.

Vas. In the arbour — is it dry.

Mai. Quite—there is nothing to eat or drink, in it: enter, enter.

Vas. (*To her Servant.*) What shall I say.

Ser. Gambler, good evening to you.

Vas. Shall I be able.

Ser. Opportunity will give you courage.

Mai. Enter, Lady, enter,

Vas. (*Enters, and approaching Chárudatta; throws flowers at him.*) Gambler—good evening to you.

Char. (*Rising.*) *Vasantaséná.*

Lady believe me, every day has passed,
Most heavily, and sleepless dragged my nights,
But now your charms appear, my cares are over,
And this glad evening terminates my sorrows.
Then welcome, welcome to my bower—be seated.

Mai. Take a seat Madam. (*They sit.*)

Char. *Maitreya*, from the flowers that grace her ear
Surcharged with rain, the drops have trickled down
And bathed her bosom, like a young Prince installed
The partner of imperial honours*—haste and bring
A vest of finest texture to replace
This chilling robe.

* Therefore sprinkled with holy water.

Fem. Att. Stop *Maitreya* I will assist my Mistress if you please. (*does so.*)

Mai. (*To Chárudatta.*) Now Sir shall I enquire the object of this visitation.

Char. Do so.

Mai. And now Madam, may I ask what has brought you out, on such a vile dark rainy evening.

Att. Lady, here's a smart Brahman.

Vas. Nay, an able one, so call him.

Att. My Mistress, Sir, wished to be informed of the real value of the Necklace that you brought her.

Mai. There, I said so. (*to Chárudatta.*)

Att. The reason why she wishes to know, is that she has pledged it at play, and the keeper of the tables, being a servant of the Prince's is gone on some duty, and is not to be found.

Mai. Umph, tit for tat.

Att. Until he can be heard of, and the Necklace be redeemed, be pleased to accept in lieu of it this golden casket. (*Gives him the casket stolen by Servillaka. Maitreya examines it.*) You examine it very closely; one would suppose you had seen it before.

Mai. It is very curious: the cunning of the workman beguiles my eyes.

Att. No your eye sight is defective, it is the very same.

Mai. Indeed: my worthy friend, here is the gold casket again, that was stolen from our house.

Char. No, no, it is but a requital
Of our attempt to substitute a change
Of that intrusted to us; this is the truth
How e'er the Casket may appear the same.

Mai. It is the same ; I swear it, as I am a Brahman.

Char. I am glad of it.

Mai. Shall I ask how they came by it.

Char. Why not.

Mai. (*Whispers the attendant.*) Is it so indeed.

Att. (*Whispers Maitreya*) It is indeed.

Char. What is ——— why leave us out.

Mai. (*Whispers Chárudatta.*) This it is indeed.

Char. (*To the attendant.*)

Is this indeed my girl the golden casket.

Att. It is the same Sir.

Char. A pleasing speech, with me should never go
Without fit recompence, accept this ring. (*Looks
at his hand, finds he has no ring, expresses shame.*)

Vas. How well he merits wealth.

Char. (*Apart.*) How can that man be said to live, who lives
A pauper—and whose gratitude and wrath
Are barren both—the bird whose wings are clipped—
The leafless tree—the desiccated pool—
The desolate mansion and the toothless Snake—
Are all meet emblems of the hapless wretch,
Whose festive hours no fond associates grace,
And brightest moments yield no fruit to others.

Mai. (*To him.*) Enough, enough, there is no good in
fretting. (*along.*) But Lady, I shall thank you to restore
me my bathing gown, in which the Casket was wrapped at
the time it was stolen.

Vas. And now worthy *Chárudatta*, believe me—when
the casket was stolen, it was quite unnecessary to send me
this equivalent.

Char. Had I not sent it Lady—who had trusted me.

I and my wealth in most men's eyes are equal—
And poverty will ever be suspected.

Mai. A word, damsel, do you mean to take up your
abode here.

Att. Fie *Maitreya*, how you talk.

Mai. My good friend, the clouds are collecting again,
and the heavy drops drive us from our easy seats.

Char. 'Tis true, they penetrate the yielding clouds

As sinks the lotus stalk into its bed

Of plashy mire, and now again they fall

Like tears celestial from the weeping sky

That wails the absent moon.

The clouds like *Baladéva's* vesture, dark,

Profusely shed a shower of precious pearls

From *Indra's* treasury—the drops descend,

Rapid and rattling like the angry shafts

From *Arjun's* quiver, and of like purity

As are the hearts of holy men.

See, lady how the firmament anointed

With unguent of the black *Tamàla's* hue,

And fanned by fragrant and refreshing gales

Is by the lightning tenderly embraced,

As the loved Lord whom fearlessly she flies to.

Vasantasénà gesticulates affection, and falls into *Cháru-*
datta's arms.

Char. (*Embracing her.*)

Louder and louder still roar on, ye clouds !

To me the sound is music, by your aid

My love is blessed, my heart expands with hope.

Mai. (*As to the cloud.*) You foul faced rascal, you
are a worthless reprobate, to have so scared her Ladyship
by your lightnings.

Char. Reprove it not, for let the rain descend
 The heavens still lower, and wide the lighting launch
 A hundred flames ; they have befriended me,
 And given me her for whom I sighed in vain—
 Happy, thrice happy, they whose walls enshrine
 The fair they worship, and whose arms enfold
 Her shivering beauties in their warm embrace.
 Look love, the bow of Indra arches heaven ;
 Like outspread arms extended with fatigue,
 It stretches forth ; the yawning sky displays
 It's lightning tongue—it's chin of clouds hangs low—
 All woo us to repose—let us retire : the drops
 Fall musical ; and pattering on the leaves
 Of the tall palm, or on the pebbly ground,
 Or in the brook, emit such harmony—
 As sweetly wakens from the voice and lute. [*Exit.*]

END OF THE FIFTH ACT.

ACT VI.

CHARUDATTA'S HOUSE,

Inside and outside as before.

INSIDE. ENTER FEMALE SERVANT.

Hey day, does not my Lady mean to rise this morning ;
I shall make bold to call her. Madam.

ENTER *Vasantaséná*.

Look Madam, it is day.

Vas. How ; why the morning dawns as darkling as if it
still were night.

Ser. It is morning to us, though it may be night to you
Madam.

Vas. Where is your gambler.

Ser. *Chárudatta*, Madam, having given his orders to
Verdhamána, is gone to the old flower garden *Pushpakaranda*.

Vas. What orders gave he.

Ser. To get your litter ready.

Vas. Whither am I to go.

Ser. Whither *Chárudatta* is gone.

Vas. Very well girl, I have scarcely yet beheld him ;
to day will gratify me with his sight. What, did I find my
way into the inner apartments.

Ser. Not only that Madam ; but into every one's heart.

Vas. I fear me his family are vexed.

Ser. They will be vexed then only when—

Vas. When.

Ser. When you depart.

Vas. Then is it my place to be first afflicted. Here girl, take this Necklace to my respected Sister,* and say from me ; I am Chárudatta's handmaid, and your slave, then be this Necklace again the ornament of that neck, to which it of right belongs.

Ser. But Lady, *Chárudatta* will be displeased.

Vas. Go, do as I bid you ; he will not be offended.

Ser. As you command. [*Exit and returns presently.*]

Madam, thus says the Lady ; You are favoured by the son of my Lord, it is not proper for me to accept this Necklace. Know that the only ornament I value, is my husband.

ENTER *Radaniká* and *Chárudatta's Child*.

Rad. Come along my child, let us ride in your cart.

Child. I do not want this cart ; it is only of clay, I want one of gold.

Rad. And where are we to get the gold my little man : wait till your father is rich again, and then he will buy you one : now, this will do. Come, let us go and see *Vasantaséná*. Lady I salute you.

Vas. Welcome *Radaniká* ; whose charming boy is this ; although so ill attired, his lovely face quite fascinates me.

Rad. This is *Rohaséna* the son of *Chárudatta*.

Vas. (*Stretching out her arms*) Come here my little dear, and kiss me. (*takes him on her lap*) How like his father.

Rad. He is like him too in disposition. *Chárudatta* dotes on him.

Vas. Why does he weep.

* That is, to *Chárudatta's* wife.

Rad. The child of our rich neighbour, the great landholder, had a golden cart, which this little fellow saw and wanted. I made him this of clay, but he is not pleased with it, and is crying for the other.

Vas. Alas, alas, this little creature is already mortified by another's prosperity. Oh fate thou sportest with the fortunes of mankind, like drops of water trembling on the Lotus leaf. Dont cry my good boy, and you shall have a gold cart.

Child. *Radaniká* who is this.

Vas. A handmaid purchased by your father's merits.

Rad. This is your Lady Mother, child.

Child. You tell me untruth, *Radaniká*; how can this be my mother, when she wears such fine things.

Vas. How harsh a speech for so soft a tongue. (*takes off her ornaments in tears.*) Now, I am your mother. Here, take this trinket, and go buy a gold cart.

Child. Away, I will not take it, you cry at parting with it.

Vas. (*Wiping her eyes.*) I weep no more, go love, and play: (*fills his cart with her jewels.*) there go, get you a golden cart. [*Exit Radaniká with child.*]

Outside. ENTER *Verdhamána* with the litter.*

Radanika, let the lady know the carriage waits for her, at the private door.

Inside, ENTER *Radaniká*.

Lady, the covered litter attends you at the back door.

* A car of two wheels drawn by oxen and inclosed with curtains—the introduction of this kind of stage property is so constant and essential, that it must have been real, and shews that the place appropriated to the representation must have been level, and spacious; it renders it probable, that the open Court within the house was the spot where the drama was exhibited.

Vas. Stay a moment, whilst I prepare myself.

Rad. Stay a moment *Verdhamána*, the lady is not quite ready.

Ver. And I have forgotten the cushions of the carriage. Wait till I bring them. These oxen are not steady enough to be left. I will drive back and return presently. [*Exit with the car.*]

Vas. (*Inside.*) Bring me my things girl, I can put them on myself. (*dressing.*)

Outside. ENTER *Sthávaraka*, the Servant of *Samsthúnaka*, with a Carriage.

I am ordered by the king's brother-in-law, my Master, to take this vehicle with all speed to the old flower garden, *Pushpakaranda*. Come up, come up. (*looking.*) Why, the road is blocked with country carts. Hola there, get out of the way. What says he, whose carriage is it? *Samsthúnaka's* the king's brother-in-law; quick, quick, clear the road. (*drives on.*) Who should that be, that looked at me so curiously, and then stole off, down another road, like an unlucky gambler that runs away from the table keeper.* No matter; I must get on. Holoa, you, out of the way there. What! Come and give you a turn of the wheel: it sticks, does it! it is very likely that the king's brother-in-law's man, shall assist you to a twist of the wheel. Oh, it is a poor miserable rustic—and alone too. Well, I will lend you a hand. This is *Chárudatta's* postern door. I can leave the carriage here in the mean time, so, stop there, I will be with with you.

Exit, leaving the carriage at the door.

Ser. (*Inside*) I hear the wheels: the carriage is returned Madam.

* This is to prepare the entrance of *Aryaka* who has just fled from prison.

Vas. Quick—quick. I feel strangely flurried, open the door.

Ser. 'Tis done.

Vas. Go you to rest.

Ser. As you command. [Exit.]

Vas. (Goes forth and ascends *Samsthánaká's* carriage.)
My right eye twinkles,* never mind, meeting *Chárudatta* will prove it causeless.

Draws the Curtains.—RE-ENTER Sthóvaraka.

I have helped him, and now have a clear road. (*mounts and proceeds.*) Why, the vehicle is heavier than it was. or the wheels are clogged, and it appears so—No matter, I must proceed, come up.

(*Behind the Scenes.*)

What ho, there, guards; look to it; be vigilant—sleep not at your posts; the cowherd has burst his bonds, slain his gaoler, and broken from his prison; he is now in flight—seize him—seize him.

Stha. Here's a precious uproar, I had better get clear of it. [Exit. with the car.]

ENTER *Aryaka* as in flight.

I have swam thus far to shore, and from the wave
Of fell captivity, the tyrant *Pálaka*
Had plunged me into, once more have escaped.
Like a tame Elephant from his stall broke loose,
I drag along with me my ruptured chain.
Servillaka, my friend, to thee I owe
My freedom, and my life—condemned to pine
In the dark dungeon, where the monarch's fears
Awakened by the sage's prophecies,

* An unlucky omen for a woman—lucky for a man.

Cast me to die, dragged from my humble home. (*inceps.*)
 What crime have I committed—to be sought
 Thus like a venomous snake, to be destroyed.
 If such my destiny, as is foretold,
 In what consists my guilt: be fate accused—
 Fate is a power resistless, and a king
 Alike demands our homage; who contends
 With force superior? mine is to submit.
 Yet for my life I fly—ah, whither now
 Shall I find refuge. See, yon door invites me.
 Some good man's gate is open, and like me—
 It's withered fortunes, for the bolt is broken,
 And the broad valves are shattered and decayed,
 It calls me kinsman, and it proves my friend.
Verdhamána returning with Chárudatta's carriage. (without.)
 Come up, come up.

(*Aryaka Listening.*)

A carriage, and it comes this way.
 If it should be a village car, not freighted
 With passengers uncourteous, or a vehicle
 For women, but its fair load not received,
 Or be it travelling from the town, and fit
 For decent occupancy—be it but empty
 And unattended, and my fate befriends me.

ENTER *Verdhamána with the Carriage.*

What ho *Radaniká*, I have got the cushions, and the car
 is ready: so inform the Lady *Vasantaséná*; tell her to ascend,
 that I my set off for *Pushpakaraídaka*.

Ar. It is a courtesan's, and travelling outwards,
 'Tis fortunate—I mount. (*advances.*)

Verd. (*Listening and hearing the ringing of Aryaka's
 chain.*) I hear the sound of the anclets, she is here—get

up quick Lady ; get up behind—the cattle are impatient, I must not leave them.

Aryaka ascends.

Verd. The sound has ceased, and the carriage is heavier than it was : her ladyship must be seated, so here goes.

[*Exit with the Car.*

Scene—Another Street.

ENTER *Viraka, Captain of the Watch, attended.*

Holoa Jaya, Jayamána, Chandanaka, Mangala, Pushpabhadra, and the rest, follow quick, and we shall catch the villain, though he has broken his prison, and the king's slumbers. Here fall in, go you to the east gate, you to the west, you to the south, you to the north : on this pile of broken bricks, *Chandanaka* and I will stop, and look about us. What ho *Chandanaka*.

ENTER *Chandanaka, attended, in a bustle.*

What ho *Viraka, Visalya, Bhimángada, Dandakála, Dandásura,* quick, quick, never let the king's fortune move off into another family : away with you, search the streets, the roads, the gardens, the houses, the stalls, the markets, and let no suspicious corner pass unexamined, away. (*Exeunt Guard.*) Well *Viraka,* what say you, will any one convey this run away cow boy, out of peril—verily whoever dares to carry him off whilst *Chandanaka* lives, had better have had at his birth, the Sun in the eighth Mansion ; the Moon in the fourth ; *Venus* in the sixth ; *Mars* in the fifth ; *Jupiter* in the sixth and *Saturn* in the ninth.*

* This appears to be the literal import of the passage ; its astrological signification is not so clear : according to the elementary these planetary conjunctions forebode severally—pain—colic—fatuity—consumption—sorrow and indigence.

Vas. He must have had assistance no doubt valiant *Chandanaka*, but by your heart, I swear, that he escaped before dawn.

ENTER *Verdhamána* with the Car and *Aryaka* concealed.

Chan. What ho there, see, see, a covered litter passes along the high road; enquire whose it is, and whither going.

Vir. What ho, driver, stop and answer, whose vehicle is this; who is inside; and where are you going.

Vir. The carriage belongs, Sir to the worthy *Chárudatta*; the Lady *Vasantaséná* is inside, and I am carrying her to the old flower garden to meet *Chárudatta* there.

Chan. Let him pass.

Vir. Without inspection.

Chan. Undoubtedly.

Vir. On what surety.

Chan. *Chárudatta's*

Vir. And who is *Chárudatta* or who is *Vasantaséná* that the carriage is to pass free.

Chan. Do you not know who they are. If you know not *Chárudatta* and *Vasantaséná* you know not the moon and moonlight when you see them together in the skies: who is there that is not acquainted with that moon of mildness, that lotus of merit, that liberator from sorrow, that pearl, the essence of the four oceans, *Chárudatta*: both are of the highest respectability, the boast and pride of the city, the lovely *Vasantaséná* and virtuous *Chárudatta*.

Vir. Phoo, phoo, I know them well enough, but in the discharge of my duty, my own father must be a stranger.

Aryaka. (In the car.) Yon *Viraka* has ever been my foe,
Chandanaka my friend; the two are ill
 Associated in a common duty.

One fire the marriage ceremony asks ;
Another serves to light the funeral pile.*

Chan. Well careful Captain, high in the king's confidence,
do you then look into the carriage, I will look to the cattle.

Vir. Nay, you are in command and confidence as well
as I am, do you inspect it.

Char. What I see, is in fact seen by you.

Vir. Not only by me, but by the King himself.

Char. Hoha you, stop the car.

Ary. Unfortunate, I am discovered ; I have no sword ;
Like *Bhima* then I must employ my hands—
Better to die, than be again a Captive.
Yet hold—it is not yet despair.

Chandanaka looks into the Car.

Ary. Protection, I am at your mercy.

Char. Fear not, who seeks protection will obtain it.

* Where a perpetual flame is maintained, it lights the fire round which the Bride and Bridegroom step at the marriage ceremony, and the funeral pile of either—but the household fire is preserved only by a particular sect—the *Agnihotras* and the great body of the people have nothing of the kind—in this case they distinguish between the sources whence they obtain the kindling flame according to the purposes of its application, and the fire of the marriage rite is taken from the hearth of a respectable person, or from a fire lighted on some auspicious occasion, whilst for the funeral pile “any unpolluted fire may be used. It is only necessary to avoid taking it from another funeral pile, or from the abode of an outcast, of a man belonging to the tribe of executioners, of a woman who has lately borne a child or of any person who is unclean” Colebrooke on the Religious ceremonies of the Hindus “As. Res. vii. 241.” Notwithstanding these exceptions, it is the common practice of the Hindus of ordinary rank in the western provinces to procure fire from an outcast to light the funeral pile.

Ary. Fortune forsakes, tribe, family, and friends
Discard, and all men scorn the coward slave,
Who fears to grant protection to the wretched.

Char. How ; *Aryaka.*

Like the poor bird that flying from the hawk,
Falls in the fowler's net ; art thou my prize ;*
And luckless wretch, appliest to me for aid.

He is in *Chárudatta's* car, his crime.

Is none—*Servillaka* to whom I owe

My own life, is his friend, but then—

My duty to the prince—what's to be done.

E'en be it so—I told him not to fear.

The words have passed my lips. I must befriend him ;

Come on't what will, the succour once assured,

Must be extended—though the end be ruin.†

(*Returning.*) I have seen—*Arya*—*Aryá Vasantaséná*,
and she says right ; it is indecorous to detain her on the
road, when she has an appointment with *Chárudatta*.

Vir. Excuse me *Chandanaka*, I have some doubts in
the matter.

* Another instance of the familiar use of apologues.

† The importance attached to the duty of affording protection to those who solicit it is repeatedly urged in the Hindu writings ; thus in the *Hitopadesa*.

What even are called here great gifts such as donations of land, gold, cattle and food are all inferior to the gift of protection—and he who affords succour to the helpless that fly to

him for aid obtains a reward equal to that of performing the *Aswamedha* sacrifice which confers the enjoyment of every desire—*Hil.*

This feeling seems to have pervaded the heroic times both of Greece and Rome, and to have secured *Adrastus* an asylum at the court of *Croesus* and *Coriolanus* a refuge in the halls of *Aufidius*.

Char. How so.

Vir. You seem flurried, and it was with some indistinctness you called out first *Arya*, then corrected yourself, and said *Aryá* Vasantaséná*. I have some strange misgivings.

Chan. Misgivings indeed! why you know, we of the south are not very nice in our articulation, and are apt to confound sounds: being accustomed to speak the dialects of a number of barbarous and other outcast tribes,† it would be all the same to us, whether it was *Arya* or *Aryá*, masculine, feminine or neuter.

Vir. Ah well—I shall take a look myself: such are the prince's orders, he knows he can trust me.

* The difference of masculine and feminine Terminations, *Argas* and *Arya*, the first being either the same with *Aryaka*, a name, or the respectable, as applied to a man—the second means the same as applied to a woman.

† The original specifies the countries, and the list is not only curious in itself, but it is worthy of remark on account of the character of *Mlechha* or barbarous tribes, that is to say, other than Hindu—being assigned to people who are chiefly if not wholly natives of Southern India—we might suppose that the nations of the Peninsula were not universally Hindus at the period when this play was written; they must however have received the religion, not only of the Vedas but even of the Pura-

nas, before the Christian era as the name of Cape *Comari* proves; so called according to Arrian, from a temple dedicated to a Goddess, or in fact to *Kumari* a name of *Parvati* or *Umá*, the virgin bride of *Siva*—the countries specified are *Khasa*, *Khattikhara*, *Karatta*, *Avilaka*, *Kernáta*, (Carnatick) *Kerna*, *Právaraná*, *Andhra*, (Telingána), *Virá*, (*Virat* or *Berar*), *Chola*, (Coromandel), *Vina*, *Berbera*, *Kherakhaná*, *Mukha*, *Madhuhána*.—Most of these we cannot identify: they are very possibly distorted by the copyists—their general application to the South is however not only indicated by the few which are recognizable but by Chandanaka calling himself a *Dakshinátá* or *Dakshinátya* a dweller of the South.

Chan. And am I not trusted by him.

Vir. True, but I must obey his orders.

Chan. (*Apart.*) If it is known that the cowherd was seized in *Chárudatta's* carriage, he will be involved in the punishment. I must give my friend here a specimen of *Carnatic* eloquence. (*aloud.*) Hark ye *Viraka* I have already inspected the carriage—why are you to inspect it again—who the deuce are you, I should like to know.

Vir. And who are you pray.

Chan. I'll tell you: one entitled to your most profound respect: you should recollect your caste.

Vir. My caste, what is it then?

Chan. Oh I do not wish to say.

Vir. Say, say if you like, and if you dont like it—leave it alone.

Chan. I do not wish to shame you: let it be, it is not worth while to break a wood apple.

Vir. Nay I insist.

Chan. (*Intimates by signs that Viraka is a Chamár or worker in leather.*)

Vir. It is false, I deny it.

Chan. You were wont to carry a dead jackall in your hand,* to replace dislocated joints, and to flourish a pair of shears; and you are now a general; a very pretty general.

Vir. You are a most high and mighty hero, no doubt, far above your real origin.

* Whose skin he is about to employ. The second attribute of this caste is rather derogatory to surgical science, if it be correctly rendered, which is not certain; the expression is *Purisanám kukka ganthi shanthabano*—*Purus-hànám kuncha granthi sansthá-paka*. The rectifier of men's crooked joints.

Chan. What was my origin.

Ver. Excuse me.

Chan. I defy you;—my caste is as pure as the moon.

Ver. No doubt; vastly pure, when your mother was a tabor—your father a kettle drum, and your brother a tambourine* but you—you are a general.

Chan. I a *Chamar*, I *Chandanaka*, a *Chamar*, mighty well, mighty well! Look, by all means.

Vir. Ho, driver! Stay till I inspect the car.

Viraka approaches it. Chandanaka seizes him by the hair, drags him back; throws him down and kicks him.

Vir. (*rising.*) What do you mean by this treatment of me: but I will have vengeance. If I have not your head severed from your body, and your limbs quartered and exposed in the public place, I am not *Viraka*.† [Exit.

Chan. Away to the palace, or the court. Complain. I care not; who will heed such a dog as you. (*to Verdhamána.*) Quick, and if any one stops you, say the carriage has been inspected by *Viraka* and *Chandanaka*. Lady *Vasantaséná*, I give you this as a passport. (*gives Aryaka a sword.*)

Ary. My right arm throbs, as I receive the weapon.

Fortune is friendly to me. I am safe.

Chan. The †*Arya* will remember *Chandana*.

I ask not this for favour, but in love.

Ary. Fate has this day made *Chandana* my friend.

* Instruments covered with skins and made by out-castes. front itself is very unbecoming a hero and a general—the scene

† A rather unworthy mode of representing the affront, especially the profession and rank of the speaker being considered: the af- is a curious and no doubt accurate picture of military manners amongst the Hindus.

‡ A title of respect.

If the Saint's prophesy should be fulfilled
I will remember well how much I owe him:

Chan. May every deity* befriend your cause.
And may your enemies before you fall,
Like *Sumbha* and *Nisumbha* by the wrath
Of the resentful Goddess.† Drive on. [*Exit Verd-*
hamána with car.

Chan. (*Looking after it.*) Ha, yonder I see my friend *Ser-*
villaka follows the carriage. Well, may they prosper—*Viraka*
will now to the prince and tell how he has been handled. I
must collect my friends and relatives, and follow him with-
out delay. [*Exit.*

* The original specifies the Deities invoked or *Siva, Vishnu, Brahmá*, the Sun and the Moon. were destroyed as related in the fifth and following sections of the *Chandi páth* a section of the

† Durgá by whom the two demons *Sumbha* and *Nisumbha* *Márkandéya Purána.*

END OF THE SIXTH ACT.

ACT VII.

THE GARDEN PUSHPAKARANDA.

ENTER *Chárudatta and Maitreya.*

Mai. How bravely the old garden looks

Char. 'Tis true; like wealthy merchants are the trees
Who spread in clustering flowers the choicest wares;
Amongst them busily the bees are straying
To gather tribute for the royal hive.

Mai. Here is a fine block of stone; sit down on it.

Char. (*Seated.*) *Verdhamána* tarries long.

Mai. I told him to make all possible haste.

Char. Then why so tardy. Or, the car rolls heavily
Or it has broken down upon the way;
Or the old traces have been snapped—or the
A Tree across their path, or have they str
Another road, or are the beasts untracta^l
Or have—Oh here he comes.

ENTER *Verdhamána with the car.*

Come up.

Arya. (*In the car.*)

Fled from the monarch's myrmidons and cramped
By this vile fetter round my foot, I owe
My safety to this vehicle—where like the Cuckoo*

* The Hindus believe that the *Koel*, the Indian Cuckoo, deposits its eggs in the nest of the Crow and leaves them there to be hatched.

Nursed in a stranger nest, I find concealment.
 Now, far beyond the city, I am safe—
 Shall I alight, and seek to gain a refuge
 Amidst the dark recesses of these groves,
 Or shall I dare encounter with the owner
 Of this befriending car. 'Twere far more grateful
 To meet with *Chárudatta*, than to hear
 His pity only as I darkling lurk
 Among these shades—My new acquired liberty
 Will yield him pleasure, and my wasted form
 Will grow once more to vigour from the interview.

Ver. This is the place: what ho! *Maitreya*.

Mai. Welcome *Verdhunána* I have been looking out
 for you.

Ver. Well here I am, and so is *Vasantaséná*.

Mai. But you son of a slave what has detained you so
 long.

Ver. Do not be angry *Maitreya*. I was obliged to go back
 to find the cushions which I had at first forgot.

Char. Well, well, *Maitreya*, assist *Vasantaséná* to alight.

Mai. What has she got fetters on her feet, that she can
 not come down by herself. (*goes to the car and looks in.*)
 Hola what have we here,* this is not *Vasantaséná*, it is
Vasantaséna I suppose.

Char. Refrain your mirth, my friend, love ill sustains
 The least delay, I help her to alight. (*rises.*)

Ary. Here comes the worthy *Chárudatta*,
 Cheering his voice, and gentle his aspect:
 I need not fear.

* The masculine form of the same noun, *Vasantasenus est*,
 non *Vasantascna*.

Char. (*Looking in.*) How, who is this.

His arms are like the elephant's vast tusks—
 His breast, his shoulders, brawny as the lion's—
 His eyes are coppery-red, and roll in anger—
 His limbs are chained—who could have overpowered
 Such more than human strength. Who art thou say.

Ary. My name is *Aryaka*: to tend the herds
 The duty I was born to—and to thee
 I hither come, a suppliant for protection.

Char. Art thou that *Aryaka*, our prince's fears,
 Dragged from his humble station to a prison.

Ary. The same.

Char. Fate that has brought thee hither is thy friend.
 My life I may resign, but cannot turn
 Away from one who sues to me for refuge.
Verdhamaṇa—remove those fetters.

Ver. (*Obeys.*) The chains are off Sir.

Ary. (*To Char.*) And chains more lasting by this aid
 imposed.

Mai. Then now pray take yourself off too. Come, my
 good friend, now this gentleman is at large, I think we had
 better get home as quick as we can.

Char. Fie on thy speech, what need of haste.

Ary. *Excuse me *Chárudatta* that I mounted,
 Nor sought permission first, into this car.

Char. You have graced me by such courtesy.

Ary. Have I your leave to leave you.

Char. It is yours.

Ary. I will descend.

* A very civil and nationally characteristic Dialogue ensues.

Char. Nay, friend, not so.

Your steps still labour from the weighty load,
So recently removed : besides—the car
Will unsuspected bear you on your way,
Beyond our boundaries—pray keep your seat.

Ary. As you direct.

Char. Auspicious be your way.
To join your friends

Ary. I hope I leave one here :

Char. 'Tis one who hopes to be remembered by you,
In other times.

Ary. Can I forget myself.

Char. The Gods protect your path.

Ary. It is to you,
I owe my safety,

Char. Not so, you owe it
To your bright fortunes.

Ary. Of the which indeed.
I hold you as the cause.

Char. But *Pálaka*

Must still be heeded ; and around he sends
A numerous guard, who may detain your steps.
Use no delay—but with all speed depart.

Ary. To meet again. [*Exit.*

Char. The deed that I have done, will little please
The king, should it be known ; and kings behold
Their subject's actions by their spies—'twere well
To leave this spot at once ; *Maitreya*, cast
The fetters deep into this ancient well. (*his eyes*
throbbing.

'Tis sad to miss a meeting with my love—

But that such chance, to day at least is hopeless,
 My left eye indicates—and without cause
 A sudden languor creeps into my heart—
 Let us leave this. (*going.*) Ha, an evil omen!
 A *heretic approaches us. (*stops.*) yet—hold—
 Let him advance—we'll take another path. [*Exit.*]

* A *Baudha* mendicant or *Sramanaka*. Avoiding him is in harmony with the Brahmanical doctrine on this subject; at the same time it is clear that the *Sramanaka* is our old acquaintance—the *Samvāhaka*, see Act 2d.

END OF THE SEVENTH ACT.

ACT VIII.

SCENE THE SAME.

ENTER *the Sramanaka.*

Or Baudhka mendicant with a wet garment in his hand.

Sram. (Sings.)

Be virtue friends your only store,
And restless appetite restrain,
Beat meditation's drum, and sore
Your watch against each sense maintain;
The thief that still in ambush lies,
To make devotion's wealth his prize.

Let man remember life must end
And every hope but virtue fail;
That he must still with pride contend
And over ignorance prevail.
The town will only taste repose
When scattered fly the baffled foes.

Why shave the head and mow the chin
Whilst bristling follies choke the breast;
Apply the knife to parts within,
And heed not how deformed the rest;
The heart of pride and passion weed
And then the man is pure indeed.

My cloth is heavy with the yet moist dye.* I will enter this garden, belonging to the Raja's brother-in-law, and wash it in the pool, and then I shall proceed more lightly. (*does so.*)

(*Behind.*) What, ho, you rascally *Sramanaka* what are you doing there.

Sram. Alas, alas, here he is, *Samsthánaka* himself—he will be wroth to find me here. I shall be dragged along like an ox with a slit in my nose. Where shall I fly to — the Lord *Buddha* be my refuge.

ENTER *Samsthanaka* with the *Vita*, his sword drawn.

Sans. Stop you vile vagabond, or off I take that head of thine, as they snap off the top of a red radish in a drug shop.† (*beats him.*)

Vit. Nay, nay, hold ; beat not the poor wretch, thus clad in the coloured garment of humility. This garden was intended by Your Excellency to be the seat of delight, and these trees were destined to afford shade and relief to the unsheltered, but now they are disappointed of their objects ; they fail their promise, like the no longer hidden villainy of a scoundrel, and are only to be enjoyed at the risk of peril, like a new sovereignty disposed of, before it is yet subdued.

Sram. Mercy Sir, be my protector, my saviour.

Sams. Hear, him, the scoundrel, how he abuses me.

Vit. How so.

Sams. He calls me a *shaver*.‡

* He has been staining it of to excite thirst and improve the flavor of the liquor.

† The original pun is *Upásaka* which means a worshipper or a particularly now the *Saivas*. barber. It was not possible to

‡ Where it is eaten as a relish retain the sense and the pun

Vil. Not so, he entreats you humbly.

Sams. And what are you doing here.

Sram. I was about to cleanse my garment in this pond.

Sams. Villain, was this superlative garden given to me by my Sister's husband, the Raja, for such a base purpose— Dogs drink here by day, and Jackalls by night: exalted in rank as I am, I do not bathe here, and shall you presume here to wash your foul and fetid rags;—but I shall make short work with you.*

Vil. In that case I suspect he will not have long followed the profession.

Sams. How so.

Vil. Observe: his head shines as if it had only been lately shaven; and his garment has been so little worn that there are no scars† on his shoulder. The ochry dye has not

also: as it is, the attempt to preserve any thing like a quibble is so bad, that it is not attempted to follow the original in two more specimens of this sort of wit, resting on the words *Dhanya* meaning Prosperous or an Atheist, and *Punya* pious or a brick trough—the whole passage is this:—

Sra. Sâ-adam, pasidadu ubâsâke.

Sak. Bhâvé bhâvé, pekkha pekkha, akkosa-di mam.

Vil. Kim braviti.

Sak. Ubâsaketti mam bhanâdi: kim? Hage nâbide.

Vil. Buddhopasaka! iti bhavantam stauti.

Sak. Stunu, Samanake, stunu.

Sra. Tumam dhane, tumam puné.

Sak. Bhâvé, Dhane punettâ mam bhanâdi: kim? Hage Sâ-laiike, koshtahe bâ.

Vil. Kânêlimâtah! Nanu dhanyas twam, punyas twam: iti bhavantam stauti.

* Tumam ekka pahâliam kalemi. I shall make you a man of one blow.

† Why they should be expected is very doubtful—the expression is kâlasya alpatayâ cha chivara kritah skandhe na jâtabhina.

yet fully stained the cloth, and the open web yet fresh and flaccid, hangs loosely over his arms.

Sram. I do not deny it, worthy Sir, it is true I have but lately adopted the profession of a beggar.

Sams. And why so; why did you not become a beggar as soon as you were born, you scoundrel. (*beats him.*)

Sram. Glory to Buddha.

Vit. Enough, enough, now let him go. (*to the Sram.*)
away with you.

Sams. Stop, stop, I must first ask leave.

Vit. From whom.

Sams. My own mind.

Vit. Well, he is not gone.

Sams. My life, my heart, my chick, my child, shall this fellow go or stay? very well, my mind says—

Vit. What.

Sams. He shall neither go, nor stay, nor move, nor breathe—let him fall down, and be put to death.

Sram. Glory to Buddha—mercy—mercy.

Vit. Oh, let him go.

Sams. On one condition.

Vit. What is that.

Sams. He shall take all the clay of this pool out without muddying the water, or he shall make a pile of clean water, and throw the mud aside.

Vit. Absurd, you might as well ask for skins of stone, and meat from trees. This world is sadly burthened with fools.

Sram. (*Gesticulates imprecations.*)

Sams. What does he mean.

Vit. He blesses you.

Sams. Speak my blessings.

Sram. *Be as prosperous as you are pious.

Sams. Begone.

[*Exit Sram.*]

Vit. Come, come, to other thoughts direct your mind,
 Look round the garden, mark these stately trees,
 Which duly by the king's command attended,
 Put forth abundantly their fruits and flowers,
 And clasped by twining creepers, they resemble
 The manly husband and the tender wife.

Sams. The ground is quite a picture, strewed with many tinted flowers; the trees are bowed down with blossoms; the graceful creepers completely surmount even their tops, and the monkeys are tossing about the jack† in sportive mischief.

Vit. Here let us take our seat.

Sams. I am seated—and now my good friend, trust me—I cannot help thinking of *Vasantaséná*: she holds her place in my heart, and rankles like the abuse of a blackguard.

Vit. (*Aside.*) To little purpose are these thoughts indulged,
 So true it is—

The scorn of woman in ignoble breasts,
 But adds fresh fuel to the scorching flame.
 The manly heart disdain with scorn repays,
 And soon subdues it's unrequited passion.

Sams. What hour is it—that fellow *Sthávaraka* was ordered to be here early; what can be the reason he does not make his appearance. It is almost noon; I feel hungry, and it is impossible to think of walking at this time of day—

* This is an interpolation as tached.
 in the original he retires after † The large fruit of the Ar-
 repeating his apparent imprecac- tocarpus integrifolia.
 tion to which no words are at-

The sun is now in mid-heaven, and looks as fierce as an angry ape, and the ground is as dry and shrivelled as *Gándhári* looked, when her hundred sons were slain.

Vit. 'Tis true: The cattle dozing in the shade,
 Let fall the unchamped fodder from their mouths:
 The lively ape with slow and languid pace
 Creeps to the pool to slake his parching thirst
 In it's now tepid waters—not a creature
 Is seen upon the public road, nor braves
 One solitary passenger the sun.
 Perhaps the carriage from the heated track
 Has turned aside, and waits a cooler hour.

Sams. Very likely—and I am left here to furnish a lodgement in my brains for the rays of the sun. The birds have all slunk into shelter amongst the branches, and passengers panting and breathing flame, are glad to mount the umbrella. That fellow will not be here to day—come let us amuse ourselves, I will give you a song.

(*He sings*)

There sie, what say you to that.

Vit. Say? That you are verily a *Ghandharba*.*

Sams. How should I fail being so—I make a practice of taking assafœtida, cummin seed, orris root, treacle and ginger—my voice must necessarily be very *sweet*.† I will give you another specimen. (*sings.*)

There what think you now.

Vit. That you are a very *Gandharba*.

* A Chorister of *Sicerga* or blundering upon *Gandha* fragrance and *Gandh-erba* a singer
Indra's heaven.

† He is in fact punning or of heaven.

Sams. I knew you would think so—but I take care to train myself suitably. I always feed upon meat, presented to me by some of my slaves, and I have it fried in oil and ghee, and seasoned well with assafœtida and black pepper ; that is your only diet for a sweet voice. Oh that scoundrel he will never arrive.

Vit. Have patience : he will soon be here.

(*They Retire.*)

ENTER *Sthávaraka* with the Car in which *Vasantaséná* is.

Stha. I am in a terrible fright, it is near noon—my master will be in a violent rage—Come up.

Vas. (*In the Car.*) Alas, alas, that is not *Verdhamána's* voice. Who can it be, whose vehicle is this. Has *Chárudatta* sent another car and servant to spare his own—Ha, my right eye throbs, my heart flutters, my sight is dim, every thing forebodes misfortunes.

Sams. Master, the car is here.

Vit. How do you know.

Sams. Do you not hear a snorting like an old hog's.

Vit. You are right ; here it is.

Sams. How, my good fellow *Sthávaraka*, are you come at last.

Stha. Yes Sir.

Sams. And the car.

Stha. Here it is Sir.

Sams. And the oxen.

Stha. Here they are.

Sams. And yourself.

Stha. We are all together, your honor.

Sams. Then drive in.

Stha. Which way Sir.

Sams. Here, where the wall is broken.

Stha. It is impossible sir ; it will kill the beasts, smash the car, and I shall get my neck broken into the bargain.

Sams. Do you recollect Sirrah that I am the king's brother-in-law : be the cattle killed, I can buy others ; let the car smash, I can have another made, and if you break your neck, I must hire another driver.

Stha. That is very true, your honor the loss will be mine, I shall not be able to replace myself.

Sams. I care not, drive in here, over the broken walls.

Stha. Very well sir, here goes—Break car, go to pieces you and your driver, others are to be had, and I must report your fate to your master. (*drives.*) How, all safe ! there Sir, the carriage has come in.

Sams. You see, what a lying rogue you are ; and no mischief.

Stha. Very true Sir.

Sams. Come my friend, let us go to the car, you are my ever honoured teacher and master, precede—I know what is due to your dignity, ascend.

Vit. I comply.

Sams. Stop, Stop. Did your father make the carriage pray ! I am the owner of it, and shall therefore get in the first.

Vit. I did as you desired.

Sams. Very possibly, but you erred in not requesting me to precede.

Vit. Will your excellency be pleased to enter.

Sams. That is right. I shall ascend. (*getting up, returns hastily and lays hold of the Vita in alarm.*) Oh dear, I am a lost man ; there's a thief or a she-devil in the carriage. If a devil, we shall be robbed, if a thief we shall be devoured alive.

Vit. Fear not, how should a she-devil get into a bullock carriage; it was nothing but the shadow of *Sthāvaraka*, I dare say, which, your eyes having been dazzled with the glare, you saw indistinctly, and mistook for a living figure.

Sams. My poor *Sthāvaraka* are you alive.

Stha. I rather think so your honour.

Sams. There certainly is a woman in the car, look yourself. (*to the Vita.*)

Vita. A woman! ha—ha.

Afraid to gaze upon the man of birth,
Who foremost shines amongst his fellow men,
They walk with down cast eyes, like shrinking cattle
That hang their heads against the driving rain.

Vas. Alas that odious wretch, the *Rāja's* Brother.
What will become of me—unhappy girl,
A luckless seed my coming hither sows,
In the parched soil of my disastrous fate.

Sams. That vile slave—not to have examined the carriage—
Come Master look:

Vit. I am going.

Sams. Do jackalls fly, or crows run. Do men eat with their eyes and see with their teeth—So surely, will I not stay here.

Vit. (*Looking in.*) How! can it be!
What brings the doe into the tiger's den.
Or does the cygnet fly the distant mate
Though bright as autumn's moon to wed the crow!
It is not well; or has your mother's will
On gain intent, compelled you to come hither
To earn reluctant, presents late despised.
You are by nature false, your fickle tribe
I told you truly, ever are prepared

To yield their blandishments to those they scorn.

Vas. Believe it not of me—I was deceived,
Mistook the vehicle, and the fatal error
Has brought me hither. Oh befriend—protect me?

Vit. I will befriend you—banish every fear.
I will beguile this blockhead. (*descends.*)
There is indeed a devil in the car.

Sams. Indeed; how happens it she has not run off with
you, if a thief how is it she has not eaten you up.

Vit. Never mind.
Hence to *Ujayin* a line of groves affords
Unbroken shade; let us walk there, 'twere better.

Sams. How so.

Vit. 'Twill yield us healthy exercise, and spare.
The jaded cattle.

Sams. So be it, Come *Stāvaraka* follow us with the carriage. No, stop; I go on foot only before Gods and *Brahmans*—I can not walk along the road—I must get into the car, and then as I pass, the citizens will say to each other, there, that is he, His excellency the Prince's most noble brother-in-law.

Vit. (*Apart.*) What is to be done, the case is critical,
The remedy is obvious, yes this were best.

(*Aloud to the Prince.*) I did but jest. There is no female fiend.

Vasantaséná has come here to meet you.

Vas. Ah me!

Sams. Am I not, master, another *Vásudeva*.

Vit. Undoubtedly.

Sams. It is therefore that this unparalleled goddess waits upon me. I lately displeased her, I will now go and cast myself at her feet.

Vit. Well devised.

Sams. I go. (*kneltsto Vasantaséná.*) Celestial Mother, listen to my prayers, behold me with those lotus eyes thus lowly at thy feet, and mark my hands uplifted thus to thy heavenly countenance. Forgive, most graceful nymph, the faults that love has urged me to commit, and accept me for thy servant and thy slave.

Vas. Away, your regard is my abhorrence. (*Spurns him with her foot.*)

Sams. (*Rising in great wrath.*) What, shall this head that bows not to the Gods, this head that my mother caressed, be humbled to the ground, to be treated, like a dead carcase by the jackalls in a thicket. What ho *Sthávaraka* where did you pick up this woman.

Sitha. Why Sir, to tell you the truth ; some village carts blocked up the road, near *Chárudatta's* garden, I got down to clear the way, and in the mean time left the carriage at his gate. I fancy she then came out of his house, and ascended the car, mistaking it for another.

Sams. A mistake, Oh then she did not come here to seek me. Come down madam, this carriage is mine. You come I suppose to meet that beggar's brat, the son of a higgler, and you take advantage of my cattle, but turn out directly I say.

Vas. That which you make my blame, I make my boast.

As for the rest, whatever must be, may be.

Sams. With these good hands, armed with ten nails, and dexterous in inflicting punishment, I will drag you from the carriage by the hair of your head, as *Jatáyu** seized upon the wife of *Báli*.†

* *Jatáyu* is the name of a when carried off by that demon. hero bird, the son of *Garura* by † Here is a great confusion of *Syéni*: he was slain by *Ravana* persons; *Báli* carried off *Rumà* in attempting to rescue *Sita* the wife of *Sugriva*.

Vit. Forbear, forbear, nor rudely thus invade
These graceful tresses—what destructive hand
Would roughly rend the creeper from the tree,
Or tear the blossom from the slender stem.
Leave her to me—I'll bring her from the car.
(*Goes and hands Vasantasénú down*)

Sams. (*Aside.*) The wrath that her disdainful treatment
justly kindled is now more violent than ever : a blow, a kick,
to be spurned, I am resolved, she dies. (*aloud.*) Master if
you have any relish for a mantle, with a broad border and
a hundred tassels, or have any curiosity to taste a bit of de-
licate flesh, now is your time.

Vit. What mean you.

Sams. Will you oblige me.

Vit. In any thing not unreasonable.

Sams. There is no more flavour of unreasonableness than
of she-devils in it.

Vit. Well, speak on.

Sams. Put *Vasantasénú* to death.

Vit. (*Stopping his ears.*)

Murder a young and unoffending female,
Of courteous manners and unrivalled beauty,
The pride of all *Ujayin*. Where shall I find,
Believe you, a fit raft to waft my soul,
Safe o'er the river of futurity.

Sams. I will have one made for you—Come, come
what have you to fear ; in this lowly place, who shall see
you.

Vit. All nature : the surrounding realms of space ;
The genii of these groves, the moon, the sun,
The winds, the vault of heaven, the firm set earth,

Hell's awful ruler, and the conscious soul :
 These all bear witness to the good or ill
 That men perform, and these will see the deed.*

Sams. Throw a cloth over her then, and hide her.

Vit. Fool, you are crazed.

Sams. And you are an old good for nothing dastardly
 jackal—Very well, I shall find some one else. *Sthávaraka*
 shall do it—Here, *Sthávaraka* my lad, I will give you gold.

Stha. Thank your honour, I will take it.

Sams. You shall have a gold seat.

Stha. I will sit upon it.

Sams. You shall have every dainty dish from my table.

Stha. I will eat it; never fear me.

Sams. You shall be head over all my slaves.

Stha. I shall be a very great man.

Sams. But attend to what I order.

Stha. Depend upon me, in every thing, that may be done.

Sams. It may be done well enough.

Stha. Say on sir.

Sams. Kill this *Vasantaséná*.

Stha. Excuse me, sir, I brought her here.

Sams. Why you villain, am I not your master.

Stha. You are sir, my body is your's, but not my inno-
 cence: I dare not obey you.

Sams. Of whom, are you, my servant, to be afraid.

Stha. Futurity.

Sams. And who is Mr. Futurity pray.

Stha. The requiter of our good and evil deeds.

Sams. And what is the return for good.

* This passage is in fact from Menu, with a slight deviation
 only in the order.

Stha. Wealth and power like your honor's.

Sams. And what for evil.

Stha. Eating as I do the bread of slavery. I will not do therefore what ought not to be done.

Sams. You will not obey me. (*beats him.*)

Stha. Beat me if you will, kill me if you will, I cannot do what ought not to be done. Fate has already punished me with servitude for the misdeeds of a former life, and I will not incur the penalty of being born again a slave.

Vas. Oh sir, protect me. (*to the Vitá.*)

Vit. Come, come, be pacified. (*to the Prince.*)

Sihávaraka is right; revolving fate
Has doomed him to a low and servile station,
From which, he wisely hopes, a life of virtue
Hereafter sets him free. Do you too think
Though degradation wait not close on crime,
And many, obstinately foes to virtue
Suffer not here the punishment they merit,
Yet destiny not blindly works—Though now
Her will gives servitude to him, to you
A master's sway—yet in a future being,
Your affluence may his portion be assigned,
And your's, to do submissively his bidding.

Sams. (*Apart.*) The old dastard, and this fool of a slave, are both afraid of futurity, but what shall I fear. I, who am the brother of a prince, and a man of courage, as well as rank; (*to Sihávaraka*) Begone slave, retire into the garden, and wait apart.

Stha. I obey sir, (*to Vas.*) Lady, fear not me. [*Exit.*

Sams. (*Tightening his girdle.*) Now *Vasantaséná*, die. (*goes to seize her, the Vita stops him.*)

Vit. In my presence. (*throws him down.*)

Sams. Ah villain, would you kill your prince: (*faints*)
Ah, you who have so long fed at my cost, do you now
become my foe. (*rising; apart.*) Let me think; this will
do. I saw the old scoundrel give a signal. I must get him
out of the way, and then dispatch her. (*aloud.*) My good
friend, how could you so mistake what I said; how could
you suppose that I, born of so high a race,* should seriously
purpose such an unworthy action. I merely used those
menaces to terrify her into compliance.

Vit. Believe me sir, it is of little import
To boast of noble birth, unless accord
The manners with the rank—ungrateful thorns
Are most offensive in a goodly soil.

Sims. The truth of the matter is, that *Vasantaséná* is
bashful in your presence: leave us by ourselves a little: that
fellow *Sthávaraka* too I am sure intends to run away; go
bring him back, and I dare say, when we are alone a little,
she will relent.

Vit. (*Apart*) It may be true, that valiant in my presence,
Vasantaséná may continue still,
To drive this fool to madness by denial.

* The term used to designate his family importance in this place and again in the ninth Act is *Malluka pramanam*—*Mallaka* is said by the Commentator to mean a leaf used to wrap up any thing, and that the Sakára intends to say *Samudra* the ocean but this seems very gratuitous. *Malluka* synonymous with *Malla* is a very common name amongst the princes of the Dekhin and perhaps the Sakára may intend to compare his family to theirs. It might be thought not impossible that the author intended to express the Arabic term *Melek* a king—but how or when did this word find its way to India

Passion in privacy gains confidence.

I will consent to leave them for awhile.

(*Aloud.*) I shall retire and obey your orders.

Vas. (*Laying hold of his garment.*)

Oh leave me not, I have no hope but you.

Vit. You have no cause for terror ; hear me sir,

I leave *Vasantaséná* as a pledge,

And safe expect her from your hands again.

Sams. Be assured of it, she shall be so accepted.

Vit. In truth.

Sams. In truth.

Vit. (*Apart.*) He may deceive me. I'll at first retire

But so, that unobserved I may behold

His acts, and satisfy me of his purpose.

Sams. He is gone, and now she dies: but hold — perhaps he juggles with me; the sly old fox, and now lies watch to see what I am doing: he shall meet his match—the deceiver be deceived. (*he gathers flowers and decorates himself.*) Come *Vasantaséná* child, why so pettish, come, come.

Vit. I see his love revives, I now may leave them.

(*Departs.*)

Sams. I will give you gold, I will treat you tenderly, I will lay head and turban at your feet. Oh if you still disdain me and will not accept me as your slave, what have I to do longer with mankind.

Vas. Why should I hesitate—I spurn you—

Nor can you tempt me abject wretch, with gold.

Though soiled the leaves the Bees fly not the lotus,

Nor shall my heart prove traitor to the homage

It pays to merit, though it's Lord be poor.

To love such excellence exalts my life
 And sheds a lustre on my humble lot.
 And why should I forego it—can I leave
 The mango's stately stem to twine around
 The low and worthless Dhák.

Sams. What, dare you compare the beggar *Chárudatta* to a mango tree, and me to the *Dhak*,* not even a *Kínsuka*.* Is it thus you treat me and cherish the recollection of *Chárudatta*.

Vir. How can I cease to think of one who dwells for ever in my heart.

Sams. We'll soon try that, and cut short your recollections and yourself together. Stop, you inamorata of a beggarly *Brahman*.

Vas. Delightful words, proceed, you speak my praise.

Sams. Let him defend you if he can.

Vas. Defend me, I were safe if he were here.

Sams. What is he *Sakra*, or the son of *Báli*.—*Mahendra*, or the son of *Rembhá*—*Kálanemi*, or *Subhandu*—*Rudra* or the son of *Drona*—*Jatáyu*—*Chánakya*—*Dhundhumára* or *Trisanku*?† If he were all these together he could not aid

* They are both the same apparently but from the former growing on arid and concary soils it is stunted and mean, whilst the latter grows to a respectable tree.

† Several of these have been named before—*Sakra* is a name of *Indra*, the king of the Gods; the son of *Báli* is *Angada* a fierce monkey chief, one of Rama's confederates—*Mahendra* is another name of *Indra*—

the son of *Rembhá* is a personage of whom no notice has been found elsewhere, unless it be a mistake for the son of *Rádhá*, *Kerna*—*Kálanemi* is a *Daitya* of some celebrity and one of *Ravana's* attendants. *Subhandu* has not been identified. *Rudra* is a name of *Siva*—the son of *Drona* is a celebrated hero in the *Mahabharat* named *Aswatthamá*. *Jatáyu* is a fabulous bird killed by *Ravana*. *Chánakya* is a

you. As *Sitá* was slain by *Chánakya*, as *Draupadi* by *Jatáyu*, so art thou by me. (*seizes her.*)

Vas. Oh my dear mother, Oh my loved *Chárudatta*.

Too short and too imperfect are our loves—

Too soon I perish, I will cry for succour—

What ; shall *Vasantasená's* voice be heard

Abroad. Oh that were infamy. No more

But this. Bless—bless my *Chárudatta*.

Sams. Still do you repeat that name, once more, now (*seizing her by the throat.*)

Vas. (*In a struggling tone.*) Bless my *Chárudatta*.

Sams. Die harlot, die. (*strangles her with his hands.*) 'Tis done, she is no more—this bundle of vice, this mansion of cruelty, has met her fate, instead of him whom she came in her love to meet. To what shall I compare the prowess of this arm. Vainly calling on her mother, she has fallen like *Sitá* in the *Bhárat*. Deaf to my desires, she perishes in my resentment. The Garden is empty—I may drag her away unperceived. Whoever sees this, will say it was not the deed of any other man's son.* The old jackall will be here again presently. I will withdraw and observe him.

statesman the minister of *Chan-*
dragupta. *Dhundhumára* is the
name of a king of Oude of the
Solar line properly called *Kuva-*
layáswa but termed *Dhundhu-*
mára from slaying a demon
named *Dhundhu* who annoyed
the Saint *Uttanka*. *Trisanku* is
a prince of the same family ele-
vated to heaven during his life
by the sage *Viswamitra*—all

these persons occur in the *Bhá-*
rat or *Rámáyana*.

* This passage is rendered
conjecturally as the original is
very obscure and there seems to
be something omitted. *Sebá*
bauchida bhaduké mama pidá,
mádeva, sá Doppadi, je sé pesa-
di nedisám babasidam puttáha
sutattanam.

ENTER *the Vita and Sthávaraka.*

Vita. I have brought back *Sthávaraka*. Where is he. Here are foot marks—these are woman's.

Sams. (*Advances*) Welcome master: you are well returned *Sthávaraka*.

Vit. Now render back my pledge.

Sams. What was that.

Vit. *Vasantaséná*.

Sams. Oh, she is gone.

Vit. Whither.

Sams. After you.

Vit. She came not in that direction.

Sams. Which way went you.

Vit. To the East.

Sams. Ah, that accounts for it; she turned off to the South.

Vit. I went south too.

Sams. Then I suppose, she went North.

Vit. What mean you I comprehend you not. Speak out.

Sams. I swear by your head and my feet* that you may make yourself perfectly easy. Dismiss all alarm—I have killed her.

Vit. Killed her.

Sams. What you do not believe me: then look here, see this first proof of my prowess. (*shows the body.*)

Vita. Alas I die. (*faints.*)

Sams. Hey-day is it all over with him.

S'ha. Revive sir; it is I who am to blame, my inconsiderately bringing her hither has caused her death.

Vit. (*Reviving.*) Alas *Vasantaséná*.

The stream of tenderness is now dried up

* A very insulting oath.

And beauty flies us for her native sphere.
Graceful and lovely wast thou, hapless wench,
And fascinating in thy playful sportiveness:
Mirthful thy mind, affectionate thy heart
And gentle as the moon beams were thy looks
Alas! love's richest store, a mine exhaustless
Of exquisite delights, is here broke open,
Plundered with reckless hand, and left in ruins.
This crime will amply be avenged. A deed
Done by such hands, in such a place committed
Will bring down infamy on all the state.
The guardian goddess of our city flies
For ever from its execrated walls.
Let me reflect—this villain may involve
Me in the crime—I will depart from hence.
(*The Prince lays hold of him.*)
Detain me not, I have already been
Too long, your follower and friend.

Sams. Very likely indeed. You have murdered *Vasantasénú* and seek to accuse me of the crime: do you imagine I am without friends.

Vit. You are a wretch.

Sams. Come, come, I will give you money, a hundred *Suvarnas*, clothes, a turban—Say nothing of what has happened, and we shall escape all censure.

Vit. Keep your gifts.

Stha. Shame, shame.

Sams. Ha, Ha, Ha. (*Laughing.*)

Vit. Restrain your mirth. Let there be hate between us.
That friendship that confers alone disgrace,
Is not for me—it must no more unite us.

I cast it from me, as a snapped
And stringless bow.

Sams. Come good master be appeased. Let us go bathe.

Vit. Whist you were free from crime you might exact.

My duty, but obedience to you now

Would but proclaim myself alike unworthy.

I cannot wait on guilt, nor, though I know

My innocence, have courage to encounter

Those speaking glances, every female eye

Will cast abhorrent, upon one who holds

Communion with a woman's murderer.

Poor, poor *Vasantaséná* ! may thy virtues

Win thee in after life a happier portion ;

And may the days of shame, and death of violence

That thou hast suffered in existence past,

Ensure thee honored birth, the world's regard,

And wealth, and happiness, in that to come.

(*going.*)

Sams. Where would you fly ; in this, my garden, you
have murdered a female ; come along with me, and defend
yourself before my brother-in-law. (*seizes him.*)

Vit. Away, fool. (*draws his sword.*)

Sams. (*Falls back.*) Oh, very well, if you are afraid, you
may depart.

Vit. I am in danger here ; yes I will join

Servillaka, and *Chandana*, and with them seek

The band that *Arya* has assembled.

[*Exit.*]

Sams. Go, fool, to death. Well *Sthávaraka*, my lad. What
think you of this business.

Stha. That it is most horrible.

Sams. How, slave, do you condemn me : with all my

heart, be it so. Here take these. (*gives him his ornaments.*) I make you a present of them, that when I am full dressed, you may be suitably equipped to attend me: it is my command.

Stha These are too costly, what am I to do with them Sir.

Sams. Take them, take them, and away with you: conduct the carriage to the porch of my palace, and there wait my coming.

Stha. I obey, Sir.

[*Exit.*]

Sams. My worthy preceptor, has taken himself off in alarm, and will not probably trust himself here again. As to the slave, as soon as I return, I will put him in confinement; so my secret is safe, and I may depart without apprehension. Hold, let me be sure, is she dead, or must I kill her again; no, she is safe. I will cover the body with my mantle; stop; it bears my name, and will discover me. Well thought of—the wind has scattered about a quantity of dry leaves,—I will cover her over with them. (*collects the leaves and piles them over Vasantaséná.*) Now to the court, where I will enter an accusation against *Chárudatta* of having murdered *Vasantaséná* for her wealth. Ingeniously devised! *Chárudatta* will be ruined—the virtuous city cannot tolerate even the death of an animal.* Now to my work. (*going.*) Here comes that rascally mendicant again, and by the very road I was about to take—he owes me a grudge for threatening to slit his nose, and should he see me here, he will out of revenge come forward, and tax me with this murder. How shall I avoid him. I can leap the broken wall here. Thus I fly as the monkey *Mahendra* leaped through heaven, over earth and Hell, from Hanuman† Peak to Lankâ. (*Jumps down.*)

* This may imply the wide diffusion of Banddha tenets.

† Hanuman is the monkey—Mahendra the Mountain.

ENTER the *Sramanaka* or *Mendicant*, as before.

I have washed my mantle, and will hang it on these boughs, to dry. No, here are a number of monkies. I'll spread it on the ground. No, there is too much dust—ha, yonder the wind has blown together a pile of dry leaves, that will answer exactly. I'll spread it upon them. (*spreads his wrapper over Vasantasénú and sits down.*) Glory to *Buddha*. (*repeats the moral stanzas as above.*) But enough of this. I covet not the other world, until *Buddha* enables me in this, to make some return for the lady *Vasantasénú's* charity. On the day she liberated me from the gamester's clutches, she made me her slave for ever. Ho!a, something sighed amidst yon leaves, or perhaps it was only their crackling, scorched by the sun, and moistened by my damp garment. Bless me, they spread out like the wings of a bird. (*One of Vasantasénú's hands appears.*) A woman's hand as I live, with rich ornaments, and another; surely I have seen that hand before. It is, it s—it is the hand that once was stretched forth to save me. What should this mean. (*throws off the wrapper and leaves, and secs Vasantasénú.*) Lady *Vasantasénú*; devoted worshipper of *Buddha*. (*Vasantasénú expresses by signs the want of water.*) She wants water; the pool is far away, what's to be done: ha, my wet garment. (*applies it to her face and mouth and fans her.*)

Vas. (*Reviving*) Thanks, thanks, my friend—who art thou.

Sram. Do you not recollect me, Lady, you once redeemed me with ten *Surnas*.

Vas. I remember *you*; ought else I have forgotten, I have suffered since.

Sram. How Lady,

Vas. As my fate deserved.

Sram. Rise Lady, rise, drag yourself to this tree, here hold by this creeper.* (*bends it down to her, she lays hold of it and rises.*) In a neighbouring convent dwells a holy sister†; rest awhile with her, lady and recover your spirits: gently lady, gently. (*they proceed.*) Stand aside, good friends, stand aside, make way for a young female, and a poor beggar. It is my duty to restrain the hands and mouth, and keep the passions in subjection—What should such a man care for kingdoms: his is the world to come. [Exit.

* To a Bauddha Ascetic, female contact is unlawful—his observance of the prohibition, in spite of his gratitude and regard for *Vasantaséná* is a curious and characteristic delineation of the denaturalising tendency of such institutions.

bihalé mama Dhamma bahinia chittadi. Etasmi viharé mama Dhermabhagini tishtati— Convents for women are very characteristically Bauddha institutions—they did exist in the Burman Empire till of late years, and are still to be met with in Nepal and Tibet.

† The expression is *Edassin*

END OF THE EIGHTH ACT.

ACT IX.

THE HALL OF JUSTICE.

(*Exterior and Interior.*)

ENTER OFFICER.

I am commanded to prepare the benches in this hall for the Judges. (*Arranges them.*) All is ready for their reception, the floor is swept, and the seats are placed, and I have only now to inform them all is ready. (*going.*) Ha, here comes the king's brother-in-law, a worthless fellow, I will get out of his way. (*retires.*)

ENTER *Samsthánaka*, *splendidly dressed.*

I have bathed in limpid water, and reposed in a shady grove, passing my time like a celestial chorister of elegant form, amidst an attendant train of lovely damsels, now tying my hair, then twisting it into a braid, then opening it in flowing tresses, and again gathering it into a graceful knot. Oh I am a most accomplished, and astonishing young Prince—and yet I feel a vacancy, an interior chasm; such as is sought for by the fatal worm, that works its darkling way through the human entrails; how shall I fill it up, on whom shall I satiate my craving. Ha! I recollect; it is designed for the miserable *Chárudatta*. So be it. I will repair to the Court, and cause an accusation to be registered against him, of the murder of *Vasantaséná*, asserting that he has strangled her. The Court is open I see. (*enters.*) How, the seats are ready

for the arrival of the Judges. I shall wait their coming on this grass plot.

Doorkeeper. Here comes the Court, I must attend.

ENTER *the Judge, with the Provost and Recorder* and others.*

Crier. Hear all men the Judge's commands.

Judge. Amidst the conflicting details of parties engaged in legal controversy, it is difficult for the Judge to ascertain what is really in their hearts. Men accuse others of secret crimes, and even though the charge be disproved, they acknowledge not their fault, but blinded by passion persevere, and whilst their friends conceal their errors, and their foes exaggerate them, the character of the Prince is assailed—Reproach indeed is easy, discrimination of but rare occurrence, and the quality of a Judge is readily the subject of censure. A Judge should be learned, sagacious, eloquent, dispassionate, impartial; he should pronounce judgement only after due deliberation and enquiry: he should be a guardian to the weak; a terror to the wicked: his heart should covet nothing, his mind be intent on nothing but equity and truth, and he should keep aloof the anger of the King.

Provost. } The character of your worship is as free from
& *Rec.* } censure, as the moon is from the imputation of
obscurity.

* The *Sreshthi* the chief of the Merchants and *Káyastha* or Scribe. From the way in which they interfere they seem to sit as joint assessors or commissioners with the Judge: this is a curious, and as far as yet known, a solitary picture, of the practical administration of Hindu law under Hindu Government. It is not exactly perhaps according to rule: the number, three or more, is correct: the Judge may be either a Brahman, a Kshetriya or a Sudra, but the assessors should be Brahmaus alone. Merchants however may be called in. The presence of the *Kayas* *tha*, a man of mixed caste, is not in the books.

Judge. Officers, lead the way to the seat of judgement.

Off. As your worship commands. (*they sit.*)

Judge. Now go forth, and see who comes to demand justice.

Off. By command of his honour the Judge, I ask, who waits to demand justice.

Sams. (*Advancing.*) Oh ho, the Judges are seated. I demand justice—I, a man of rank—a *Vásudeva*, and brother-in-law of the *Rájá*—I have a plaint to enter.

Off. Have the goodness to wait a moment, your excellency, whilst I apprise the Court. (*returns.*) So please your worship, the first plaintiff is his Majesty's brother-in-law.

Judge. The *Raja's* brother-in-law to proffer a plaint. An eclipse of the rising sun foreruns the downfall of some illustrious character: but there are other matters before us. Return and tell him his cause cannot come on to-day.

Officer returns to Samsthánaka.

Off. I am desired to inform your honor, that your cause cannot be tried to-day.

Sam. How! not to-day. Then I shall apply to the King my sister's husband. I shall apply to my sister, and to my mother, and have this Judge dismissed and another appointed immediately. (*going.*)

Off. Stay one moment your honour, and I will carry your message to the Court. (*goes to the Judge.*) Please your worship, his excellency is very angry, and declares if you do not try his suit to day, he will complain to the Royal family, and procure your worship's dismissal.

Judge. The blockhead has it in his power, it is true. Well, call him hither; his plaint shall be heard.

Off. (To *Samsth.*) Will your excellency be pleased to enter, your plaint will be heard.

Sam. Oh ho, first it could not be tried, now it will be heard; very well; the Judges fear me: they will do what I desire. (*enters.*) I am well pleased Gentlemen; you may therefore be so too, for it is in my hands to distribute or withhold satisfaction:

Judge. (*apart.*) Very like the language of a complainant this. (*aloud.*) Be seated.

Sam. Assuredly—this place is mine, and I shall sit where I please. (*to the Provost.*) I will sit here, no. (*to the Recorder*)

I will sit here, no, no. (*puts his hands on the Judge's head and then sits down by his side.*) I will even sit here.

Judge. Your excellency has a complaint.

Sam. To be sure I have.

Judge. Prefer it.

Sam. I will; in good time; but remember; I am born in a distinguished family, my father is the Raja's father-in-law: the Raja is my father's son-in-law, I am the Raja's brother, and the Raja is my sister's husband.

Judge. We know all this—but why dwell on family honours: personal excellence is more important: there are always thorn bushes in the fairest forests: declare therefore your suit.

Sam. This it is; but it involves no fault of mine. My noble brother-in-law, in his good pleasure presented me for my ease and recreation, the best of the Royal Gardens, the ancient *Pushpakarandaka*. It is my practice to visit it daily, and see it well swept and weeded, and kept in order, and having as my wont, gone this day thither, what should I behold, but,—I could scarcely believe my eyes,—the dead body of a female.

Judge. Did you know the person.

Sam. Alas, too well—she was once our city's greatest pride; her rich attire must have tempted some execrable wretch to beguile her into the lonely garden, and there for the sake of her jewels, was the lovely *Vasantaséná* strangled by his hands, not by me—(*stops himself.*)

Judge. What neglect in the Police. You heard the plaint, Gentlemen—let it be recorded—including the words “not by me.”

Rec. (*Writes it.*) It is done.

Sam. (*Apart.*) Vile carelessness—my heedlessness has plunged me into peril, like a man crossing a narrow bridge precipitately, who tumbles into the stream; it cannot now be helped. (*aloud.*) Well, sagacious administrators of Justice, you make a mighty fuss about a trifle. I was going to observe, not by me was the deed beheld. (*puts his foot on the Record, and wipes out the last part.*)

Judge. How then do you know the truth of what you have stated; that for the sake of her ornaments she was strangled by some person's hands.

Sam. I conclude so, for the neck was bare and swollen, and her dress rifled of its ornaments.

Provost. The case is clear enough.

Sam. (*Apart.*) Good; I am alive again.

Prov. Whom else do we require in this suit.

Judge. The case is two-fold, and must be investigated both in relation to assertion and facts—the verbal investigation relates to plaintiff and respondent, that of facts depends upon the Judge.

Prov. The cause then requires the evidence of *Vasantaséná's* mother.

Judge. Undoubtedly—Officers go and call *Vasantaséná's* mother into Court.

Off. (*Exit Officer and returns with the old woman.*)
Come along Dame.

Moth. My daughter is gone to a friend's house: this old fellow comes and says to me—Come along, his honour the Judge has sent for you. I am ready to faint, and my heart flutters so—Very well sir, very well sir, lead me to the Court.

Off. Here we are, enter. (*they enter.*)

Moth. Health and happiness to your worships.

Judge. You are welcome, sit down. (*she sits.*)

Sam. Oh old procuress, you are there, are you.

Judge. You are the mother of *Vasantaséná*.

Moth. I am.

Judge. Where is your daughter.

Moth. At a friend's house.

Judge. The name of that friend..

Moth. (*Apart.*) Oh dear me, this is very awkward.
(*aloud.*) Surely your worship, this is not a fit question for your worship to ask.

Judge. No hesitation, the law asks the question.

Prov. } Speak out, the law asks the question; there is
& *Rec.* } no impropriety in answering.

Moth. Why then gentlemen, to say the truth, she is at the house of a very nice gentleman—the son of *Sagara Datta*, grandson of the Provost *Finayadatta*, whose own name is *Chárudatta*, he lives near the Exchange: my daughter is with him.

Sam. You hear, Judges, let this be registered; I accuse *Chárudatta*.

Prov. *Chárudatta*, her friend; he cannot be criminal.

Judge. The cause however requires his presence.

Prov. Certainly.

Judge. (To the Scribe.) Dhanadatta, write down that Vasantaséná last went to Chárudatta's residence: this is the first step, let me consider; how can Chárudatta be summoned hither: however the law must be enforced—Officer, repair to Chárudatta and say to him, the Magistrate with all due respect, requests to see him at his perfect convenience.

Officer goes out and re-enters with Chárudatta.

Off. This way sir.

Char. The Prince well knows my rank and character,
And yet thus calls me to his public Court.
Haply he may have heard my car conveyed
The fugitive he feared, beyond his reach,
Borne to his ear by some unfriendly spy.
Or haply—but away with fancies, soon
I learn the truth, arrived at the tribunal.

Off. This way, this way, Sir.

Char. What should this mean, his harshest note, yon crow
Responsive utters to his fellow's call—
With croak repeated—Ha, my left eye throbs—
What new misfortunes threaten.

Off. Proceed Sir, never fear.

Char. Facing the sun, on yonder blighted tree,
The Bird of evil augury is perched.
Ha! on my path, the black snake sleeping lies:
Roused from his slumber he unfolds in wrath
His spiry length, and threatening beats the ground
With bulk inflated, whilst his hooded neck
Expands and from between his venom'd fangs
Protrudes his hissing tongue—I slip, yet here
No plashy mire betrays my heedless feet—
Still throbs my left eye, and my left arm trembles

And still that bird in flight sinistral cries
 To warn me of impending ill—Yes, death—
 Terrible death awaits me—be it so—
 It is not mine to murmur against destiny
 Nor doubt that righteous which the Gods ordain.

Off. This is the court Sir, enter.

Char. (*Entering and looking round.*)

The prospect is but little pleasing.
 The court looks like a sea*—its councillors
 Are deep engulfed in thought ; its tossing waves
 Are wrangling advocates ; its brood of monsters
 Are these wild animals—death's ministers—
 Attorneys skim like wily snakes the surface—
 Spies are the shell fish cowering 'midst its weeds,
 And vile informers, like the hovering curlew
 Hang fluttering o'er, then pounce upon their prey :
 The bench, that should be justice, is unsafe,
 Rough, rude, and broken by oppression's storms.

As he advances he knocks his head against the door frame.

More inauspicious omens—they attend
 Each step I take—fate multiplies its favors.

Judge. *Charudatta* approaches: Observe him, that face and form never gave shelter to causeless crime. Appearance is a

* That the translator may not be thought to have had an English rather than an Indian Court in his eye he enumerates the terms of the original for the different members of which it is said to consist. *Mantris* councillors, *Dutas* the envoys or representatives of the parties: the wild animals, death's Minis-
 ters, are *Nagas* and *Aswas*, elephants and horses employed to tread or tear condemned criminals to death: the *Charas* are spies or runners, *Nanavāsakas* disguised emissaries or informers, and *Kāyasthas* are Scribes, by profession, who discharge the duties of notaries and attorneys.

test of character, and not only in man, but in elephants, horses and kine, the disposition never deviates from the perfect shape.*

Char. Hail to the court, prosperity attend
The delegated ministers of Justice.

Judge. Sir you are welcome, officer, bring a seat.

Off. It is here, be seated Sir. (*to Charudatta ; he sits.*)

Sams. So Mr. Woman-killer, you are here : very decorous this indeed ; to treat such a fellow with so much civility, but never mind.

Judge. Worthy *Chárudatta* allow me to ask, if any intimacy or connexion has ever subsisted between you and this woman's daughter.

Char. What woman.

Judge. This. (*showing Vasantasénd's mother.*)

Char. (*Rising.*) Lady, I salute you.

Moth. Son, long may you live,† (*apart.*) this is *Chárudatta* then—really my daughter has made a good choice.

Judge. Tell us *Chárudatta*—were you ever acquainted with that courtesan. (*Chárudatta ashamed, hesitates.*)

Sams. Ah he pretends to be vastly modest, or very much alarmed ; it is merely a pretext to evade confessing his vicious courses, but that he murdered the woman for her wealth, the Prince shall soon make manifest.

Prov. Away with this hesitation *Chárudatta* : there is a charge against you.

Char. Well sirs, what shall I say—what if she were
A friend of mine, be youth accused not habit.

* This is literally translated, † Literally, Long be my life, without any leaning to *Gall* or *chiram me jiva*.

Judge. Let me beg—no evasion, banish all reserve, speak the truth and act ingenuously: remember it is the law that calls upon you.

Char. First tell me who is my accuser.

Sams. I am—I.

Char. Thou—a mighty matter truly.

Sams. Indeed, you woman killer—what, are you to murder such a woman as *Vasantasénd*, and rob her of her jewels and to think it will not be known.

Char. Thou art crazed.

Judge. Enough of this—declare the truth—was the courtesan your friend.

Char. She was, she was.

Judge. And where is *Vasantaséná* now.

Char. Gone.

Prov. Gone, how, whither—and how attended.

Char. (*Apart.*) Shall I say she went privately, (*aloud.*) she went to her own dwelling: what more can I say.

Sams. What more—why—did you not accompany her to my princely garden; and did you not there, for the sake of her jewels, strangle her, with your own hands? how then can you say she is gone home.

Char. Foul calumniator.

Thy abject heart no generous moisture feels

As showers fall vainly on the painted jay.

These falsehoods parch thy lips, as wintery winds

Despoil the shrivelled lotus of it's beauty.

Judge. (*Apart.*) I see it were as easy to weigh *Himalaya*, ford the ocean, or grasp the wind, as fix a stain on *Charudatta's* reputation, (*aloud.*) It cannot be, that this worthy man is guilty.

Sams. What have you to do with his defence, let the case be tried.

Judge. Away fool, is it not thus—If you expound, the *Vedas*,* will not your tongue be cut out—if you gaze upon the mid-day sun, will you not lose your eye sight—if you plunge your hand into flame, will it not be burnt, and think you that if you revile *Chárudatta* the earth will not open and swallow you. This is *Chárudatta*. How can such a man have committed such a crime? He has exhausted in lavish munificence the ocean of his disregarded wealth, and is it possible, that he, who was next among the best, and who has ever shewn the most princely liberality, should have been guilty of a deed most hateful to a noble mind, for the sake of plunder.

Sams. I say again, it is not your province to undertake his defence, you are to try the cause.

Moth. I say the accusation is false. When in his distress my daughter intrusted a Casket of jewels to his care, and it was stolen from him, even then he replaced it with a Necklace of still greater value; and can he now, for the sake of wealth, have turned murderer. Oh never! Alas, would that my daughter were here. (*weeps.*)

Judge. Inform us *Chárudatta*, how did she leave you, on foot, or in a carriage.

Char. I did not see her depart, and know not.

ENTER *Viraka* in haste.

Now go I to the court, to tell them how I have been maltreated, kicked and abused for keeping a good look out after the run away. Hail to your worships.

* Here we find the Brahminical notions enforced; such being the punishment of Sudras who shall read and expound the *Vedas*.

Judge. Ha, here is *Viraka*, the captain of the watch: what brings you hither *Viraka*.

Vir. Hear me your honour; whilst engaged last night in quest of *Aryaka*, who had broke loose, we stopt a covered carriage; the Captain *Chandanaka* looked into it, and I was going to do so too, when he prevented me, pulled me back, and cuffed and kicked me. I beg your honors will take proper notice of this business.

Judge. We will. Whose was the carriage, do you know.

Vir. The driver said it belonged to this gentleman *Chárudatta*; and that it carried *Vasantasená*, to meet him in *Pushpakarandaka*.

Sums. You hear Sirs.

Judge. Truly—this spotless moon is threatened by the demon of eclipse; the limpid stream is sullied by the falling of the banks. We will enquire into your complaint, *Viraka*; in the mean time mount one of the messenger's horses, at the gate; go to *Pushpakarandaka* with all speed, and bring us word, whether the body of a murdered woman lies there.

Vir. I shall. (*goes out and presently returns.*) I have been to the garden and have ascertained that a female body has been carried off by the beasts of prey.

Judge. How know you it was a female.

Vir. By the remains of the hair, and the marks of the hands and feet.

Judge. How difficult it is to discover the truth: the more one investigates, the greater is the perplexity: the points of law are sufficiently clear here, but the understanding still labours like a cow in a quagmire.*

* Rather an undignified simile for a Judge.

Char. (*Apart.*) When first the flower unfolds, as flock the bees
 To drink the honied dew, so mischiefs crowd
 The entrance opened by man's falling fortune.

Judge. Come *Charudatta* speak the truth.

Char. The wretch that sickens at another's merits,
 The mind by passion blinded, bent to ruin,
 The object of its malice, do not claim
 Reply—nor any heed to what they utter—
 Which from their very nature must be falsehood.
 For me—you know me—would I pluck a flower,
 I draw the tender creeper gently to me,
 Nor rudely rob it of its clustering beauty.
 How think you then—could I with violent hands
 Tear from their lovely seat those jetty locks,
 More glossy than the black bee's wing, or how
 So wrong my nature, and betray my love,
 As with remorseless heart to blast in death
 The weeping charms, that vainly sued for mercy.

Sams. I tell you judges, you will be held as the defendant's friends and abettors, if you allow him longer to remain seated in your presence.

Judge. Officer, remove him from his seat. (*Officer obeys.*)

Char. Ministers of Justice, yet reflect. (*sits on the ground.*)

Sams. (*Apart.*) Ha, ha, my deeds are now safely deposited on another's head, I will go and sit near *Charudatta*. (*does so.*) Come *Charudatta* look at me: confess: say honestly, I killed *Vasantaséná*.

Char. Vile wretch, away—Alas my humble friend,
 My good *Maitreya*—what will be thy grief
 To hear of my disgrace, and thine, dear wife,
 The daughter of a pure and pious race.

Alas, my boy, amidst thy youthful sports
How little think'st thou of thy father's shame.
Where can *Maitreya* tarry, I had sent him
To seek *Vasantasénú*, and restore
The costly gems her lavish love bestowed
Upon my child—where can he thus delay.

Outside—ENTER *Maitreya*, with *Vasantasénú's* jewels.

I am to return these trinkets to *Vasantasénú*; the child took them to his mother—I must restore them, and on no account, consent to take them back again.

(*Without.*) Ho, *Rebhila* what is the matter, you seem agitated, what has chanced.

Mai. (*Listening.*) Hey, what say you—my dear friend summoned to the Court! this is very alarming: let me think. I must go to him, and see what it means, I can go to *Vasantasénú* afterwards. Oh here is the Court. (*enters.*) Salutation to your worships: where is my friend.

Judge. There.

Mai. My dear friend, all happiness—

Char. Will be hereafter.

Mai. Patience.

Char. That I have.

Mai. But why so down cast: what are you brought here for.

Char. I am a murderer—reckless of futurity—
Repaying woman's tender love with blood—
What else, let him declare.

Mai. What.

Char. (*Whispers him.*) Even so

Mai. Who says so.

Char. You wretch. (*to the Raju's brother-in-law.*)
He is the cause why death now threatens me.

Mai. Why not say she is gone home.

Char. It recks not what I say, my humble state
Is not to be believed.

Mai. How sirs—what is all this—Can he, who has beautified our city with its chief ornaments—who has filled Ujayin with gardens, and gates, and convents, and temples and wells and fountains—Can he, for the object of a few beggarly ornaments, have done such an iniquitous act, (*in anger*) and you—you reprobate, you King's brother-in-law, *Samsthánaka*, you who stop at nothing, and are a stuffed vessel of every thing offensive to mankind—you monkey, tricked out with golden toys—say again before me, that my friend, who never plucked a flower roughly in his life, who never pulled more than one at a time, and always left the young buds untouched—say that he has been guilty of a crime, detestable in both worlds, and I will break thy head into a thousand pieces, with this staff, as knotty and crooked as thy own heart.

Sams. Hear him my masters—what has this crow foot pated hypocritical fellow, to do with the cause between me and *Chárudatta*, that he is to break my head. Attempt it if you dare, you hypocritical scoundrel.

Mai. (*Strikes him, a struggle ensues, in which Vasantasénú's jewels fall from his girdle—Samsthánaka picks them up.*)

Sams. See here sirs, here, here are the poor wench's jewels, for the sake of which yon villain murdered her.

(*The Judges hang down their heads.*) [to light!

Char. (*To Maitreya.*) In an ill hour these jewels spring
Such is my fate, their fall will lead to mine.

Mai. Why not explain.

Char. The regal eye is feeble to discern,
The truth amidst perplexity and doubt.
I can but urge—I have not done the deed,
And poverty like mine must hope to gain
Unwilling credence; shameful death awaits me.

Judge. Alas, Mars is obstructed and Jupiter obscured,
and a new planet like a Comet wanders in their orbits.

Prov. Come hither lady (to *Vasantasénú's* mother.) look,
at this casket: was it your daughter's?

Moth. It is very like, but not the same.

Sams. Oh you old baggage—your eyes tell one story, and
your tongue another.

Moth. Away, slanderer.

Prov. Be careful of what you say: is it your daughter's,
or is it not?

Moth. Why your worship, the skill of the workman
makes it difficult to trust one's eyes—but this is not my
daughter's.

Judge. Do you know these ornaments.

Moth. Have I not said—They may be different, though
like, I cannot say more—they may be imitations made by
some skilful artist.

Judge. It is true. Provost, examine them: they may be dif-
ferent, though like—the dexterity of the artists is no doubt
very great, and they readily fabricate imitations of ornaments
they have once seen, in such a manner, that the difference
shall scarcely be discernible.

Prov. Are these ornaments your property *Chárudatta*.

Char. They are not.

Prov. Whose then.

Char. This Lady's daughter's.

Prov. How come they out of the owners's possession.

Char. She parted with them.

Prov. Consider *Chárudatta* you must speak the truth. Truth alone is internal satisfaction : not to declare the truth is a crime; the truth is readily told ; seek not to conceal it by a lie.

Char. I do not know the ornaments, but this I know, they are now brought from my house.

Sams. You killed her in my garden, first, and so obtained them—this prevarication is only to hide the truth.

Judge. *Chárudatta* own the truth, or it must be my pleasure that heavy lashes fall upon that delicate frame.

Char. Sprung from a race incapable of crime

I have not shamed my sires—if you confound

The innocent with the guilty, I must suffer.

(*Apart.*) If I have lost indeed *Vasantaséná*

Life is a burden to me. (*aloud.*) What avails it

To proffer further plea ; be it acknowledged.

I have abandoned virtue—and deserved

Abhorrence here and punishment hereafter.

Let me be called a murderer, or what else,

It please him (*to Samsth.*) to declare.

Sams. She is killed : say at once, *I* killed her.

Char. You have said.

Sams. You hear him, he confesses it, all doubt is removed by his own words : let him be punished : poor *Charudátta*.

Judge. Officer, obey the prince—secure the malefactor.

Moth. Yet, good gentlemen, hear me ; I am sure the charge is false—If my dear daughter be slain let him live, who is my life—Who are the parties in this cause. I make no complaint, and why then is he to be detained—Oh set him at liberty.

Sams. Silence you old fool. What have you to do with him.

Judge. Withdraw Lady—Officer lead her forth.

Moth. My son, my dear son. (*is forced out.*)

Sams. I have done the business worthy of myself, and shall now depart. [*Exit.*]

Judge. *Chúrudatta*, the business of proof it was ours to effect, the sentence rests with the Prince—Officer apprise the Royal *Pálaka*, that the convicted culprit being a *Brahman*, he cannot according to Menu be put to death, but he may be banished the kingdom, his property untouched.

Off. I obey. (*goes out and returns.*)

I have been, and the king thus commands. Let the ornaments of *Vasantasénú* be suspended to the neck of the criminal—let him be conducted by beat of drum, to the southern cemetery, and there let him be impaled; that by the severity of this punishment, men may be in future deterred from the commission of such atrocious acts.

Char. Unjust and inconsiderate monarch*

'Tis thus that evil councillors impell
The heedless Prince into the scorching flames.
Of fierce iniquity—the guiltless many
Thus fall the victims of the treacherous ministers,
That bring down shame upon the regal sway,
And plunge at last, 'tis retributive justice,
Sovereigns themselves in overwhelming ruin.

* Possibly the political events described in this piece were not wholly matter of fiction, and *Pálaka* leaning to the Buddha doctrines, and disregarding Brahmanical privileges, provoked the insurrection that is recorded in the drama.

My friend *Maitreya*, I bequeath to you
My helpless family—befriend my wife
And be a second parent to my child.

Mai. Alas, when the root is destroyed how can the tree remain.

Char. Not so, a father lives beyond his death
And in his son survives ; 'tis meet my boy
Enjoy that friendship which thou shew'dst his sire.

Mai. You have ever been most dear to me, most excellent
Chárudatta, I cannot cherish life deprived of you.

Char. Bring my boy to me.

Mai. That shall be done.

Judge. Officer, lead him forth, who waits there, let the
*Chandálas** be called. (*Exit with Court.*)

Off. This way.

Char. Alas my poor friend.

‡Had due investigation been allowed me.
Or any test proposed ; water or poison
The scales or scorching fire,‡ and I had failed
The proof, then might the law have been fulfilled
And I deservedly received my doom.§
But this will be avenged, and for the sentence,

* Whose caste makes them warrant a departure from the public executioners. stage direction.

† The following lines are uttered Akasé or in the air, according to the original: that is, they are not spoken by any of the dram. pers. they are however so suitable to *Chárudatta* as to

‡ The different modes of trial by ordeal.

§ Literally, The saw might have been applied to the body
Kra-kacham sariré dálavayam.

That dooms a *Brahman's* death, on the mere charge
Of a malicious foe, the bitter portion
That waits for thee, and all thy line, oh, king
Is Hell,—proceed—I am prepared. (*Exeunt.*)

END OF THE NINTH ACT.

ACT X.

THE ROAD TO THE PLACE OF EXECUTION.

ENTER *Chárudatta* with two *Chándálas* as Executioners.

1st *Chan.* * Out of the way Sirs, out of the way ; room for *Chárudatta*, adorned with the † *Kuravira* garland, and attended by his dexterous executioners, he approaches his end, like a lamp ill fed with oil.

Char. Sepulchral blossoms decorate my limbs,
Covered with dust, and watered by my tears,
And round me harshly croak the carrion birds,
Impatient to enjoy their promised prey.

2d *Chan.* Out of the way Sirs, what do you stare at, a good man whose head is to be chopped off ; a tree that gave shelter to gentle birds to be cut down—Come on *Chárudatta*.

Char. Who can foresee the strange vicissitudes,
Of man's sad destiny—I little thought,
That such a fate would ever be my portion,
Nor could have credited I should live to be
Dragged like a beast to public sacrifice,

* The Prakrit spoken by the *Chándálas* is exceedingly rude and difficult: the commentator is often evidently at fault, and furnishes very imperfect and unsatisfactory interpretations: several passages have been accordingly omitted, but none of any importance.

† Sweet scented Oleander or Rose Bay. *Nerium odorum*.

Stained with the ruddy sandal spots and smeared
 With meal—a victim to the sable goddess.*
 Yet as I pass along, my fellow citizens,
 Console me with their tears, and execrate
 The cruel sentence, that awards my death ;
 Unable to preserve my life, they pray,
 That heaven await me, and reward my sufferings.

1st *Chan.* Stand out of the way—what crowd you to see !
 There are four things not to be looked at. *Indra* carried forth—
 the birth of a calf—the falling of a star, and the misfortune
 of a good man.† Look brother *Chinta*—the whole city is un-
 der sentence ! what does the sky weep, or the thunderbolt
 fall, without a cloud.

2d *Char.* No brother *Goha*, not so: the shower falls from
 yonder cloud of women—let them weep—their tears will at
 least help to lay the dust.

* This is an addition of the commentator, the text implies that he is equipped as a victim, but does not say to what deity.

† This passage is not clear, the expression is *Inde pavá hianta* which seems to imply *Indra praváhyamána*, the oldest commentary translates it *Praverddhamána* increasing, progressing, and supposes *Indra* put for his bow, the rainbow—It seems more probable however that the phrase alludes to some observance in honour of the deity, which has fallen into disuse and is forgotten: the paraphernalia and circumstances of a public execution according to Hindu fashions, are interestingly described here: the scantiness of the attendance shews that the people were as easily managed then as at any subsequent period: the character of the executioner corresponds precisely with that of the Roman Carnifex, and in like manner the place of execution is the public cemetery or place of burning the dead, the criminal is dressed as a victim with very classical decorations.

Char. From every window lovely faces shed

The kindly drops, and bathe me with their tears.

1st Chan. Here stop, strike the drum, and cry the sentence—Hear ye—Hear ye—This is *Chárudatta*, son of *Sagaradatta*, son of *Provost Vinayadatta*, by whom the courtesan *Vasantaséná* has been robbed and murdered : he has been convicted and condemned, and we are ordered by king *Pálaka* to put him to death : so will his Majesty ever punish those, that commit such crimes as both worlds abhor.

Char. Dreadful reverse—to hear such wretches herald,

My death, and blacken thus with lies my fame :

Not so my sires—for them the frequent shout

Has filled the sacred temple, where the crowd

Of holy *Brahmans* to the Gods proclaimed

The costly rite accomplished—and shall I,

Alas, *Vasantaséná*, who have drank

Thy nectared tones, from lips, whose ruby glow,

Disgraced the Coral, and displayed the charms

Of teeth more pearly than the moon's chaste light,

Profane my ears with such unworthy draughts

Or stain my unslaved spirit with the pledge

Of poison, brewed by infamy and shame. (*Put*

his hands to his ears.)

1st Chan. Stand apart there——make way.

Char. My friends avoid me, as I pass, and hiding

Their faces with their raiment, turn away.

Whilst fortune smiles we have no lack of friends,

But scant their number in adversity.

1st Chan. The road is now tolerably clear, bring along the culprit.

(*Behind.*) Father! father!

My friend—my friend.

Char. My worthy friends grant me this one indulgence.

1st Chan. What, will you take any thing of us.*

Char. Disdain not my request; though basely born,

You are not cruel, and a gentle nature

Ranks you above your sovereign. I implore you,

By all your future hopes, oh once permit me

To view my son, ere I depart to death.

1st Chan. Let him come—Men, stand back, and let the child approach, here, this way.

ENTER *Maitreya with Rohaséna.*

Mai. Here we have him boy, once more; your dear father, who is going to be murdered.

Boy. Father—Father.

Char. Come hither my dear child. (*embraces him and takes his hands.*)

These little hands will ill suffice to sprinkle

The last sad drops upon my funeral pyre—

Scant will my spirit sip thy love, and then

A long and painful thirst in heaven succeeds.

What sad memorial shall I leave thee boy

To speak to thee hereafter of thy father.

This sacred string whilst yet 'tis mine I give thee.†

* That is—How can a *Bráhma*n is considered to indicate the re-
condescend to accept any thing generation of the individual,
from a *Cháddála*: there is some whence his name *Dwíja* or twice
bitterness in the question. born. The rite is applicable to all

† The distinguishing mark of the three superior castes or the
a man of the three superior classes is a cord worn over the left Brahman, Kshetruja and Vaisya
shoulder and under the right to each of whom the term *Dwíja*
arm: it is imposed with much is appropriate, although as the
solemnity and the investiture two latter are considered to be
with its accompanying formulæ extinct now signifies the Brah-
man only. The cord of the Brah-

The Brahman's proudest decoration—boy,
Is not of gold nor gems, but this—with which
He ministers to sages and to Gods.

This grace my child, when I shall be no more. (*takes off his Brahmanical cord, and puts it round his son's neck.*)

1st Chan. Come, you *Chárudatta*, come along.

2d Chan. More respect my master—recollect ; by night or day, in adversity or prosperity, worth is always the same. Come, Sir, complaints are unavailing ; fate holds her course and it is not to be expected that men will honour the moon, when *Ráhu* has hold of him.

Roha. Where do you lead my father, vile *Chandála*.

Chan. I go to death, my child ; the fatal chaplet

Of *Karavira* hangs around my neck :

The stake upon my shoulder rests,† my heart

Is burdened with despair, as like a victim

Dressed for the sacrifice, I meet my fate.

1st Chan. Harkye my boy, they who are born *Chandúlas* are not the only ones—those, whose crimes disgrace their birth are *Chandúlas* too.

Roha. Why then want to kill my father.

man should be made of cotton that of the Kshetriya of a kind of grass and that of the Vaisya of woollen thread. The investiture of the first should take place between the ages of five and sixteen : of the second between six and twenty-two, and of the third between eight and twenty-four. If delayed beyond the latter period the individual is considered degraded from his caste. An essential part of the ceremony is the communication of the *Gáyatri* or holiest verse of the Vedas.

It is communicable to all three and is the following. *Om*. Earth. Air. Heaven. Let us meditate on the supreme splendor of that divine Sun, who may illuminate our understanding. *Om*. *Bhur. Bhuvá. Svas. tat Savitur varenyam bhargo devasya. dhimahi, dhíya yo nas prachodayát.*

† So condemned malefactors, according to the Roman Code, bore their cross or gibbet to the place of execution.

1st Chan. The king orders us ; it is his fault, not ours.

Roha. Take and kill me ; let my father go.

1st Chan. My brave little fellow, long life to you.

Char. (*Embracing him.*)

This is the truest wealth ; love equal smiles

On poor and rich : the bosom's precious balm

Is not the fragrant herb, nor costly unguent—

But nature's breath, affection's holy perfume.

Mai. Come now, my good fellows, let my worthy friend escape : you only want a body, mine is at your disposal.

Char. Forbear—Forbear.

1st Chan. Come on ; stand off ; what do you throng to see : a good man who has lost his all, and fallen into despair, like a gold bucket whose rope breaks and it tumbles into the well.

2d Chan. Here stop, beat the drum, and proclaim the sentence. (*as before.*)

Char. This is the heaviest pang of all ; to think

Such bitter fruit attends my closing life.

And oh what anguish, love, to hear the calumny,

Thus noised abroad, that thou wast slain by me.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Sthávaraka discovered above, bound, listening to the drum and proclamation.

How, the innocent *Chárudatta* to be executed, and I in chains still. I may be heard. What ho there, friends, hear me, it was I, sinner that I am, who drove *Vasantaséná* to the Royal garden. There my master met us, and finding her deaf to his wishes, with his own hands strangled her.

He is the murderer, not this worthy man—They can not hear me. I am too far off. Cannot I leap down—it shall be so ; better any chance than that *Chárudatta* should suffer. I can get out of this window, and spring from the balcony : better I perish, than *Chárudatta*, and if I die heaven is my reward. (*jumps down.*) I am not hurt, and fortunately my chain has snapped. Now, whence comes the cry of the *Chandálas*—ha, yonder—I will overtake them—What ho there stop. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

ENTER *Chárudatta* as before—to them *Sthávaraka*.

Stha. What ho, stop.

1st. Chan. Who calls to us to stop.

Stha. Hear me ; *Chárudatta* is innocent. I took *Vasanta-sénú* to the garden ; where my master strangled her with his own hands.

Char. Who comes rejoicing thus my latest hours
 To snatch me from the galling bonds of fate ;
 Like the full cloud, distent with friendly showers
 That timely hangs to save the drooping grain.
 Heard you the words—my fame again is clear,
 My death I heeded not, I feared disgrace.
 Death without shame is welcome, as the babe
 New born—I perish now by hate
 I ne'er provoked ; by ignorance and malice—
 I fall the mark of arrows dipped in venom,
 And aimed at me by infamy and guilt.

1st Chan. Hark ye *Sthávaraka*, do you speak the truth.

Stha. I do, and would have ere now proclaimed it : for fear of that I was chained, and shut up in one of the rooms of the palace.

ENTER *Samsthánaka*—(above.)

I have had a most sumptuous regale, in the palace here ; rice with acid sauce, and meat, and fish, and vegetables, and sweet-meats. What sounds were those I heard. The *Chandála's* voice as harsh as a cracked bell, and the beat of the drum—the beggar *Chárudatta*, is going to execution. The destruction of an enemy is a banquet to the heart. I have heard too, that who ever looks upon the death of an adversary, will never have bad eyes in his next birth. I will ascend the terrace of my palace, and contemplate my triumph. (*Ascends.*) What a crowd has collected to see the execution of this miserable wretch— if so many flock to see him, what a concourse there would be, to behold a great man like myself put to death. He is dressed like a young steer. They are taking him to the south. What brings them this way, and why ceases the noise. (*looks into the chamber.*) Hey—where is the slave *Sthávaraka* : he has made his escape: all my schemes will be ruined : I must seek him. (*descends.*)

Stha. Here comes my master.

1st Chan. Out of the way there—make room, here he comes, like a mad Ox, butting with the sharp horn of arrogance.

Sams. Room—room here—my boy *Sthávaraka*, come you along with me.

Stha. What, Sir, are you not satisfied with having murdered *Vasantasená*, that you now endeavour to compass the death of the excellent *Chárudatta*.

Sams. I, I, a vessel of rich jewels, I murder a woman.

Crowd. Yes, yes, you murdered her ; not *Chárudatta*.

Sams. Who says so.

Crowd. This honest man.

Sams. Sthávaraka my servant. (*Apart.*) He, a witness against me. I have ill secured him: it shall be so. (*aloud.*) Hear ye my masters: this is my slave, he is a thief, and for a theft I punished and confined him; he owes me a grudge for this, and has made up this story to be revenged. Confess. (*to Sthávaraka.*) Is it not so. (*approaches and in an under tone.*) Take this. (*Offers him a bracelet*) It is yours, recall your words.

Stha. (*Takes the bracelet and holds it up.*) See here my friends, he bribes me, even now, to silence.

Sams. (*Snatches the bracelet.*) This is it; the very ornament I punished him for stealing—look here *Chandála*, for pilfering from my treasury, which was under his charge, I had him whipped: if you doubt me, look at his back.

1st Chan. It is very true—and a scorched slave will set any thing on fire.

Stha. Alas this is the curse of slavery, to be disbelieved even when we speak the truth. Worthy *Chárudatta*, I can do no more. (*falls at his feet.*)

Char. Rise, thou who feelest for a good man's fall,
 And com'st a virtuous friend to the afflicted.
 Grieve not, thy cares are vain, whilst destiny
 Forbids my liberation, all attempts
 Like thine, will profit nothing.

1st Chan. As your honour has already chastised this slave, you should let him go.

Sams. Come—Come. What is this delay, why do you not dispatch this fellow.

1st Chan. If you are in such haste, Sir, you had better do it yourself.

Roh. Kill me and let my-father live,

Sams. Kill both ; father and son perish together.

Char. All answers to his wish—Return my child,
Go to thy mother, and with her repair
To some asylum, where thy father's fate
Shall leave no stain on thee—my friend, conduct them
Hence without delay.

Mai. Think not my dear friend, that I intend to survive you.

Char. My good *Maitreya*, the vital spirit owes not
Obedience to our mortal will : beware
How you presume to cast that life away,
It is not thine to give or to abandon.

Mai. (*Apart.*) It may not be right, but I cannot bear to live when he is gone—I will go to the *Brahman's* wife, and then follow my friend. (*aloud.*) Well I obey, this task is easy. (*falls at his feet, and rising takes the child in his arms.*)

Sams. Hola, did I not order you to put the boy to death along with his father. (*Chárudatta expresses alarm.*)

1st. *Chan.* We have no such orders from the *Rájá*—away, boy, away. (*forces off Maitreya and Rohasena.*) This is the third station, beat the drum, and proclaim the sentence. (*as before.*)

Sams. (*Apart.*) The people seem to disbelieve the charge. (*aloud.*) Why, *Chárudatta*, the townsmen doubt all this ; be honest ; say at once, I killed *Vasantasénd*. (*Chárudatta continues silent.*) Ho *Chándala* this vile sinner is dumb ; make him speak : lay your cane across his back.

2d *Chan.* Speak *Chárudatta*. (*strikes him.*)

Char. Strike.—I fear not blows : in sorrow plunged,
Think you such lesser ills can shake my bosom ?

Alone I feel the flame of men's reports,
The foul assertion that I slew my love.

Sams. Confess, confess.

Char. My friends and fellow citizens, ye know me.

Sams. She is murdered.

Char. Be it so.

1st Chan. Come—the execution is your duty.

2d Chan. No—it is yours.

1st Chan. Let us reckon. (*they count.*)* Now if it be my turn, I shall delay it as long as I can.

2d Chan. Why.

1st Chan. I will tell you—my father when about to depart to heaven, said to me—Son—whenever you have a culprit to execute, proceed deliberately, never do your work in a hurry, for perhaps, some worthy character may purchase the criminal's liberation; perhaps a son may be born to the *Rāja*, and a general pardon be proclaimed—perhaps an elephant may break loose and the prisoner escape in the confusion, or perhaps a change of Rulers may take place, and every one in bondage be set at large.

Sams. (*Apart.*) A change of Rulers.

1st Chan. Come let us finish our reckoning.

Sams. Be quick—be quick, get rid of your Prisoner. (*retires.*)

1st Chan. Worthy *Chárudatta*—we but discharge our duty—the King is culpable, not we, who must obey his orders: consider—have you any thing to say.

Char. If virtue yet prevail, may she who dwells
Amongst the blest above, or breathes on earth,

* They write or make marks or lines in various ways, such is the stage direction, but what is intended is not exactly known.

Clear my fair fame from the disastrous spots
Unfriendly fate, and man's accusing tongue
Have fixed upon me—Whither do you lead me.

1st Chan. Behold the place—the southern cemetery where
criminals quickly get rid of life; see where jackalls feast
upon one half of the mangled body, whilst the other yet
grins ghastly on the pointed stake.

Char. Alas my fate. (*sits down.*)

Sams. I shall not go, till I have seen his death—how—
sitting.

1st Chan. What, are you afraid *Charudatta*.

Char. (*Rising.*) Of infamy I am but not of death.

1st Chan. Worthy Sir. In heaven itself the sun and
moon are not free from change, and suffering, how should
we, poor weak mortals, hope to escape them in this lower
world: one man rises but to fall, another falls to rise again,
and the vesture of the carcase is at one time laid aside, and
at another resumed—think of these things, and be firm. This
is the fourth station, proclaim the sentence. (*proclamation as
before.*)

ENTER *the Sramanaka and Vasantasénú.*

Sram. Bless me, what shall I do: thus leading *Vasan-*
tasénú, am I acting conformably to the laws of my order.
Lady, whither shall I conduct you.

Vas. To the house of *Charudatta* my good friend.

His sight will bring me back to life, as the bright moon,
Revives the leaflets of the drooping flower.

Sram. Let us get into the high road: here it is: hey—
what noise is this.

Vas. And what a crowd is here, enquire the cause;
For all *Ujayin* is gathered on one spot,

And earth is off its balance with the load.*

Ist. Chan. This is the last station : proclaim the sentence. (*proclamation as before*) Now *Chárudatta* forgive us ; all will soon be over.

Char. The Gods are mighty.

Sram. Lady—Lady—they say here you have been murdered by *Chárudatta*, and they are therefore going to put him to death.

Fas. Unhappy wretch—that I should be the cause,
Of so much danger to my *Chárudatta*.
Quick, lead me to him.

Sram. Quick ; lady—worthy servant of *Buddha* hasten to save *Chárudatta*—Room good friends—make way.

Fas. Room, Room. (*pressing through the crowd.*)

Ist Chan. Remember worthy *Chárudatta*—we but obey the king's commands ; the sin is his, not ours.

Char. Enough—perform your office.

Ist Chan. (*Draws his sword.*) Stand straight, your face upwards—and one blow sends you to heaven (*Chárudatta obeys, the Chandála goes to strike, and drops his sword.*) How—I held the hilt firmly in my grasp—yet the sword as unerring as a thunderbolt, has fallen on the ground. *Chárudatta* will escape—it is a sure sign. Goddess of the *Sahya* hills† be pleased to hear me. If *Chárudatta* be yet set free, the greatest favor will be conferred upon the whole *Chandála* race.

2d Chan. Come let us do as we are ordered.

* This is rather extravagant, but less so than Lucan's apprehension that Nero after his apotheosis might occasion a similar accident.

*Ætheris immensi partem si
presseris unam,*

Sentiet axis onus, librati ponderi cæli
Orbe tene media.

† A form of *Durgá* worshipped formerly in the *Vindhya* range near *Ougein*.

1st Chan. Be it so. (They are leading *Chárudatta* to the stake, when *Vasantaséná* rushes through the crowd.)

Vas. Forbear—forebear—in me behold the wretch,
For whose vile sake, his valuable life
Is needlessly imperilled.

1st Chan. Hey, who is this—that with dishevelled locks, and uplifted arms, calls to us to forbear.

Vas. Is it not true—dear, dearest *Chárudatta*. (throws herself on his bosom.)

Sram. Is it not true, respected *Chárudatta*. (falls at his feet.)

1st Chan. *Vasantaséná!* the innocent must not perish by our hands.

Sram. He lives: *Chárudatta* lives.

1st Chan. May he live a hundred years.

Vas. I revive.

1st Chan. Away—bear the news to the king, he is at the public place of sacrifice. (some go out.)

Sans. (Seeing *Vasantaséná*.) Alive, still—Who has done this—I am not safe here, and must fly. [Exit.]

1st Chan. (To the other.) Harkye brother, we were ordered to put to death, the murderer of *Vasantaséná*: we had better therefore secure the *Raja's* Brother-in-law.

d Chan. Agreed; let's follow him. (Exeunt.)

Char. Who, thus, like showers to dying grain has come,
To snatch me from the uplifted sword and face
Of present death—*Vasantaséná*
Can this be she—or has another form,
Like hers, from heaven descended to my succour,
Am I awake or do my senses wander—
Is my *Vasantaséná* still alive.
Speeds she from spheres divine, in earthly charms

Arrayed again, to save the life she loved,
Or comes some goddess in her beauteous likeness.

Vas. (Falls at his feet.)

You see herself, the guilty cause that brought
This sad reverse upon thy honoured course.

Char. (Taking her up and looking at her.)

Can it be—

Is this indeed my loved *Vasantaséna*.

Vas. That ill starred wretch.

Char. *Vasantaséná*—Can it—Can it be.

And why these starting tears—away with grief.
Didst thou not come, and like the wonderous power
That brings back life to its deserted source,*
Redeem triumphant from the grasp of death
This frame, to be hence forward all thine own.
Such is the force of love omnipotent,
Who calls the very dead to life again.
Behold my sweet, these emblems, that so late
Denoted shame and death, shall now proclaim
A different tale, and speak our nuptial joy—
This crimson vesture be the bridegroom's garb,
This garland be the bride's delightful present,
And this brisk drum shall change its mournful sounds
To cheerful tones of marriage celebration.

Vas. Ingenious ever is my lord's device.

Char. Thy plotted death, dear girl was my sad doing.

The *Raja's* brother has been long my foe—

And in his hate, which future doom will punish,
He sought, and partly worked his will, my fall.

* The mythological drug that restores the dead to life.

Vas. Forbear, nor utter such ill omened words.

By him, and him alone, my death was purposed.

Char. And who is this.

Vas. To him I owe my life.

His seasonable aid preserved me.

Char. Who art thou friend.

Sram. Your honor does not recollect me. I was employed as your personal servant: afterwards becoming connected with gamblers and unfortunate, I should have been reduced to slavery, had not this Lady redeemed me. I have since then adopted the life of a mendicant, and coming in my wanderings to the *Raja's* garden, was fortunately enabled to assist my former benefactress.

(*Behind*) Victory to *Irishabhaketu*,* the despoiler of *Daksha's* sacrifice:† glory to the six faced scatterer of armies, the foe of *Krauncha*.‡ Victory to *Aryaka* the subjugator of his adversaries, and triumphant monarch of the wide spread, mountain-bannered earth.

* The deity whose emblem is a bull. *Siva*.

† The Prajapati or patriarch *Daksha* the son of *Brahmá* married his daughter *Sati* to *Siva*, but disgusted with his son-in-law, omitted to invite him to a solemn sacrifice at which all the Gods and Sages were assembled. *Sati* in a fit of vexation threw herself into the sacrificial flame, and in revenge of this, as well as the affront offered him, *Siva* sent his attendant sprites, headed by *Virabhadra* to disturb the rite: this they easily performed; bruising

and mutilating the Gods themselves. The legend seems to have been a favourite in the South of India at the period when the caves of Elephanta and Ellora were excavated, being elaborately sculptured on their walls. It is told in the *Mahá-bhárat*, omitting the burning of *Sati*, which seems to be a Pauranic addition.

‡ *Kartikeya* the Hindu Mars *Krauncha* is one of the confederates of the demon *Táraka* against whom *Kartikeya*, led the Gods, and triumphed.

ENTER *Servillaka*.

This hand has slain the king, and on the throne
 Of Pálaka ascends our valiant chief,
 Resistless *Aryaka*, in haste anointed.
 Now to obey his first commands, and raise
 The worthy *Chárudatta* far above
 Calamity and fear—All is achieved—
 Of valor and of conduct destitute
 The foe has fallen—the citizens behold
 Well pleased the change, and thus has noble daring
 Wrested an empire from its ancient Lords,
 And won a sway as absolute on earth,
 As that which *Indra* proudly holds in heaven.
 This is the spot—he must be near at hand
 By this assemblage of the people—well begins
 The reign of *Aryaka*, if his first cares
 Reap the rich fruit of *Chárudatta's* life.
 Give way—and let me pass—'tis he—he lives—
Vasantaséná too—my monarch's wish
 Is all accomplished—Long this generous Brahman
 Has mourned his sullied brightness like the moon
 That labours in eclipse, but now he bounds
 Again to honor and to happiness,
 Borne safely o'er a threatening sea of troubles
 By firm affection's bark, and favouring fate.
 How shall I, sinner as I am, approach
 Such lofty merit—yet the honest purpose—
 Is every where a passport—*Chárudatta*
 Hail, most worthy Sir. (*joins his hands and ruises
 then to his forehead.*)

Char. Who thus addresses me?

Ser. In me behold.

The plunderer, that desperate forced his way
By night into your mansion, and bore off
The pledge entrusted to your care : I come
To own my fault, and throw me on your mercy :

Char. Not so my friend, you may demand my thanks,

(*Embraces him.*)

Ser. And further I inform you, that the king,
The unjust *Pálaka* has fallen, a victim—
Here in the place of sacrifice, to one
Who has avenged his wrongs, and thine, to *Aryaka*,
Who ready homage pays to birth and virtue.

Char. How say you.

Ser. That the fugitive,
Whom late your car conveyed in safety hence,
Has now returned, and in the place of offering
Slain *Pálaka* as a victim.

Char. I rejoice

In his success—it was to you, he owed
Escape from his confinement.

Ser. But to you,
Escape from death, and to requite his debt
He gives to your authority in Ujayin,
Along the* *J'eni's* borders, *Kusávali*—
A proof of his esteem and gratitude.

(*Without.*) Bring him along, bring him along, the *Rájá's*
villainous brother-in-law. (*Samsthánaka, his arms tied behind*
him, dragged on by the mob.)

* Neither Sir Charles Malet nor Dr. Hunter, nor Sir J. Malcolm enable us to offer any account of this river or of *Kusávali*, we cannot therefore pretend to adjust their position, the river of Ujayin is the *Siprá* ; whether it is ever called the *Veni* we have no knowledge.

Sams. Alas, alas—how am I maltreated: bound and dragged along as if I were a restive ass, or a dog, or any brute beast. I am beset by the enemies of the state; whom can I fly to for protection—yes I will have recourse to him. (*approaches Chárudatta.*) Preserve me. (*falls at his feet.*)

Mob. Let him alone *Chárudatta*, leave him to us, we'll dispatch him.

Sams. Oh, pray *Chárudatta*, I am helpless, I have no hope but you.

Char. Banish your terror, they that sue for mercy
Have nothing from their foes to dread.

Ser. Hence with the wretch.

Drag him from *Chárudatta*—Worthy Sir,
Why spare this villain—Bind him, do you hear
And cast him to the dogs; saw him asunder;
Or hoist him on the stake, dispatch, away.

Char. Hold hold—may I be heard.

Ser. Assuredly.

Sams. Most excellent *Chárudatta*, I have flown to you for refuge—oh protect me, spare me now, I will never seek your harm any more.

Mob. Kill him, kill him, why should such a wretch be suffered to live. (*Vasantasénú takes the garland off Chárudatta's neck and throws it round Samsthánaka's.*)

Sams. Gentle daughter of a courtesan, have pity upon me, I will never kill you again, never, never.

Ser. Give your commands Sir, that he may be removed, and how we shall dispose of him.

Char. Will you obey in what I shall enjoin.

Ser. Be sure of it.

Char. In truth.

Ser. In very truth.

Char. Then for the prisoner—

Ser. Kill him—

Char. Set him free.

Ser. Why so.

Char. An humbled foe who prostrate at your feet
Solicits quarter, must not feel your sword.

Ser. Admit the law, then give him to the dogs.

Char. Not so.

His punishment be mercy.

Ser. You move my wonder, but shall be obeyed,
What is your pleasure.

Char. Loose him, and let him go.

Ser. He is at liberty. (*unties him.*)

Sans. Huzza— I am again alive.

(*Without.*) Alas, alas the noble wife of *Chárudatta*, with her child vainly clinging to her raiment, seeks to enter the fatal fire, in spite of the entreaties of the weeping crowd.

ENTER *Chandanaka*.

Ser. How now *Chandanaka* what has chanced.

Chan. Does not your excellency see yon crowd collected on the south of the Royal Palace : there the wife of *Cháru-datta* is about to commit herself to the flames—I delayed the deed by assuring her that *Chárudatta* was safe, but who in the agonies of despair is susceptible of consolation or confidence.

Char. Alas my love what frantic thought is this :

Although thy widowed virtues might disdain

The abject earth, yet when to heaven transported,

What happiness canst thou enjoy whilst yet

The husband's presence fails his faithful bride. (*faints.*)

Ser. Out on this folly we should fly to save
The dame and he is senseless—all conspires
To snatch from our exertions this reward.

Vas. Dear *Chárudatta* rouse thy fainting soul,
Haste to preserve her, want not firmness now,
Or all is unavailing.

Char. Where is she.
Speak love where art thou—answer to my call.

Chan. This way, this way. [*Exeunt.*

**Scene—The Wife of Chárudatta, Rohaséna holding her garment, Maitreya and Radaniká—The fire kindled.*

Wife. Loose me my child—oppose not my desires,
I dread my lord's reproof for this delay.

Roh. Hold my dear mother—think of me your child,
How shall I learn to live deprived of you.

Mai. Lady forbear, your purpose is a crime—our holy laws declare it sinful for a *Brahman's* wife to mount a separate pile.†

Wife. Better I sin than meet my lord's reproaches,
Remove my boy—he keeps me from the flames.

Raa. Nay Madam, I would rather give him help.

Mai. Excuse me: if you determine to perish you must give me precedence—it is a *Brahman's* duty to consecrate a funeral fire.

* This scene is considered by the commentator, as an interpolation, and with justice. To conjecture from the style, it is however still ancient, and genu-

inely Hindu, and represents Hindu manners in a curious light, on which account it is retained in the translation.

† This is still the law.

Wife. What neither listen to me ; my dear child
Remain to offer to your helpless parents
The sacred rites they claim from filial duty.
Alas, that you should know no more a father's care.

Char. (*Coming forward and takes his Child in his arms.*)
His father still will guard him.

Wife. His voice, his form, it is my lord, my love.

Roh. My father holds me in his arms again, now mother
you are happy.

Char. (*Embraces his Wife.*)

My dearest love, what phrenzy drove thy mind,
To seek destruction whilst thy lord survived.
Whilst yet the sun rides bright along the sky
The lotus closes not its amorous leaves.

Wife. True my loved lord, but then his glowing kisses
Give her glad consciousness her love is present.

Mai. And do these eyes really see my dear friend once
more—long life to *Chárudatta*.

Char. My dear my faithful friend. (*embraces him.*)

Rad. Sir, I salute you. (*falls at his feet*)

Char. Rise good *Radaniká*. (*puts his hand upon her
shoulder.*)

Wife. (*To Vasantaséná.*) Welcome, happy sister.

Vas. I now indeed am happy. (*they embrace.*)

Ser. You are fortunate in your friends.

Char. To you I owe them.*

Ser. Lady *Vasantaséná* ; with your worth
The King is well acquainted, and requests
To hold you as his kins-woman.

* The interpolation ends here.

Vas. Sir, I am grateful. (*Servillaka throws a veil over her.**)

Ser. What shall we do, for this good mendicant.

Char. Speak *Sramana* your wishes.

Sram. To follow still the path I have selected,
For all I see is full of care and change.

Char. Since such is his resolve, let him be made
Chief of the monasteries of the *Bauddhas*.†

Ser. It shall be so.

Sram. It likes me well.

Ser. *Sthávaraka* remains to be rewarded.

Char. Let him be made a free man—Slave, no more.
For these *Chandúlas* let them be appointed
Heads of their tribe, and to *Chandanaka*
The power the *Raja's* brother-in-law abused
‡To his own purposes, be now assigned.

Ser. As you direct: is there ought else—command.

Char. Naught but this.

Since *Aryaka* enjoys the sovereign sway,
And holds me as his friend—since all my foes
Are now destroyed, save one poor wretch released
To learn repentance for his former faults,
Since my fair fame again is clear, and this
Dear Girl—my wife, and all I cherish most,
Are mine once more, I have no further suit

* Marking thereby she is no longer a public character. The use of the veil in all oriental countries is well known, but its employment as in the text is a refinement upon its universal use. It seems however to have been understood as a type of the married condition by the early christians, or as a sign of the subjection of woman to man.

See 1 Cor. xi. 10. Amongst the Greeks the veil denoted a sacred and sacerdotal character.

† Literally, Let him be made the master of the family (*Kulapati*) in the *Tihyvas* throughout the land.

‡ The post is that of *Danda-pálaka* chief of the Police, or Kotwal.

That asks for your indulgence, and no wish
 That is not gratified—Fate sports with life
 And like a wheel the whirling world revolves;
 Where some are raised to affluence, some depressed
 In want; where some are borne awhile aloft
 And some hurled down to wretchedness and woe.
 Then let us all thus limit our desires :
 Full udded be the kine, the soil be fertile,
 May copious showers descend, and balmy gales
 Breathe health—be every living thing exempt
 From pain—may reverence on the *Brahman* wait,
 Whilst truth and piety insure prosperity,
 And may all Monarchs vigilant and just,
 Humble their foes and guard the world in peace.

Exeunt Omnes.

THE preceding Drama cannot in equity be tried by laws, with which the Author, and his audience, were unacquainted. If therefore it exceeds the limits of a play according to our approved models, we are not to consider it of disproportionate length: if it occasionally arranges the business of the stage after what we conceive an awkward fashion, we are not to pronounce it devoid altogether of theatrical ingenuity, and if it delineates manners repugnant to our social institutions, we are not to condemn them as unnatural or immoral. We must judge the composition after the rules laid down by *Schlegel*, and identify ourselves, as much as possible, with the people and the time to which it belongs.

Overlooking, then, those peculiarities, which are clearly referable to age and country, it will probably be admitted, that the *Toy Cart* possesses considerable dramatic merit. The action, if it want other unities, has the unity of interest, and proceeds with a regular though diversified march, to its final developement. The interest is rarely suspended, and in every case the apparent interruption is, with great ingenuity, made subservient to the common design. The connexion of the two plots is much better maintained than in the play

we usually refer to as a happy specimen of such a combination, the Spanish Friar. The deposition of *Pálaku* is interwoven with the main story so intimately, that it could not be detached from it without injury, and yet it never becomes so prominent as to divert attention from that to which it is only an appendage.

There is considerable variety of character amongst the inferior persons of the Drama, and the two Captains of the Watch, and the two *Chandálas*, are plainly discriminated. The superior characters are less varied, but they are national portraitures, and offer some singular combinations: the tenderness and devotion of *Vasantaséná* seem little compatible with her life, and the piety and gravity of *Chárudatta* still less so with his love. The master piece of the play, however, is *Samsthánaka*, the Raja's brother-in-law: a character so utterly contemptible has perhaps been scarcely ever delineated: his vices are egregious: he is coldly and cruelly malicious, and yet he is so frivolous as scarcely to excite our indignation: anger were wasted on one so despicable, and without any feeling of compassion for his fate, we are quite disposed, when he is about to suffer the merited punishment of his crimes, to exclaim with *Chárudatta* 'Loose him and let him go.' He is an excellent sample of a genus too common in every age in Asia, whose princes have been educated by sloth and servility, and have been ordinarily taught to cherish no sense but that of selfish gratification.

The music of Sanscrit composition must ever be inadequately represented by any other tongue—of the language of the play it is therefore unnecessary to speak: with regard to the sentiments and conceptions of the author, they have been rendered as faithfully as was practicable, and it will possibly be conceded, that they are wanting neither in beauty, nor in truth.

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